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Adam Clarke

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THE LIFE

OF THE

REV. ADAM CLARKE, LL.D.,

F.A.S., M.R.I.A., ETC., ETC.

BY [illegible] ETHERIDGE, M.A.,

[illegible]

New York:

[illegible] HUD BY CARLTON [illegible]

200 MULBERRY STREET

[illegible]

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THE LIFE

OF THE

REV. ADAM CLARKE, LL.D.,

F.A.S., M.R.I.A., ETC., ETC.

By J. W. ETHERIDGE, M.A.,

DOCTOR IN PHILOSOPHY, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF HEIDELBERG, AND
MEMBER OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY OF PARIS.

Amabat vehementer quod docebat, docebat argute quod amabat; utrumque gignit in eo qui scriptis illius propius intendit animum.—ERASMUS.

New York:
PUBLISHED BY CARLTON & PORTER,
200 MULBERRY-STREET.
1859.

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INTRODUCTION

TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

No name in the history of Methodism, after John Wesley's, is more widely and honorably known than that of ADAM CLARKE. His "Commentary on the Bible" has been more generally circulated, both in the British Islands and in America, within the last thirty years, than any other exposition of the sacred writings. The Biblical culture of many a Methodist minister is due chiefly to that great work. And although it is now to some extent behind the present state of science, especially in the geography and topography of the Holy Land, its multifarious learning, and its excellent practical observations and reflections make it of great value, and keep it in circulation.

But those who know Adam Clarke only from his Commentary know little of the man. His mental characteristics, it is true, are broadly stamped on that vast work: his simplicity, industry, self-reliance, boldness, even credulity, are obvious enough to the careful reader of the Commentary. But the nobleness of his nature, his thorough devotion to the cause of God, his spirit of self-sacrifice, his unfaltering loyalty to Methodism—these traits are chiefly displayed in other fields of his activity. To exhibit and illustrate them is the task of his biographer. A copious life of Dr. Clarke, by his son, including a curious and characteristic autobiography, appeared in London in 1834, (3 vols. 8vo,) and was afterward republished in this country. But it never supplied the wants of the general public as a life of Dr. Clarke. Too bulky for general and cheap circulation, and too minute and prolix for easy reading, it affords a repository of facts

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for the biographer, rather than a biography itself. The want of a portable volume, portraying the man as he was, for the people, has long been felt.

Dr. Etheridge has supplied this want in the volume now offered to the public. He evinces that first requisite of a biographer, a true and hearty sympathy with the subject of his work, in a high degree. He discriminates well amid the vast mass of extant material, selecting the salient points of Dr. Clarke's varied career, and presenting them clearly and boldly. If he fails at all, it is in the grouping of his facts; pictorial skill is not among his most striking endowments. But even the naked facts are enough; the plain, unvarnished tale of the rise of Adam Clarke from the hut of the humble schoolmaster in Ireland, to be the companion of princes and of the intellectual monarchs who are far higher than princes, is a record of surpassing interest. Most of all is the work valuable as the history of a true and earnest Christian life; simple and modest in its profession, but manly and robust, to the highest degree, in its realities.

Besides the attractiveness of this volume, as the record of a life full of rapid changes, and touching human society at many points, it has an ethical value for all classes of readers. To the young student it will afford the stimulus and example of unparalleled devotion to the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, and of grand success in the pursuit. For the Methodist minister it portrays a career of itinerancy in which the most minute attention to the details of that arduous life were made compatible with continued and systematic culture. For the Christian reader it depicts a life of earnest, simple, childlike piety, growing, from the beginning to the end, in richness of experience, and fullness of sanctification, throughout a career of unexampled labors, cares, and temptations.

The book is welcome to its place among that repository of true and noble names, that genuine *Acta Sanctorum* of modern times, the list of "Methodist Biographies."

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PREFACE.

It has long been felt that the communion of which the eminent person to whose memory these pages are dedicated was a devoted minister, should have its own record of his exemplary life; and the Committee charged with the literary affairs of the Methodist Connection have the happiness of stating that, by an arrangement with his surviving representatives, by which the copyright of many inedited papers has come into their possession, they are enabled to meet such a demand. Several years have passed since the publication of any biography of Dr. Clarke; and we believe that the time is now come when a new volume on the subject, written on a plan altogether different from any already pursued, may be offered without disparagement to the interests of preceding authors.

The ample materials placed at our disposal are sufficient for the creation of a work as voluminous as some of our largest English biographies; those, for example, of Chalmers or of Wilberforce; but the object of the Committee, to offer a memoir which shall be accessible to readers in general, would thereby have been defeated. A book of such dimensions, like the Leviathan ship, is not always easily launched. As it is, we have the satisfaction of believing that the present work will be found to present the *memorabilia* of Dr. Adam Clarke's life and character in such a clear and true

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light as shall render it an acceptable gift to those who knew and loved him, and a means of pleasure and profit to many others, who, now becoming acquainted with his excellences, will begin to love him too.

It will not be deemed at all disrespectful to the Doctor's name, that we have recounted the annals of his life without overloading our recital with a cumbrous mass of particulars, which, important as they may have been in their own hour, do not extend a sufficient influence on after time to demand a record on the page of history. This principle has been adopted as the right one in all the ages of literature; and therefore some of the choicest and most classic biographies, both ancient and modern, are distinguished by their comparative brevity.

We have to express our respectful sense of obligation to Mrs. Richard Smith, the daughter and first biographer of Dr. Clarke, for the kindness with which she has afforded every facility for the completion of this new Life of her honored father; and, also, our best thanks to Messrs. W. Tegg and Co., the proprietors of the Doctor's voluminous works, for their permission to republish the excellent portrait which gives an embellishment to the present volume.

March, 1858.

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INTRODUCTORY.

The most ancient book in the possession of mankind, the Genesis of Moses, has enregistered for all time a series of biographical memoirs. The Spirit of God, in dictating those recitals by his own inspiration, has thus given a Divine and eternal signature to the lawfulness and utility of a description of writing which perpetuates the names of the great and good, re-echoes the words of the silent dead, and preserves, in imperishable fragrance, the sanctities of their ended life. The same principle is inculcated throughout the Bible. "The memory of the just is blessed." "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." Upon the Christian Church the duty is enjoined by an express command, to "remember them who have spoken to us the word of God," and to imitate their faith. May he then who now writes, and they who shall read, the words of this record, be stirred up to follow the high example of him to whose memory these pages are consecrated; remembering "the end of his conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

A quarter of a century has already passed since this eminent servant of God descended to the grave; yet, not for a day in this long interval has he ceased to preach among the

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living the truths which it was the labor of his life to illustrate and practice. And while some of his contemporaries, who, in their day, made a considerable figure, have already disappeared in oblivion, time, the great prover of all things, has, for the name of Adam Clarke, authenticated a title to immortality. The worth of his character, his massive and consecrated learning, the high motives of his laborious life, and the enduring beneficence of its results, have all been verified by a scrutinizing world.

The retrospect of such a career will strengthen the best aspirations of the heart, and show us the way to attain their objects. Adam Clarke uplifts his eyes, at the outset, to the true standard of human effort—the glory and approval of the Most High God. With this great ideal he holds such habitual converse, as greatly to think, and feel, and live, till at length his character brightens into a deathless grandeur, and he "stands in his lot" with those nobles of the universe who are "a kind of first-fruits" of the creatures of God.

Few ministers of the Gospel in the present age, by the integrity of their character, the splendor of their learning, and the sterling merit of their works, have acquired more largely the veneration of enlightened and impartial men in all parts of Christendom, than Dr. Clarke; and, if so many of the good and great in every branch of the Catholic Church have learned to esteem his memory, it well becomes that particular communion of which he was a conspicuous ornament, and in the most intimate fellowship with which he lived and died, to enshrine his name in her heart, and to teach it to her children. "He was a burning and shining light;" and we, who, while he was yet personally with us, rejoiced in the benefit of his luminous ministration, should give some worthy attestation of our grateful estimate of his

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labors and his love, and of our desire that those who follow us may profit, to distant ages, by the unfading reflections of his wisdom, and the inspirations of his great example.

Nor is there any need that this sacred tribute should be spoiled of its moral effect by the use of exaggerated eulogy, or the pompous imbecilities of laborious panegyric. No man requires this at our hand. We do not ask that the name of Adam Clarke should be canonized, nor seek for him a niche in the pantheon of imaginary saints, around whose heads a paganized Romanism has traced the aureole of unearthly perfection. It is our aim to fulfill the far more difficult but more fruitful task of portraying the actual life of a sincere Christian, a diligent inquirer after truth, and a hard-working and effective servant of God, and of man, in the diffusion of it—clad, all the while, in the every-day habiliments of suffering humanity.

And if the most sun-like of characters have had their spots, and no mere man, however great, has ever appeared without some imperfections and littlenesses, the subject of our memoir will not be depreciated, if we find that in opinion he was sometimes in error, or that in any of the partialities or prejudices of the heart he gave evidence of being a fellow-creature, of like passions with ourselves. But, after all, it will, I believe, be a common conclusion, that he was more free from these inevitable blemishes than most men; while, on the other hand, few instances may be adduced in which a nobler model has been offered to the study and imitation of the aspirant after real excellence. The lessons of his life teach those who are asking after the way of salvation, the secret of attaining true repose for the conscience, and purification for the heart; the heroic enterprises of his intellect animate the student to press into those regions of knowledge

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into which he went as a pioneer, and where there remains so much land to be possessed; the evangelist will be stirred up to seek the needed and promised gifts of the Spirit, with whose uncreated flame this great doctor of the Church was so richly baptized; and, even with regard to secular interests, in his advancement from the humblest circumstances to an elevation in which he became the recognized teacher of teachers, and the familiar friend of the prelate and the prince, young men may learn how, in a country and age like ours, integrity and diligence in one's allotted sphere will not fail of their recompense of reward. In a word, in the progress of his career, the living may learn how to live; and in its consummation, the dying, how to die.

The providence and grace of God have, from age to age, raised up men whose lives should be a beacon of hope to them who come after. "A true intellect stands like a watch-tower upon the shore." The waves thunder against it, and vanish in spray. Its clear and steady lamp burns in the storm; a consolation and a guide, over the dark sea, to the haven of glory.

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THE LIFE

OF THE

REV. ADAM CLARKE, LL.D.

BOOK I.—THE MORNING OF LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

HIS PARENTAGE AND CHILDHOOD.

To retrace the foosteps of ADAM CLARKE's early youth, we should visit some obscure hamlets in Ireland, lying on the borders of the North Channel, in a champaign country abounding in landscapes where a Ruysdael or a Paul Potter would have found many a congenial subject for his pencil. The ancestors of Adam Clarke, though of English origin, had been settled in that part of Ireland for some generations, and were possessed of good landed property in the counties of Antrim and Derry. The family came into Ireland some time in the seventeenth century, and obtained a portion of what were called the "Debenture Lands." The property thus acquired was afterward increased by intermarriages with the families of Strawbridge, Courtenay, Higgison, and Boyd. Dr. Clarke's great-great-grandfather, William Clarke, held the estates of Grange, in the county of Antrim, and was regarded with such consideration in the county, as to be appointed to receive the Prince of Orange,

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when, in 1690, he came to Carrickfergus. An anecdote of this interview is preserved, to the effect that Mr. Clarke, though at that time a disciple of the rigid doctrines of George Fox, mindful neither to compromise his principles as a Quaker, nor his behavior as a gentleman, left his hat behind him, and so approached the prince bareheaded. He addressed his future monarch in a few words of dignified simplicity, with which the prince seemed well content, and entered upon a conversation, at the close of which he was pleased to say, that Mr. Clarke was one of the best-bred men he had ever met with. This William Clarke had a son named John, who married a daughter of Mr. Horseman, mayor of Carrickfergus. They had eighteen sons and one daughter. The ninth of these sons was William Clarke, the grandfather of our Adam. He formed a matrimonial connection with the Boyds, a family of Scotch extraction, who appear to have settled in Ireland about the same time with the Clarkes. Archibald Boyd was a Presbyterian clergyman, and the first Protestant who preached at Maghera after the Revolution. The fruit of the marriage of William Clarke with Miss Boyd were four sons, of whom the eldest, John, was the father of Adam.

These few details are sufficient to show that the family of the Clarkes held rank formerly with the most substantial and respectable in that part of the kingdom. But, like those of many other houses, their fortunes had, toward the end of the last century, undergone a disastrous change. Their lands in the neighborhoods of Larne and Glenarm, and on the pleasant banks of Lough Neagh, fell, by one loss after another, into the hands of strangers. A lawsuit deprived them of an excellent estate called "the Grange;" and, while Adam was yet a child, the last acre of their property was gone. "I well remember," he once said, "the time when the last farm went out of the family, and our ancient boast was lost forever. The weeping and wailing that morning upon which we were made acquainted with the fact, still live in my remembrance, though I was then

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scarcely seven years of age." Yet, who knows but that there was mercy in this stroke? Had that little estate remained, men would, perhaps, never have heard of Adam Clarke. The Supreme Disposer often takes away one blessing, to make way for a greater.

John, the father of Adam Clarke, has been described by the latter as a "man standing about five feet seven, with good shoulders, an excellent leg, a fine hand, and every way well proportioned, and extremely active." Intended by his parents for the Church, he had received a good classical education at school, which was followed up by studies for the clerical profession, at the universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow. Among his college testimonials was the name of the eminent Hebraist, Hutchinson. At Edinburgh he gained a prize of some distinction, and at Glasgow took his degree of Master of Arts. He then, with the more immediate view of qualifying for episcopal orders, entered Trinity College, Dublin, successfully competing for a sizarship, at a time when classical merit was the only passport to that privilege. Thus far all was propitious; but a severe fever prostrated his health, and, after his return to Dublin, a premature marriage with one who became the deservedly-loved partner of the joys and adversities of after-life, dissolved his connection with the university, and gave a new direction to his career. By the stress of circumstances now unknown, Mr. Clarke was induced to turn his views from the clerical to the scholastic profession. His first idea was to obtain a professorship in one of the new collegiate establishments in America; and for this adventure he turned his patrimony into money, and took a passage in a vessel bound for this continent. On the very eve of embarkation, his father, who earnestly deprecated the undertaking, succeeded in dissuading him from attempting it. With some still lingering hopes of obtaining Church preferment, the young scholar now passed an anxious interval, during which his means of support were rapidly melting away; and at length, as a kind of last resource, he applied for the customary license

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to act as a teacher of youth, and gave up the pulpit of the clergyman for the desk of the schoolmaster. His lot was now confirmed, and the steady, earnest, and laborious endeavors which gave a character to his remaining life, manifest an unswerving resolution to acquit himself of its responsibilities. The school appears to have been generally well attended, and by the children of all ranks in the neighborhood. The young people bent their steps in a morning to the common place of learning, alike from the cottage, the rectory, and the hall. Dr. Barnard, afterward bishop of Killaloe, and of Limerick, was at that time rector of the parish, and confided his own son to the care of Mr. Clarke, among whose scholars there were not a few who in after years filled the situations of clergymen, (whether Episcopal, Popish, or Presbyterian,) medical men, lawyers, and schoolmasters. Dr. Clarke used to say, that there were few priests, clergymen, surgeons, or lawyers, of those resident in the north of Ireland, who had not been educated by his father. And yet, from the extremely low charges then customary for education, the diligent labors of this able and conscientious teacher yielded but a poor return for the support of his family. The highest charge for a range of instruction which comprehended the mathematics, and the classics, both Latin and Greek, was seven shillings per quarter; while the primary elements of school knowledge were rendered at the lowly price of fourpence, twopence, and even three halfpence per week. It may be conjectured, therefore, that the temporal concerns of the family were the reverse of affluent. The worthy schoolmaster knew all about the *res angusta domi.* The mind both of father and mother seems to have been shadowed by almost habitual care; and the children, as Adam once expressed it, "neither fared sumptuously every day, nor was their clothing purple and fine linen."

Mrs. Clarke was of Scotch origin, a descendant of the M'Leans of Mull, in the Hebrides—a hardy race, remarkable for muscular strength. A brother of Mrs. Clarke, the

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Rev. I. M'Lean, "could bend iron bars with a stroke of his arm; roll up large pewter dishes like a scroll with his fingers; and, when traveling through Bovagh-wood, (a place through which his walks frequently lay,) he has been known to pull down the top of an oak-sapling, twist it into a withe by the mere strength of his arms and fingers, and, thus working it down in a spiral form to the earth, leave it with its root in the ground for the astonishment of all that might pass by."*

One day, dining at an inn with two officers, who wished to be witty at the parson's expense, he said something which had a tendency to check their self-confidence. One of them, considering his honor affected, said: "Sir, were it not for your cloth, I would oblige you to eat the words you have spoken." Mr. M'Lean rose up in a moment, took off his coat, rolled it up, and threw it under the table with—"Divinity, lie there; and, M'Lean, do for thyself." Saying it, he seized the foremost of the heroes by the cuff of the neck and the waistband, and threw him out of the window.

The great-grandfather of Mrs. Clarke, Laughlin M'Lean, was chief of his clan, and laird of Dowart. Dr. Clarke ever cherished a tender veneration for his mother. According to his description, she was not a beauty, but a sensible woman; something above the average height, graceful in moving, and remarkably erect even in old age. What was better, she was as upright in principle; a woman who feared God, and whom his Holy Spirit failed not, as we shall see, to lead at length into the liberty of his children. Mrs. Clarke, at the time of her marriage, was a decided Presbyterian; her husband, with equal strength of principle, an Episcopalian. It redounds not a little to their honor, that these differences never interfered with the charm of that holy love which tempered and sanctified the hardships of their self-denying life. Their eldest son, named Tracy, after his relative, the Rev. John Tracy, rector of Kilcronaghan, was bred to the medical profession. Some passages in his remarkable

* Autobiography.

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history will be noticed further on. Of their daughters, the eldest married the Rev. W. M. Johnson, LL.D., rector of St. Perrans Uthnoe, in Cornwall; and another became the wife of Thomas Exley, Esq., M. A., of Bristol.

Adam Clarke, the subject of our memoir, was born at Moybeg, in the parish of Kilcronaghan, county Londonderry. The year of his birth was either 1760 or 1762. He was always uncertain upon this point, but inclined to the first date. Though he was baptized by his Uncle Tracy, no register of his baptism was preserved; and Mrs. Clarke herself could give no decisive information, her own recollection on the matter being somewhat confused. This is not an unexampled instance of maternal forgetfulness. The mother of Dr. Martin Luther could not certify the year of his birth. Melancthon, who questioned her about it, records that she recollected the day and the hour perfectly, but had forgotten the year.* Mrs. Clarke's prevailing sentiment was, that her son was born in 1760. He received the Christian name of Adam at the request of his grandparents, in memory of a beloved son of their own whom they had lost in early life. The old people wished to adopt him as their own child, and his first years were passed under their charge. Adam was a remarkably hearty child; at eight months on his feet, and a month later walking about alone; at three years old sitting in the snow in winter, and in the summer wandering among the lanes and fields, and often taking his stand by a draw-well, peering curiously into its depths, as if searching to know the mysteries beneath. When, at five years, he took the small-pox, the child disdained the then customary regimen of covering up the patient in a closely shut room, left his bed on every opportunity, and ran away naked in the open air. He had, also, uncommon strength for his age, which his father seemed proud of showing, setting the child to roll large stones when visitors came to the house.

* Audin, "Histoire de Luther."

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He appears to have returned to his father's care on the removal of the family from Moybeg to Maghera, a village in the county of Derry, sixteen miles south of Coleraine. This was when Adam was six years old. Two years later we find another removal to Garva, or Grove, a hamlet some ten miles distant. Here they resided till about his twelfth year, when their unsettled domestic history shows another exodus, to a place called Ballyaherton, in the parish of Agherton, some little space from Coleraine. It was in the first of these transient resting-places that the future commentator of the Bible became, though with sore trials to the flesh and spirit, acquainted with the contents of the primer. Unlike his bodily powers, the mental faculties of the child were but slowly developed. He has told us that "he found it very difficult to acquire even the knowledge of the alphabet;" and that his father, who had set his heart upon his becoming a scholar, strove to awaken his intellect with harsh words and unseasonable chastisement. "But this," says the doctor, "so far from eliciting genius, rather produced an increase of hebetude; so that himself began to despair of ever being able to acquire any knowledge by means of letters. When, however, he was about eight years of age, he was led to entertain hopes of future improvement from the following circumstance: A neighboring schoolmaster, calling at the school where Adam was then endeavoring to put vowels and consonants together, was desired by the teacher to assist in hearing a few of the lads their lessons. Adam was the last that went up, not a little ashamed of his deficiency: he, however, hobbled through his lesson, though in a very indifferent manner; and the teacher apologized to the stranger, and remarked that that lad was a grievous dunce. The assistant, clapping young Clarke on the head, said, 'Never fear, sir; this lad will make a good scholar yet.' This was the first thing that checked his own despair of learning, and gave him hope." I give this in his own words, for the sake of the useful reflection which follows them: "How injudicious is the general

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mode of dealing with those who are called dull boys! To every child learning must be a task; and as no young person is able to comprehend the maxim, that the acquisition of learning will compensate the toil, encouragement and kind words from the teacher are indispensably necessary to induce the learner to undergo the toil of those gymnastic exercises. Willful idleness and neglect should be reprehended and punished; but where genius has not yet been unfolded, nor reason acquired its proper seat, the mildest methods are the most likely to be efficient, and the smallest progress should be watched and commended, that it may excite to further attention and diligence. With those who are called dull boys, this method rarely fails. But there are few teachers that possess the happy art of developing genius. They have not sufficient penetration to find out the bent or characteristic propensity of their pupils' minds, to give them the requisite excitement or direction. In consequence, there have been innumerable native diamonds which have never shone, because they have fallen into such hands as could not distinguish them from common peb bles; and to them neither the hand nor the art of the lapidary has ever been applied. Many children, not naturally dull, have become so under the influence of the schoolmaster."*

The elder Mr. Clarke was a man of right honest purpose, and of resolute determination. He reigned in the school as an absolute monarch in his kingdom. His juvenile subjects knew the man and his communications, and worked with the assurance that nothing short of actual improvement would keep them right with him. He was their friend, though a severe one. It was their welfare he had at heart. Goldsmith's description of a similar potentate applies to him in this as in other respects:

> "Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
> With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
> There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
> The village master taught his little school.

* Autobiography.

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A man severe he was, and stern to view:
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault."

The progress of Adam Clarke's intellectual history will have our attention more fully hereafter. The only other incident I shall mention here relates to the manner in which he made his first free outset in the path of learning. And this, as also two or three other critical passages in his experience, we will recount in his own words: "As soon as Adam got through the 'Reading made Easy,' had learned to spell pretty correctly, and could read with tolerable ease in the New Testament, his father, who wished if possible to make him a scholar, put him into Lily's Latin Grammar. This was new and painful work to little Clarke, and he was stumbled by almost the first sentence which he was ordered to get by heart, not because he could not commit it to memory, but because he could not comprehend: 'In speech be these eight parts following: noun, pronoun, verb, participle, declined; adverb, conjunction, preposition, interjection, undeclined.' He," however, "committed this to memory, and repeated it, and many of its fellows, without understanding one tittle of the matter; and as the understanding was not instructed, the memory was uselessly burdened. The declensions of nouns were painful, but he overcame them; and the conjugations of verbs he got more easily through. '*Propria quæ maribus*' he got through with difficulty, at two lines each lesson. With the 'As *in præsenti*' of the same ponderous Grammar he was puzzled beyond measure; he could not understand the 'Bo *fit* bi; do *fit* di; mo *fit* ui,' etc., and could by no means proceed. Of the reason or probable utility of such things he could form no judgment; and at last it became so intolerable, that he employed two whole

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days and part of a third, in fruitless endeavors to commit to memory two lines, with their construction, of what appeared to him useless and incomprehensible jargon. His distress was indescribable, and he watered his book with his tears. At last he laid it by with a broken heart, and in utter despair of ever being able to make any progress. He took up an English Testament, sneaked into an English class, and rose with them to say a lesson. The master perceiving it said, in a terrific tone, 'Sir, what brought you here? Where is your Latin Grammar?' He burst into tears, and said with a piteous voice, 'I cannot learn it.' He had now reason to expect all the severity of the rod; but the master, getting a little moderate, perhaps moved by his tears, contented himself with saying, 'Go, sir, and take up your Grammar. If you do not speedily get that lesson, I shall pull your ears as long as Jowler's, [a great dog belonging to the premises,] and you shall be a beggar till the day of your death!' These were terrible words, and seemed to express the sentence of a ruthless and unavoidable destiny. He retired and sat down by the side of a young gentleman with whom he had been in class, but who, unable to lag behind with his dullness, requested to be separated, that he might advance by himself. He was received with the most bitter taunts: 'What, have you not learned that lesson yet? O what a stupid ass! You and I began together; you are now only in As *in præsenti*, and I am in syntax;' and then, with cruel mockery, he began to repeat the last lesson he had learned. The effect of this was astonishing. Adam was roused as from a lethargy; he felt, as he expressed himself, as if something had broken within him; his mind in a moment was all light. Though he felt indescribably mortified, he did not feel indignant. 'What!' said he to himself, 'shall I ever be a dunce, and the butt of these fellows' insults?' He snatched up his book, and in a few minutes committed the lesson to memory; got the construction speedily; went up, and said it without missing a word; took up another lesson, acquired it almost immediately, said

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this also without a blemish, and in the course of that day wearied the master with his so often repeated returns to say lessons, and committed to memory all the Latin verses, with their English construction, in which heavy and tedious Lily has described the four conjugations, with their exceptions, and so forth. Nothing like this had appeared in the school before. The boys were astonished; admiration took the place of mockery; and from that hour—it may be said from that moment—he found his memory at least capable of embracing every subject that was brought before it, and his own long sorrow was turned into joy."*

At Agherton a new church had been built, and the old one, which is now a ruin, was appropriated as the school for the parishioners' children. Within those venerable walls Adam pursued his juvenile studies, and now made rapid progress in classical and mathematical learning. Waiving, however, all further references for the present to his intellectual culture, we will note a few circumstances in his physical education, which seem to have been intended by Providence to form his constitution for the toils which were destined to fill the history of his future years. The mode of living to which the family were compelled by their penurious income was severely economical. The hungry boy was made thankful for a supply of the plainest food, and learned, poor youth, to become patient under the bodily trials of hunger and thirst. In the matter of raiment also, he was but thinly clad, and, after the habits of the rustic folk in Ireland, went frequently without a covering for the head or feet. The intervals of school lessons were filled up by such sports as boys become familiar with in the country, or were spent more frequently in hard work in the garden or the fields. To eke out the scanty revenue of the school, his father rented a small farm in the neighborhood, which took up much of his spare time, and called into exercise the growing strength of his two sons. It was a pleasant reminiscence of Dr. Clarke's, that his father, more in

* Autobiography.

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the spirit of a classical scholar than of a plodding matter-of-fact farmer, wished to cultivate his grounds upon the principles laid down in the Georgics of Virgil. In recording this recollection, the Doctor remarks that his father did not appear to have calculated "that the agricultural rules of that elegant work were in many respects applicable only to the soil and climate of Italy;" and that "to apply them to a widely different climate, and to a soil extremely dissimilar, lat. 55 N., was not likely to bring about the most beneficial results." We should think not; and the worthy scholar might have gathered such a conclusion from the first lessons of his favorite pastoral:—

"*At prius ignotum ferro quàm scindimus æquor,*
Ventos et varium cœli prædiscere morem,
Cura sit, ac patrios cultusque habitusque locorum;
Et quid quæque ferat regio, et quid quæque recuset.
Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ:
Arborei fœtus alibi, atque injussa virescunt
Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,
India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabæi?"—GEORG. i.

"But ere we stir the yet unbroken ground,
The various course of seasons must be found:
The weather, and the setting of the winds,
The culture suiting to the various kinds
Of seeds and plants, and what will thrive and rise,
And what the genius of the soil denies:
This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres suits;
That other loads the trees with happy fruits;
A fourth with grass unbidden decks the ground.
Thus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crown'd,
India black ebon and white ivory bears,
And soft Idume weeps her odorous tears.
This is the' original contract; these the laws
Imposed by nature, and by nature's cause."

In these labors of the mind and body all the lad's natural powers were called into full exercise, and grew with his growth. In summer the household were all astir at four in the morning, and in winter long before daylight. Each season had its appropriate toil, each hour its duty, and the hour-glass in the cottage was turned twelve times every day before any one in the family was permitted to go to rest.

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Little Adam, if at seven years of age he could do no harder work, was able to take care of the cows, and bring them home at milking-time. When big enough, he took his part in sheep-shearing; and at twelve he essayed the plow, and was thrown among the horses' feet, by the share coming into contact with a hidden rock. He was great at peat-cutting, and could keep two persons employed in piling and carrying the fuel as fast as he digged it. Nor was he a little proud of the strength of hand with which he sent the wheat-seed broadcast over the furrowed soil. I wonder whether the child had any dawning conception at the time, that these employments were symbolical of the labors of distant years, in which, having put his hand to another plow, he would be able, with power given from on high, to break up the fallow ground of men's hearts, go forth to sow the seed which bears its harvests to eternal life, and, as an under shepherd, tend the flock of the Lord's redeemed.

Here is an incident which discovers some shrewdness in a boy of ten years old: He had been sent by his mother, near nightfall, on an errand which required him to cross a waste piece of country lying toward the sea, a great part of which was a soft marsh. Darkness came on apace, and along with it a thick fog. In the depths of this mist the boy found himself bewildered; and, to increase his uncertainty, an *ignis fatuus* rose up before him, and filled him with no small dismay. He retreated, but it followed him. It would not be evaded, whether he turned to the right hand or to the left. Meanwhile, by these attempts to escape from this strange phantom, of which he had heard many an ill-omened story, he had entirely lost the bearing of the place he was so anxious to arrive at; and the bog abounded with dangerous depths, into some one of which he knew he might sink the very next step. Thus haunted without, by the fairy flame, and within, by growing terror, he suddenly heard a strong whirring sound near him in the air. He had roused a flock of wild ducks. He could not see them, but the noise of their invisible wings supplied him with the

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guide he wanted. He knew their haunts by the sea; and, conjecturing that they would now make for these, resolved to follow in the direction they had flown. He was so correct in this judgment as to emerge at length from the bog, within a few yards of the house where his errand was to be done.

Among the exercises to which he was addicted, horsemanship also afforded him a vast delight. He would sometimes ride down to the shore, and, plunging with the animal through the surf, breast the waves with a long swim outward. Once swimming alone, a considerable distance from the shore, he found that he had unintentionally gone out too far, and that the tide, which swells there with great force, was opposed to his return. He recruited his exhausted strength by lying on his back, though at the expense of being carried further away to sea, and then, with the most resolute effort, was enabled by the mercy of Providence once more to touch the land.

The neighborhood of the sea afforded him also, and his father as well, the profitable pursuits of the fisherman. His father was a great lover of the sport, and Adam, whether with him or alone, fished in the Moyola and the creeks of the Bann; so that often, and especially in the salmon season, the table at home smoked with the produce of their healthy and legitimate recreations.

These hardy exercises were not, however, without their dangers. On one occasion he was thrown with such violence from a horse as to be taken up for dead; and on another his life was more nearly lost by drowning. In this latter case, it was always his own opinion that life had really become extinct, and that he experienced a renewal of earthly existence by a return of the soul from the world of spirits. It was one morning, when he rode a mare of his father's into the sea to bathe her. The sea was not rough, and the morning very fine; and he thought he might ride beyond the breakers, as the shore in that place was smooth and flat. The mare went with great reluctance, and plunged several

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times. He urged her forward, and at last got beyond the breakers, into the swells; one of these coming with terrible force, when it was too late to retreat, overwhelmed both rider and horse. There was no person in sight, and no help at hand. He said afterward, that he seemed to go to the bottom with his eyes open, and then, with neither apprehension nor pain, entered on the consciousness of perfect tranquillity and happiness, not derived, indeed, from anything around him, but from the inward state of his own mind. (An account of this singular experience was given by Dr. Clarke, long years after, in a sermon preached in aid of the Royal Humane Society; and with more minute particulars in a conversation with the late Dr. Letsom. The whole is, probably, too well known to need transcription here.) A ground-swell bore his apparently lifeless body to the shore. The first sensation, when he came to life, was as if a spear had been run through his heart. He felt this in getting the first draught of fresh air, when the lungs were merely inflated by the pressure of the atmosphere. He found himself sitting in the water, and it was by a very swelling wave that he had been put out of the way of being overwhelmed by any of the succeeding ones. The intense pain at his heart, however, still continued; but he had felt no pain from the moment he was submerged till the time when his head was brought above water, and the air once more entered into his lungs. He saw the mare at a considerable distance, walking quite leisurely along the shore. How long he was submerged, cannot be precisely affirmed; but sufficiently long, in his own ever retained opinion, to have been completely dead, never more to breathe in this world, had it not been for that Providence which, as it were, once more breathed into him that breath of life, and caused him to become once more a living soul. If Wesley in his childhood was rescued from the flame, that, as "a brand plucked from the burning," he might glorify God in a life devoted to his service, Clarke in a yet more striking manner was delivered from the flood, that he too might in his kindred sphere mag

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nify the same great Protector, who has said, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee; for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."

These short recitals will suffice to indicate the manner of Adam Clarke's outward life in the season of his youth; and how Providence was fitting him, by its discipline, for a career which demanded patience in suffering, and perseverance in toil. When far on his way, in the retrospect of this early stage of his pilgrimage he acknowledged this, and gave thanks to God for the hardy manner in which he had been brought up; "My heavenly Father saw that I was likely to meet with many rude blasts in journeying through life, and he prepared me in infancy for the lot he destined for me; so that, through his mercy, I have been brought from childhood up to hoary hairs. He knew that I must walk alone through life, and therefore set me on my feet right early, that I might be qualified by practice for the work I was appointed to perform."

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CHAPTER II.

REGENERATE.

We are admonished by St. Paul, that a work wrought in the mind by the Spirit of God can only be understood by those who are spiritually minded. There are men enough, not only among the shallow and unlearned, but among the erudite and intellectual, to whom the statements we are to make in this chapter would seem mere foolishness; while the Christian discerns in them the sure and intelligible evidences of a Divine intervention, and the practical tokens of that great redeeming design which has brought our sin-infected and perishing nature under an economy of regenerating grace. Our present task, however, is not to battle with the prejudices of the world, but to give the details of this work of mercy in such plain words of truth as may tend to edify the believer, and to light the steps of the sincere inquirer to the path of peace.

The grace of God, which bringeth salvation, dawned upon the mind of Adam Clarke with the morning hour of life, and preoccupied his heart with a disposition toward the holy and the Divine. Some of the child's first thoughts were

"Thoughts that wander through eternity."

Let us hear him recount a reminiscence of those first days: "Near where Mr. Clarke lived was a very decent orderly family of the name of Brooks, who lived on a small farm. They had eleven children, some of whom went to Mr. Clarke's school; one, called James, was the tenth child, a lovely lad, between whom and little Adam there subsisted a strong attachment. One day, when walking hand in hand in a field near the house, they sat down on the bank, and

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began to enter into a very serious conversation. They both became much affected, and this was deepened into exquisite distress by the following observations made by little Brooks: 'O Addy, Addy, what a dreadful thing is ETERNITY! and how dreadful to be put into hell-fire, and to be burned there for ever and ever!' They both wept bitterly, and, as they could, begged God to forgive their sins; and they made to each other strong promises of amendment, and departed from each other with full and pensive hearts.

"I was then truly and deeply convinced that I was a sinner, and liable to eternal punishment, and that nothing but the mercy of God could save me from it; though I was not so conscious of any other sin as that of disobedience to my parents, which at that time affected me most forcibly. When I left my little companion I went home, told the whole to my mother with a full heart, expressing the hope that I should never more say any bad words, or refuse to do what she or my father might command. She was both surprised and affected, and gave me much encouragement, and prayed heartily for me. With a glad heart she communicated the information to my father, on whom I could see it did not make the same impression; for he had little opinion of pious resolutions in childish minds, though he feared God, and was a serious, conscientious Churchman. I must own that the way in which he treated it was very discouraging to my mind, and served to mingle impressions with my serious feelings that were not friendly to their permanence. Yet the impression, though it grew faint, did not wear away. It was deep laid in the consideration of eternity, and of my accountableness to God for my conduct, and the absolute necessity of enjoying his favor, that I might never taste the bitter pains of eternal death. Had I had any person to point out the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world, I believe I should then have been found as capable of repentance and faith (my youth and circumstances considered) as I ever was afterward. But I had no

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such helper, no 'messenger,' 'one among a thousand,' who could show man his righteousness."

The neighborhood in which he lived had not at the time the privilege of the plain Gospel. The inhabitants were chiefly of the Protestant confession, and were pretty equally divided between the Established and Presbyterian communions. The rector of Agherton was the Rev. Mr. Smith, "a good man, full of humanity and benevolence," who preached the truth so far as he knew it; "but on the way in which a sinner is to be reconciled to God, he was either not very clear, or was never explicit." On the other hand, in the Presbyterian congregation, "the trumpet gave a very uncertain sound, as both pastor and people were verging closely on Socinianism." We do not wonder, then, that "a general forgetfulness of God prevailed in the parish," and that "there was scarcely a person in it decidedly pious, though there were several that feared God, and but few who were grossly profane."

The religious state of the Clarkes, as a family, partook at that time of the general tone. An old friend of theirs, the Rev. Henry Moore, speaking of them as he knew them in his juvenile days, says: "The family were what is generally called a good sort of people, honest people, clearing their way by sober industry. They thought they must be good in order to go to heaven, and had a wholesome fear of being found wicked. They likewise embraced the common forms of religion." The schoolmaster of Agherton was a steady member of the Episcopal Church, but not strongly awake to the importance of vital religion, nor savingly enlightened with an experimental knowledge of its consolations and hopes. But his worthy and faithful wife, albeit a stranger (like himself) to the refined enjoyments of personal godliness, seems to have had a deeper sense than he of the need of that which they had not yet attained. Her mind was habitually serious, and her whole conduct in the training of the family betokened an earnest solicitude for their everlasting welfare. Like many other great and good men,

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Dr. Clarke owed an unspeakable debt to his mother for the influence she exerted over the formation of his character. Looking back on these pristine days, he said on one occasion, "For my mother's religious teachings, I shall have endless reason to bless my Maker." She was the instrument of imprinting on his conscience those ethical convictions which in aftertime germinated, by the grace of God, into great and fruitful virtues. She would garnish and fortify her instructions with pithy adages, which her children's memories never lost. Was the conversation, for example, about the transient nature of this life's affairs? she would conclude with,

> "Thus we may say, Come weal or wo,
> It will not be always so:"

like the motto that the eastern legend tells us king Solomon furnished for a brother monarch, who requested of him some sentiment which, inscribed on his ring, should be suited to cheer him under misfortune, and to temper his joy in the season of prosperity: "This also shall pass away!"

But the treasury from which our good mother drew her choicest gems to enrich the minds of the children, was the written word of God; and in the matter of discipline, and the infliction of punishment, it was often found that a text of Scripture, well applied, did infinitely better execution than the rod. Dr. Clarke says that his mother "had read the Bible with great care and much profit. . . . . And if the children did wrong at any time, she had recourse to it uniformly, to strengthen her reproofs, and to deepen the conviction. With the Scriptures she was so conversant and ready, that there was scarcely any delinquency for the condemnation of which she could not find a portion. She seemed to find them at the first opening, and would generally say, 'See what God has guided my eye to in a moment.' Her own reproofs her children could in some measure bear; but when she had recourse to the Bible they were terrified, such an awful sense had they of the truth of God's word and the majesty of the Author. Adam one

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day disobeyed his mother, and the disobedience was accompanied with some look or gesture that indicated an undervaluing of her authority. This was a high affront: she immediately flew to the Bible, and opened on these words, which she read and commented upon in a most awful manner: 'The eye that mocketh his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.' The poor culprit was cut to the heart, believing the words had been sent immediately from heaven. He went out into the field with a troubled spirit, and was musing on this horrible denunciation of Divine displeasure, when the hoarse croak of a raven sounded to his conscience an alarm more terrible than the cry of fire at midnight. He looked up, and perceived the ominous bird, and actually supposing it to be the raven of which the text spoke, he took to flight with the greatest perturbation.*"

Dr. Clarke imagines that the severe Puritanic creed which his mother had derived from the Scotch Calvinists, led her more frequently to represent the Supreme Being as a God of justice than as the God of mercy. The consequence was, the children dreaded God, and obeyed only through fear. Yet, perhaps, this was the way to awaken in the minds of the young a sense of responsibility, and an assurance that retribution will ever track the footsteps of guilt.

To the faithful admonitions of this stern but loving instructress, her son ever attributed, under God, that fear of the Divine Majesty which prevented him from taking pleasure in sin. "My mother's reproofs and terrors never left me till I sought and found the salvation of God. And sin was generally so burdensome to me, that I was glad to hear of deliverance from it. She had taught me such reverence for the Bible, that if I had it in my hand even for the purpose of studying a chapter to repeat as a lesson, and had been disposed with my class-fellows to sing, whistle a tune, or be facetious, I dared not do either while the book

* Autobiography.

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was open in my hands. In such cases I always shut it and laid it down beside me. Who will dare to lay this to the charge of superstition?" The boy was right. Would that all *men* were like-minded!

No sight has a greater sacredness and beauty than that of a devout mother leading her child to God in prayer. It was Adam's privilege to have a mother who could pray for him, and with him, and teach him to pray for himself. As soon as the children could speak, she taught them, in the Lord's Prayer, to call God "our Father." As they grew older, they were instructed to ask his blessing on their parents and relatives. The evening devotions of the elder ones included the Apostles' Creed, and occasionally a versified Collect, which the doctor remembered to his latest day:

AT MORNING PRAYER.

"Preserve me, Lord, amid the crowd,
From every thought that's vain and proud;
And raise my wandering mind to see
How good it is to trust in thee.
From all the enemies of thy truth,
Do thou, O Lord, preserve my youth;
And raise my mind from worldly cares,
From youthful sins and youthful snares.
Lord, though my heart 's as hard as stone,
Let seeds of early grace be sown.
Still water'd by thy heavenly love.
Till they spring up in joys above."

AT EVENING.

"I go to my bed as to my grave,
And pray to God my life to save;
But, if I die before I wake,
I pray to God my soul to take.
Sweet Jesus, now to thee I cry,
To grant me mercy ere I die;
To grant me mercy, and send me peace,
That heaven may be my dwelling-place."

CONCLUSION.

"Give to the Father praise,
And glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done."

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These compositions, it must be confessed, are homely enough; but they were made for home use, whoever wrote them. Adam Clarke always entertained a fond attachment to them. "They contain," said he, "the first breathings of my mind toward God; and even many years after I had known his power to my salvation, I continued to repeat them as long as I could with propriety use the term *youth*."

When on Sundays Mrs. Clarke held a little service with her children, in addition to a portion of catechism, she would read a chapter, sing part of a psalm, offer a prayer, and then fix their minds on some important sentence in the chapter, making them repeat the words; a method which secured their attention, and imbned their minds more thoroughly with the truth.

"The world," in the sinister import of that term; "the "flesh," as denoting the bondage of our nature to corrupt propensions; and "the devil," as the name for the great tempter and accuser of mankind, may, with the man who yields acquiescent obedience to their impulses, be regarded as words only; but he who has begun to struggle against the tide which is bearing the other to perdition unawares, and who will clean escape their corruptions, will speedily learn that these words are but the names of mighty realities, whose antagonism to his salvation he can only overcome by the mightier power of God. Now, even in the secluded part of Ireland where Adam Clarke was brought up, the world could offer him seductions, which, if yielded to, could not have failed to enlist him among her votaries, and lead him from depth to depth in sin. One form which these temptations took was the pleasure he found in the amusement of dancing. The years of mere childhood were passed, and he was a growing youth. He had learned to play on the violin, and becoming fond of music, joined a class who took lessons from a master. There was another in the neighborhood who gave lessons in dancing as well as music. Adam's master, "willing to stand on equal ground with his competitor, proposed to his pupils to divide the usual hours

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into two parts; to teach singing in the former, and dancing in the latter. This brought him several additional scholars, and the school went on much to his advantage. At first Adam despised this silly adjunct to what he always deemed of great importance, and for a considerable time took no part in it. At length, through much persuasion, his steadfastness was overcome. By long looking, the thing began to appear harmless; by and by, graceful; and lastly, an elegant accomplishment. It was now, 'Cast in your lot with us.' He did so; and, as it was always a maxim with him to do whatever he did with his might, he bent much of his attention to this, and soon became superior to most of his schoolfellows. Formerly he went to the school for the sake of the singing, now he went most for the sake of the dancing: leaving his understanding uninfluenced, it took fast hold of his passions. If prevented at any time from going, he felt uneasy, sometimes vexed, and often cross; his temper in such cases being rarely under his own control."

"*Malá uve*," says he, "when about thirteen years of age, I learned to dance. I long resisted all solicitations to it, but at last I suffered myself to be overcome, and learned and profited beyond most of my fellows. I grew passionately fond of it; would scarcely walk but in measured time, and was constantly tripping, moving, and shuffling, in all times and places. I began now to value myself, which, as far as I can recollect, I had never thought of before. I grew impatient of control, became fond of company, wished to mingle more than I had ever done with young people. I got, also, a passion for better clothing than that which fell to my lot in life, and was discontented when I found a neighbor's son dressed better than myself. I lost the spirit of subordination, did not love work, imbibed a spirit of idleness, and in short, drank in all the brain-sickening effluvia of pleasure. Dancing and company took the place of reading and study; and the authority of my parents was feared indeed, but not respected. And few serious impressions could prevail in a mind imbued now with frivolity. Yet I entered into no

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disreputable assembly, and in no one case ever kept any improper company. Nevertheless, dancing was with me a perverting influence, an unmixed moral evil; for, although by the mercy of God it led me not to depravity of manners, it greatly weakened the moral principle, drowned the voice of conscience, and was the first cause of impelling me to seek my happiness in this life. Everything yielded to the disposition it had produced, and everything was absorbed by it. I have it justly in abhorrence for the moral injury it did me; and I can testify, (as far as my own observations have extended, and they have had a pretty wide range,) I have known it to produce the same evil in others. I consider it, therefore, as a branch of that worldly education which leads from heaven to earth, from things spiritual to things sensual, and from God to Satan. Let them plead for it who will; I know it to be evil, and that only. They who bring up their children in this way, or send them to those schools where dancing is taught, are consecrating them to the service of Moloch, and cultivating the passions so as to cause them to bring forth the weeds of a fallen nature with an additional rankness, deep-rooted inveteracy, and inexhaustible fertility. *Nemo sobrius saltat*, 'No man in his senses will dance,' wrote Cicero, a heathen. Shame on those Christian parents who advocate a cause by which many sons have become profligate, and many daughters have been ruined!"*

This temptation, however, had not a lasting power; and before he was fifteen years of age, he had got entirely free from the dangerous snare. His love of mental cultivation returned with greater force; and that vigor of intellect which gave such a character to his future life, began now to move him with impulses after knowledge which throbbed on with his life, and kindled that unquenchable desire that led him to separate himself to intermeddle with all wisdom. From a mere child he had been a great reader of tales and

* Autobiography. See, too, a paper written on this subject by Dr. Clarke, in the Arminian Magazine for 1792; reprinted in his Miscellaneous Works.

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books of imagination suited to his years, for some of which, as the History of the Seven Wise Masters, the Seven Champions of Christendom, Robinson Crusoe, the Peruvian Tales, and the Thousand and One Nights, he always maintained a kind of grateful affection, not only for the entertainment they had given him, but for the strength they had imparted to his mental instinct to seek pleasure in the region of the intellect, and the communion they had opened to him with things that lie beyond the immediate province of the senses. But now, with the enlargement of his mind, he felt the need of a higher and more congenial aliment, and a satisfying acquaintance with the realities of truth. But, for want of a proper guide, he was even here in danger of taking a wrong track at the outset. With a mind characteristically eager in investigation, he was not content to read such books as expounded the outward phenomena of nature, but longed to penetrate, also, the arcana of the spiritual world. He had a notion that it was possible to attain such a knowledge of those unseen agencies which reveal their effects in the appearances of the outward world, as would enable the possessor of it to wield those agencies according to his own will; that men once lived who had won this secret, and that some might even then be living who enjoyed it. He had heard that among the gipsies many vestiges of this precious lore were handed down from father to son; and learning that a wandering party of that singular people had pitched their little camp at a distance of some miles, he sallied forth in quest of them. After some ingratiating talk, he told them what he had come for. The conversation which followed was highly satisfactory; for he found, to his great joy, that they had at least a great part of a book for a sight of which he had been devoured by desire, the Occult Philosophy of Cornelius Agrippa. The gipsies were not disposed to part with these precious sybilline leaves, but gave him full permission to read them on the spot, and make whatever extracts he pleased. Adam made full proof of his opportunity; and day by day, so long as

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the wanderers haunted that part of the country, he might have been seen in their out-of-the-way retreat, with ink-bottle and note-book, appropriating in unspeakable eagerness the hieratic secrets of the great master. The pleasure afforded by these excursions was enhanced by the memory of a sore disappointment he had undergone some time before, when, being informed that a certain schoolmaster who lived many miles away, had a copy of Cornelius Agrippa in his library, he made a pilgrimage for the purpose of borrowing it, or at least of inspecting it, but met with a decisive refusal. On that occasion (we mention it to show the lad's eagerness in this pursuit) his mother had attempted to dissuade him from going, as the distance was great, and the way unknown. "Never fear, mother," said he, "I shall find it well enough." "But you will be so weary by the time you get there, that you will not have strength to return." To which he answered: "Never fear, mother; if I can get there, and get the book, I hope to get as much out of it as will bring me home without touching the ground."

On the influence which these early impulses had upon his mind in following years, we shall have to write hereafter. But, even at this inexperienced period of life, his own good sense, and a reverential fear of being guilty of what was unlawful in the sight of God, tamed in his soul the inordinate desire after a species of knowledge which is either forbidden, or injurious to him who employs it, when obtained. A paper he read in an odd volume of the Athenian Oracle, which he met with about that time, made a wholesome impression on his mind, and contributed to set it in a more profitable direction. He had quieted some misgivings on the subject of spiritual incantations by the thought, that what was done in these ways was done with reference to, and dependence on, the power of God. By his terrible name all spirits were to be invoked, employed, bound, or loosed. But the writer in the Athenian Oracle, to the question, "Is that magic lawful whose operations are performed in the name of God, and by solemn invoca-

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tions of his power?" gave, by way of answer in the negative, the quotation from the Gospel where our Lord has declared, "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name have cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity." Warned off, then, from this enchanted ground, Adam betook himself, though (it must be confessed) not without some lingering and looking back, into the more open and honest fields of actual knowledge. In the excellent works of Ray, on the Wisdom of God in the Creation, and of Derham, on Astro-Theology, he found a clue to the true physico-theology, and was led by those great masters "from nature up to nature's God." He sought the Eternal where, in one of his ways of revelation, he is willing to make himself known—namely, in his works. Though not at that time in the language of one who became a favorite sage in other years, he could yet say with him in effect, "Waken my faculties to behold thee, and to gaze, with the vision of the heart, on thy grandeurs; and teach me to make known thy wondrous acts; for I see thy name in the works of thy hands. The heavens are moving in lines of measure, the spheres revolve in their orbits; among them the earth has her abiding-place, she is suspended by the bands of thy love. The sun shining in his might, the moon pouring silver streams as from a fountain, clusters of stars like flowers in a garden, the outspread pavilion of the skies, and the variegated landscapes of the world, all speak of thy deep wisdom."* Thus the things that are seen became to him a heart-stirring memento of the ever-present Deity. The heavens at night spoke, and told him how great is God; the spheres sang; the deep down on the shore, as he stood on the rocks, was heard lift-

* Aben Esra, *Sephardim Machazor.* Compare the beautiful words of Schiller: "His name ought to lie in secret behind every one of our thoughts, and speak to us from every object of nature; for us this bright majestic universe itself should be but as the shining jewel on which his image, and only his, should stand engraved."

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ing up a voice in the great chorus. "His praise the winds, that from four quarters blew, breathed soft or loud;" and the pine-woods waved their tops, with every plant, in sign of worship. Already the future commentator was musing on that text, "The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead."

But the time was at hand when he should no longer stand wondering in the outer court of the Great Unseen, but be admitted within the temple of salvation, and worship and serve him with them who have access to the Deity himself; for God, who commanded light to shine out of darkness, was about to shine into his heart, to give him to behold his glory in the face of Jesus Christ. We have had occasion to allude to the low state of religion in the neighborhood where Adam Clarke then lived; but it was by no means so bad as that which was found in many other parts of the three kingdoms. A much deeper ignorance shrouded the myriads of the Irish Catholic population; nor were the peasantry of England more enlightened; while, in the more crowded towns and cities, vice and immorality prevailed in frightful measures. On the Continent the state of things was infinitely worse. European Christendom had reached the zero of apostasy; Voltairism had come like an evil blast upon the people; and the shadow of atheism fell, colder than death, upon the millions. But God was now revealing in our land his signal mercy. There was the voice of one crying in the desert, "Repent; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." The Gospel had become a freshly-uttered oracle from heaven. The sower had gone forth to sow; the Sun of righteousness, breaking through the clouds, shed healing beams; and the showers of heavenly influence gathered over his path. Wesley was then fulfilling his course, and approaching, indeed, the consummation of that illustrious career in which he had been made the instrument of wondrous good, not only in our island home, but across the ocean too in the distant lands of the West. The agencies

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of Methodism were becoming more extensive and more potent every year; and, in the order of a merciful Providence, some of the devoted men who toiled in the great work were led to visit the hamlets and villages of the north of Ireland.

The Clarkes had hitherto known nothing of these men. A stray anecdote of one of them, which Adam met with in a newspaper, gave him the first intimation of their existence. One day it was rumored in the neighborhood that there would be preaching that evening at a farm-place, called Burnside; a barn, with a cottage attached to it. Adam went, along with a companion of his, a son of Counselor O'Neil. It was now that he saw for the first time a Methodist preacher, (John Brettell,) a tall thin man, with serious-looking countenance, and long hair. Adam heard the sermon with inward reasonings, and not without some feeling. His mind seemed to be drawn to the man, and when the service was over he lingered near him. The preacher turned, and with deep solemnity exhorted him to give himself to God. Adam was so far impressed as to wish to hear this doctrine more largely. He seized the first occasion, and heard Mr. Brettell again. The text was, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock." The effect of this sermon was to show him that the consequence of slighting the call of mercy would be everlasting ruin. Meanwhile the preachers stationed at Coleraine had made arrangements for regularly visiting that neighborhood as a part of their circuit; and Mr. Brettell was followed by Mr. Thomas Barber, a truly apostolic man, under whose ministry a multitude of people in various parts of the country had been awakened to repentance. Mrs. Clarke herself was now induced to attend. She heard, and immediately pronounced, "This is the doctrine of the Reformers; this is true and unadulterated Christianity." The Lord had opened her heart to receive his truth, and she forthwith opened her dwelling to its messengers, where, from time to time, they found a welcome resting-place, and brought the blessing of their Master

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with them; for salvation came to that house. Mrs. Clarke now joined the newly-formed society. As for Adam, though not violently affected, he had become seriously bent on the salvation of his soul. Anxious to hear the Gospel at every opportunity, he rose at four in the morning to complete his day's work, so as to be able to go here and there in the evening to listen to the word; and his chief study now, in the intervals he could spare from toil, was the examination of what he heard by the test of the written word of God, "searching the Scriptures daily, whether these things were so." In short, he had now matriculated in the school of Jesus Christ, in which alone the divine or the Christian can be formed; and he sat at the feet of a Master who could make him wise to salvation. His Scripture reading had hitherto been desultory; but he now began to read the New Testament regularly through, and that with deep attention and earnest prayer. One consequence was, his mind became enlightened to comprehend the analogy of the faith; the great redeeming plan so harmonious with itself and with all truth. From these oracles of the living God he learned his creed, and never changed it. Another and yet more important consequence was, he was gradually enabled to lay hold upon the truth, thus revealed, with that faith of the heart which made him a new creature. The Spirit was working his great work of mercy in his soul; convincing him of sin, righteousness, and judgment; awakening him alike to a sense of guilt, and a despair of escaping its punishment, if left to his own bankrupt resources. "All his past diligence, prayer, reading, and so forth, now appeared as nothing; multitudes of evils, which before were undiscovered, were now pointed out to his conscience as with a sunbeam. He was filled with confusion and distress; wherever he looked, he saw nothing but himself. The light which penetrated his mind led him into all the chambers of the house of imagery; and everywhere he saw idols set up in opposition to the worship of the true God. He wished to flee from himself, and looked with envy on stocks and

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stones; for they had not offended a just God, and were incapable of bearing his displeasure.

"The season was summer time. The fields were in their beautiful dress; the flocks and herds browsed in the pastures, and the birds caroled in the sky and in the woods; but his eyes and ears were no longer inlets to pleasure. In point of gratification, nature was to him a universal blank, for he felt himself destitute of the image and approbation of his Maker; and besides this consciousness there seemed to be needed no other to complete his misery. He said, with one of old, 'O that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat! Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him.'"*

Let us not be told here anything about moody melancholy or ignorant fanaticism. There is not a vestige of fanaticism in the case. Here is a young man of education, sound in health, steady in nerves, vigorous in intellect, and, so far as outward morality is concerned, of well-regulated and virtuous habits of life; but thoughtful betimes of the great question which sooner or later shakes every human soul—How can a fallen sinner be reconciled to God? The Bible is in his hand, and the light of the Holy Spirit shining in his conscience. Can we wonder, then, at his solicitude? He had within himself a dread sense of wrongness before his Divine Judge; and the all-absorbing care of his heart was, "How can I be set right?" Was not this a rational inquiry? Who is the insane fanatic; the man who in these circumstances, common to us all, asks the question, "What must I do to be saved?" or he who willfully ignores it?

He who would be saved feels the need of THE SAVIOUR; and whatever interferes with the clear view of the Divine majesty and power of the adorable Being who is revealed in the Gospel in that most blessed character, will interfere with that man's salvation. With such an obstacle Adam Clarke

* Autobiography.

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had just now to contend, through painful doubts on the Divinity of Jesus Christ, which some Unitarian acquaintances of his had thrown upon his mind. But in his well read New Testament he had the infallible antidote to this evil, and he overcame it. He found also some help to faith in partaking for the first time of the holy communion; but still he could not lay hold on the promises of God, so as to be delivered from those fears of perdition which sometimes rose within him like an agony. In after days he saw the value and purpose of those exercises. "It was necessary that I should have hard travail. God was preparing me for an important work. I must emphatically sell all to get the pearl of great price. If I had lightly come by the consolations of the Gospel, I might have let them go as lightly. It was good that I bore the yoke in my youth. The experience that I learned in my long tribulation was none of the least of my qualifications as a minister of the Gospel."

At length, however, the day of deliverance, the "time of finding,"* came. He had been brought to that point in which, had it been longer delayed, the spirit that God had made would have failed before him. We shall be most sure in giving the recital in his own words:

"One morning, in great distress of soul, he went out to his work in the field. He began, but could not proceed, so great was his mental anguish. He fell down on his knees on the earth, and prayed, but seemed to be without power or faith. He arose and endeavored to work, but could not; even his physical strength seemed to have departed from him. He again endeavored to pray; but the gates of heaven appeared as if barred against him. His faith in the atonement, so far as it concerned himself, was almost entirely gone; he could not believe that Jesus had died *for him;* the thickest darkness seemed to gather round and settle on his soul. He fell flat on his face on the earth, and endeavored to pray, but still there was no answer; he arose, but he was so weak that he could scarcely stand. His agonies

* Psalm xxxii, 6, *margin.*

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were indescribable; he seemed to be forever separated from God and the glory of his power. Death, in any form, he could have preferred to his present feelings, if that death could put an end to them. No fear of hell produced those terrible conflicts. He had not God's approbation; he had not God's image. He felt that without a sense of his favor he could not live. Where to go, what to say, and what to do, he found not; even the words of prayer at last failed; he could neither plead nor wrestle with God. . . . It is said the time of man's extremity is the time of God's opportunity. He now felt strongly in his soul, 'Pray to Christ;' another word for, 'come to the holiest through the blood of Jesus.' He looked up, confidently, to the Saviour of sinners. His agony subsided, his soul became calm. A glow of happiness thrilled through his frame; all guilt and condemnation were gone. He examined his conscience, and found it no longer a register of sins against God. He looked to heaven, and all was sunshine; he searched for his distress, but could not find it. He felt indescribably happy, but could not tell the cause; a change had taken place within him of a nature wholly unknown before, and for which he had no name. He sat down upon the ridge where he had been working, full of ineffable delight. He praised God. His physical strength returned, and he could bound like a roe. He had felt a sudden transition from darkness to light, from guilt and oppressive fear to confidence and peace. He could now draw nigh to God with more confidence than he could to his earthly father; he had freedom of access, and freedom of speech. He was like a person who had got into a new world, where, although every object was strange, yet each was pleasing; and now he could magnify God for his creation, a thing he never could do before. O what a change was here! and yet, lest he should be overwhelmed with it, its name and its nature were in a great measure hidden from his eyes. Shortly after this, Mr. Barber came to his father's house; when he departed, Adam accompanied him a little on the way. When they came in sight of the

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field that had witnessed the agonies of his heart, and the breaking of his chains, he told Mr. Barber what had taken place. The man of God took off his hat, and, with tears flowing down his cheeks, gave thanks to God. 'O Adam,' said he, 'I rejoice in this. I have been in daily expectation that God would shine upon your soul, and bless you with the adoption of his children.' Adam stared at him, and said within himself, 'O, he thinks, surely, that I am justified, that God has forgiven my sins, that I am now his child. O, blessed be God! I believe, I feel I am justified, through the redemption that is in Jesus.' Now he clearly saw what God had done; and though he had felt the blessing before, and was happy in the possession of it, it was only now that he could call it by its name. Now he saw and felt, that 'being justified by faith, he had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom he had received the atonement.'

"He continued in peace all the week. The next Lord's day there was a love-feast in Coleraine: he went to it, and during the first prayer kneeled in a corner with his face to the wall. While praying, the Lord Jesus seemed to appear to the eyes of his mind, as he is described, (Rev. i, 13, 14,) 'clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle; his head and his hair white as snow, and his eyes like a flame of fire.' And though in strong prayer before, he suddenly stopped and said, though not perhaps in a voice to be heard by those who were by him, 'Come nearer, O Lord Jesus!' Immediately he felt as if God had shone upon the work he had wrought, and called it by its own name. He fully and clearly knew that he was a child of God; the Spirit bore this witness in his conscience, and he could no more have doubted of it than he could the reality of his own existence.

'Meridian evidence put doubt to flight.'"*

Adam Clarke, having thus found the liberty of God's children, felt a powerful instinct in his heart to enjoy communion with them of whom he could now say, "Their

* Autobiography.

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Father is my Father; and their God my God." He accordingly lost no time in becoming a member of the Methodist Society; thus at once giving his heart to God, and his hand to his cause and people. Some months before he had accompanied his mother to her class-meeting, but was not at that time in such a state of mind as to render the manner in which the hour was spent sufficiently attractive to induce him to repeat the visit. Now, a great change had been wrought in this respect also; for his heart had become as theirs, and his name took its place in their registries, to abide in them forever.* This was the right procedure. Had he remained aloof from the Church, as too many do in similar cases, he, as they do, would have deprived himself of a divinely appointed means of succor for the mind in the temptations of life, and would probably have failed, after all, of the grace of God. But he looked at the Christian Church as a Divine institution, and felt it his duty to God, to man, and to himself to be identified with it. And to what part of it should he so naturally unite himself as to that which had been the means of his conversion? And in doing this, it was the steadfast conviction of his long life he had done rightly. Unlike the weak-minded and worldly, he was not to be warned off from the fulfillment of a grand duty by the vain bugbear of a name. On the contrary, if there were any reproach in bearing the name of "Methodist," he was the more willing to bear it for the love which now reigned in his heart to Him who was called the Nazarene.

I have before me an autograph memorandum inserted on the title-page of his old copy of the Minutes of Conference, in these words: "I joined society in the year of our Lord 1778, at Mullihical, near Coleraine. Adam Clarke." If born in 1760, he must, therefore, at the time of these trans-

* He gives an important testimony, in one of his letters, to the value of class-meetings: "When I met in class, I learned more in a week than I had learned before in a month. I understood the preaching better; and getting acquaintance with my own heart, and hearing the experience of God's people, I soon got acquainted with God himself."

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actions, have been in his eighteenth year. We doubt not that the alliance he was then enabled to make with the disciples of Christ helped to preserve him from the seductions of the world, which become at that period so potent to the young, as well as to confirm his best tendencies to insure his final salvation, and meanwhile to introduce his uncertain steps into a pathway which led to a great and good career. And so long as he found pleasantness and peace in the company of them whose "fellowship" was "with the Father, and with his Son Christ Jesus," he was led by the same Spirit, and enabled to maintain his confidence in the mercy which had forgiven him. The witness of the Divine Comforter proved not a transient but a perennial grace. He had come to abide; and the day-star had risen upon his heart with an unsetting light, to bring that knowledge of salvation through the remission of sins which became the strength, the glory, and the joy of his life; "a staff when he was weary, a spring when he was thirsty, a screen when the sun burned him, a pillow in death."

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CHAPTER III.

FIRST ESSAYS IN THE SERVICE OF CHRIST.

THE love of God, when kindled in the heart, burns into a flame which reveals itself in our life. When Christ said to his disciples, "Ye shall be my witnesses," he pronounced the words of a moral law which has been a binding one in his people's conscience ever since. The constraining impulses of this principle began now to move in the breast of Adam Clarke, and urged him to make known the Saviour he had found. He began with those nearest to himself, and made the circle of his own domestic life the first sphere of his evangelic efforts. Family worship, except on Sundays, had fallen among them into desuetude. He stated to them his convictions about the necessity of observing this duty, but without avail, unless he himself would perform it. The diffidence of a modest youth rendered this a formidable task; but it had been so laid upon his conscience that he dared not shrink. "At last he took up this, to him, tremendous cross, and prayed with his father, mother, and family. And as long as he was under their roof, he was, in this respect, their chaplain. Yet he ever felt it a cross, though God gave him power to bear it. A prayerless family has God's curse. If the parents will not perform family prayer, if there be a converted child, it devolves on him; and should he refuse, he will soon lose the comforts of religion."

The influence of his holy life soon began to show its effects in the more serious spirit of his relatives. The Bible was more read, and private prayer resorted to. Hannah, his fourth sister, soon joined the society, and lived to be one of its ornaments, at Bristol, when the wife of that eminent

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scholar and true-hearted servant of God, the late Thomas Exley, M. A. The eldest sister soon took the same course. This lady was afterward united in marriage with the Rev. Dr. Johnson, rector of St. Perrans Uthnoe, Cornwall. In short most of the family became hearers of the word among the Methodists, and ultimately members of that communion.

Outside of this circle, the next objects of his solicitude were his old schoolfellows and companions. He reasoned with them in their social intercourse, and prevailed on some of them to go with him and hear the word of God. Here, too, he had some first-fruits of usefulness; and among these youthful comrades, whose friendship was strengthened and purified by the sanctities of religion, was one who himself became a preacher. This was Andrew Coleman, a young man of good education and great promise, of whom Clarke had afterward the sacred task of writing a beautiful biography, which was published in the Methodist Memorial.

These incipient efforts soon took a wider range. He now filled up his occasional hours of leisure in going from house to house, and from village to village, doing, in his simple way, and from sheer love to the souls of the people, the work of a Scripture-reader and home missionary. The Sunday he would entirely devote to this work, and he made full proof of his opportunity. He had undertaken to lead a class at a place six miles away from home, and this at an early hour, which required him in winter to set out two hours before daylight. When this was done, he would go to a neighboring village, and entering the first open door, say, "Peace be to this house," and inquire if they were willing that he should hold a short religious service with them, and such of their neighbors as would like to come in. Having done so, (and he rarely met with a refusal,) he proceeded to another village, and so labored through the day. Thus, while "not slothful in business," but more diligent than ever in the farm and the school, and in the earnest study of the classics, the French language, and the practical mathe-

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matics he was "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." We have here, coming out more and more distinctly to our view, the types of that character which the Church and the world have since looked upon with undissembled admiration. Does any young man wish to know the sure way to prosperity and greatness? He will find it if he track the footsteps of Adam Clarke.

The zeal of our young convert extended to everything in his power to help the cause of religion. A congregation having been raised at Upper Mullihical, the want of some place to meet in was greatly felt. The people, led on by Adam, resolved to build one for themselves; and in the manual labor of the undertaking he took no inconsiderable part. Many years after, when opening a chapel at Halifax, he said: "It has been one of the most pleasurable feelings of my life, in connection with the worship of God, that I have an interest in a place reared to his honor, by having helped to build it. The good people fixed upon having a chapel near the place where my father resided. I loved God, and rejoiced in the prosperity of his work. My father allowed me to take his own horse and cart, and to and from the cart I carried stones nearly twice the size of what ought to have been lifted by me in proportion to my strength; but I seemed inspired on the occasion; and if any person had offered me twenty thousand pounds for every twenty pound of stone I carried, as an inducement to abandon the work, I would have rejected the proposal with contempt."

Meanwhile the question as to his future vocation in life was becoming at home more pressing every day. His father had always a kind of presentiment that Adam would be a clergyman of some order or other. His own predilections would, of course, have chosen for his son the office to which he had himself aspired in early life—that of the ministry of the Established Church; but the influence of his own disappointment, and the scanty resources of the family, combined to paralyze any effort to fit him for it at the University. At the same time Mr. Bennett, a relative, who

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carried on an extensive linen trade in Coleraine, made him a liberal offer to receive Adam into his establishment, which, in the wavering state of Mr. Clarke's will, gave the casting decision to it to devote his son to the pursuits of commerce. Adam, as an obedient son, yielded his assent, though without any faith in the enterprise, as he felt no response to it in his own mind, and could not divest himself of an ever-strengthening conviction that God had designed him for a more spiritual career. However, to Coleraine he went; and, though he did not become a linen-merchant, he gave proof, during the eleven months spent under Mr. Bennett's roof, that in his young relative that gentleman had a diligent and conscientious servant; but one who, at the same time, from the peculiar habitudes of his mind, was not the best fitted for the customs and speculations of mercantile life. The employment, moreover, was not congenial with his physical constitution. Health drooped, and his memory became strangely oblivious. Everything within and without him seemed to indicate that he was not in his proper place. His religious diligence did not flag; he was earnest in reproving sin, and the Lord made him useful in the conversion of sinners, as in the case of a wicked, blaspheming domestic of his master's, and others in the town. He sought to promote the work of God among the people in Coleraine; helping the morning preacher, by going round before five o'clock with a bell to give them a *réveil* for the house of prayer; and on Sabbath days taking his now accustomed part in the work of exhortation in the villages. The pious and intelligent Society in the town took knowledge of him, and learned to love him for his work's sake. They considered "the end of his conversation," Jesus Christ ever the same; they appreciated his strong native talent, and educational advantages; and expressed their conviction that his true predestined calling was not the Irish linen trade, but the Gospel ministry. This tended to strengthen the latent bias of his own mind, and gave a more distinct pronunciation to the voice which was bidding him to be free

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from the entanglements of the world, that he might become a soldier of Jesus Christ. On the other hand, Mr. Bennett's esteem for him was shown in a kind offer, that, if he did not like *his* business, he would advance him money to enter upon another, at the same time recommending the trade in Irish produce (butter, hides, and tallow) to England. But the die had been virtually cast; he was to be "a merchantman," who should seek "goodly pearls," in souls forever saved. Equally futile was the other alternative, to become, like his father, a tiller of the ground; he was to "go forth bearing" more "precious seed," and "gather fruit unto life eternal." The issue of this episode of his life was, that he and Mr. Bennett parted with mutual affection and lasting respect, and Adam returned to the farm-house at Agherton.

Providence now spoke at once. The superintendent, Mr. Bredin, enlisted him as an occasional helper in the circuit. On going forth on his first expedition, a journey of thirty miles, he tells us that, "just before he set out, early on the Monday morning, he took up his Bible, and said, 'Lord, direct me to some portion of thy word that may be to me a subject of useful meditation on the way.'" He then opened the book, and the first words that met his eyes were these: "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you." John xv, 16. This word gave him great encouragement, and he went on his way rejoicing. When he came to the city, Mr. Bredin desired him to go the next night and supply his place at a village called New Buildings, about five miles from Derry. To this he agreed. "But," says Mr. Bredin, "you must *preach* to the people." "I will do the best I can," says Adam, "with God's help." "But," says Mr. Bredin, "you must take a text, and preach from it." "That I cannot undertake," said Adam. "You must and shall," said Mr. Bredin. "I will exhort as usual, but cannot venture to take a text." "Well,

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a text you must take, for the people will not be satisfied without it. A good exhortation is a sermon, and you may as well have a text as not." To this authority he was obliged for the present to bow, though he went with rather a perplexed than a heavy heart. "I will go," thought he to himself; "I can only bring back the tidings that I went, tried, failed, and brought a disgrace upon Methodism." He arrived near the place a good while before the time, and, not knowing any one, strolled on the bank of the river, so depressed and melancholy as to lie down on the grass and weep. He tried to obtain relief in prayer, and then had recourse to his Bible. While reading, he was forcibly struck with the words, "We know that we are of God," upon which he felt his mind could fasten, as the text he wanted. Just as he had risen from the grass, a man passed, of whom he inquired for the place of preaching occupied by the Methodists. "He asked, 'Are you the preacher?' Adam answered, that he had been sent in that capacity by Mr. Bredin. The man measured him apparently with his eye, from head to foot, and then, in a tone of despondency mingled with surprise, said, 'You are a young one to unravel the word!'"

It was on that evening, June 19, 1782, that he preached his first sermon. The text was the passage that had made the impression on his mind in the field, 1 John v, 19: "We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness;" from which he extemporized a discourse on the following topics: 1. That the world lies in wickedness; proved by appeals to the state of man's nature, and the actual condition of human society. 2. That it is only by the power of God that men are saved from this state of corruption; those who are converted being converted by him: "We are of God." 3. Those who are converted know it; not only from its outward effects in their lives, but from the change made in their hearts: "We KNOW that we are of God."

When we look at this logical and striking distribution of

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the subject, we are not surprised to find that "the people seemed gratified, and gathered round him when he had finished, and entreated him to preach to them at five the next morning, at a place a mile or so off, where many gathered together, to whom he explained and applied 1 John iv, 19: "We love him, because he first loved us."

After a fortnight's work, he returned home with a strong persuasion in his mind that God had called him to preach his word; and that the verse to which he was directed on his outset was the evidence of a call which he had graciously given him. Whatever some persons may think of them, these convictions were sacred to the young man's heart, and the issues of his life have abundantly proved that they were not fallacious.

Some time before this, Mr. Bredin, believing that Adam Clarke was so called of God to the ministry, had written about him to Mr. Wesley, who, in reply, offered to take him to the school he had established at Kingswood, near Bristol; where he might increase his classical knowledge, and, by occasional pulpit-exercises, become more fully prepared for the work. He had not long returned from Derry when another letter arrived from Mr. Wesley to Mr. Bredin, appointing the latter to an English Circuit, and directing that he should bring Adam Clarke with him.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE OPENED ROAD ROUGH AT THE OUTSET.

The life which was unfolding its perspective to our young preacher could have attractions only to one who, having counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, could find no peace, or honor, or joy, but in doing the unearthly work of turning the sinner from the error of his ways, and saving the soul from death. This was a labor which, in a worldly point of view, would bring him no return. He had, indeed, respect to a recompense of reward, but it lay beyond the horizon of time; and the life he was to live meanwhile, he could then view only as one of toil and martyrdom. But none of these things moved him, neither counted he his life dear to him, so that he might fulfill his course, and the ministry he had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God.

Such was the lofty principle which reigned in the breast of the lone young man who, on the 17th of August, 1782, stood on the deck of a vessel bound from Londonderry to England. As to outward appearance, though something above the middle height, he was slightly made, and had the look of being worn to extreme thinness by fasting and ascetic exercises. Plain in his features, he had nevertheless a certain moral beauty, from the strong reflection of intellect wakeful with high and solemn thought, and hallowed by the love of God. A bystander would have judged that he had some relation to the ecclesiastical life by the loose, straight coat then worn by the preachers, and the broad triangular hat. In fact, the sailors of the press-gang let him pass free, from their having taken him for an Irish priest.

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His wardrobe was extremely light, his purse yet lighter; and his whole *viaticum* for the voyage to Liverpool, and the land journey to Bristol, consisted of a little bread and cheese. Poor enough as he was, in the career that was before him he was, to all human calculation, likely to remain so. The life of a Methodist preacher in those days was all work and no pay, or next to none. Scanty as is the remuneration which the greater number of these faithful and laborious servants of the public now receive, with the first race of the Wesleyan ministers it was unspeakably worse. We shall see in what way Adam Clarke was destined for a time to feel this.

But the experience did not take him unawares when it came. If, according to Dean Swift, the man is blessed who expecteth nothing, our friend could lay claim to that beatitude. He was content to believe that Providence would grant him food and raiment: as to the latter, more strictly speaking, (as he himself says when referring to this epoch,) he thought nothing about it. But there were obstacles to his entering even upon a course like this; and one arose from the difficulty which his father and mother felt with regard to it. His brother had already gone from home, and Mr. and Mrs. Clarke naturally looked to Adam to be the stay and support of their declining years; and with all their respect for the Methodist ministers, they knew enough of their temporal affairs to be convinced that for their son to cast in his lot with theirs would be ruinous to all his interests in the present world. They gave the project therefore, at first, their most decisive refusal. Mrs. Clarke urged her objections in the most strenuous terms, and sealed them on his mind with the threatening of her curse. In this painful dilemma Adam could only refer all to the Divine will. He took his burden to the throne of God, and by prayer and supplication commended all to his disposal. Grace was given in the time of need. He had prayed that, if it were the will of his Heavenly Father that he should go, the will of his earthly parents might be brought into harmony

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with it. Business called him into Coleraine for several days. On his return he went to walk in the garden. His mother came to him and informed him that their objections had been surmounted, and that if his mind were still bent upon going, the way, so far as they were concerned, might be considered open. "She had got the persuasion," says he, "that God required her to give up her son to do his work; she instantly submitted, and had begun to use her influence with his father, to bring him to the same mind; nor had she exerted herself in vain. Both of them received him with a pleasing countenance; and though neither said 'Go,' yet both said, 'We submit.' In a few days he set off for the city of Londonderry, whence he was shortly to embark for Liverpool.

"On his departure, he was recommended by the pious society of Coleraine to God. He had little money, and but a scanty wardrobe; but he was carried far above the fear of want; he would not ask his parents for any help, nor would he intimate to them that he needed any. A few of his own select friends put some money in his purse, and having taken a dutiful and affectionate leave of his parents and friends, he walked to Derry, a journey of upward of thirty miles, in a part of a day, found Mr. Bredin waiting, who had agreed for their passage in a Liverpool trader, which was expected to sail the first fair wind.

"As he was young and inexperienced, (for he had not seen the world,) Adam was glad that he was likely to have the company and advice of his friend Mr. Bredin; but in this he was disappointed.

"Just as they were about to sail, a letter came from Mr. Wesley, remanding Mr. Bredin's appointment. There was no time to deliberate; the wind was fair, the vessel got clear out, and about to fall down the Lough: Adam got a loaf of bread and about a pound of cheese, went instantly aboard, and the vessel sailed. By this step he had separated himself from all earthly connections and prospects in his own country, and went on what he believed to be a Divine com-

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mand, not knowing whither he was going, or what God intended for him."

In those days steam navigation was unknown, and the voyage begun on Saturday was not completed till the Monday afternoon. Adam would have improved the Sunday in his usual way, but was prostrate with sea-sickness. He reproved the sailors for profane swearing, and they took it respectfully and refrained. He observed the captain to read a good deal at intervals, and found the author was Flavel. This opened the way for serious conversation, with which Captain Cunningham expressed himself much pleased. Off Hoylake a pilot came on board, and warned them that they would meet with "a hot press" up the river. This was soon explained by the sight of a man-of-war's tender, which brought them to by a couple of guns. The captain could only obey, but exhorted the passengers to hide themselves as best they could below. The two steerage passengers, the one a seafaring man and the other a hatter, took his advice; but Clarke said to himself, "Shall such a man as I flee? I will not. I am in the hands of the Lord: if he permit me to be sent on board of a man-of-war doubtless he has something for me to do there." So he took a seat on the locker in the cabin, lifting up his heart in prayer. Presently the tender's boat was alongside with six men and an officer. On boarding, the officer "with a hoarse voice" summoned all below to come on deck. Adam immediately walked up, and stood reclining against the gunwale. The lieutenant dived below in quest of passengers, but found only the hatter, of whom, poor fellow, they made a capture. "And who have you got here?" said one of the gang, looking at Adam. "A priest, I'll warrant." But we took a priest yesterday, and will let this one alone." With that the lieutenant came, and having scrutinized him from head to foot, took his hand and manipulated it, as if to judge whether he had been brought up to the sea or hard labor; and casting it from him with an oath, gave it as his opinion that "he would not do." Adam's bosom swelled with in-

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dignation, not only then, but when relating this circumstance afterward, he used to inveigh against the tyranny of a custom at once iniquitous and cruel in itself, and utterly at variance with the spirit and the letter of the British Constitution.

The worthy captain's wife was the mistress of a boarding-house, and there our young traveler found a quiet and congenial sojourn during his brief stay in Liverpool. The inmates were a Scotch gentleman and a naval officer. The conversation at the tea-table gave Adam an occasion of respectfully admonishing the lady about a habit she had of asseverating by her conscience. This led to a further discussion at supper, when the naval man avowed himself a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and stating his belief in the doctrine of transubstantiation, demanded of Adam whether he had anything to say against that. "O yes, sir," replied he, "I have much to say against it;" and then proceeded to argue largely to prove the dogma to be unscriptural and absurd. The captain then asked him what he had to say against the invocation of saints, and the worship of images? He gave his reasons at large against these also. Purgatory, auricular confession, and the priest's power to forgive sins, were then considered, and confuted from Scripture and reason. But the last topic gave him the opportunity to speak on the nature of sin, the condemned state of fallen man, and the impossibility that any one could take away guilt but He against whose law the transgression is committed, as well as on the terrible doom that awaits the unforgiven. He then showed that reconciliation with God was impossible except through the great sacrifice made by Jesus Christ, which becomes effectual to no man who does not truly repent and implicitly confide in it. While discoursing on these subjects God gave him uncommon power and freedom of speech. The company heard him with a fixed and solemn gaze, and at length showed by tears that the word had entered their hearts. Hereupon he rose, and invited them to pray. They fell on their knees, and he concluded

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this remarkable interview with fervent supplication, which seemed to find a mighty response in every one's mind. The effects of these well-spent hours may hereafter be unfolded in a better world.

On leaving Captain Cunningham's the next morning, he inquired for his bill. "No, sir," said Mrs. Cunningham, "you owe us nothing. It is we who are deeply in your debt. You have been a blessing to our house, and were you to stay longer, you would have no charges." He departed earnestly invoking that God would remember that family for good, for the kindness they had shown to a poor stranger in a strange land.

The same good providence was over him in the journey to Bristol, which he performed as an outside passenger of a lumbering and slow-going conveyance miscalled the Fly. A young gentleman, one of the "insides," came outside for a change, and commenced a gay rattling conversation interlarded with an occasional oath. Here was another task for Adam, who at once accepted it, and told the swearer what he thought of his bad custom. "What," said the gentleman, "are you a Presbyterian?" "No, sir," said Adam, "I am a Methodist." This provoked his risibility to an uncommon degree, and he made it the subject of a great deal of harmless but rather foolish wit. On returning inside he told his tale in his own way, and this excited the curiosity of his companions to see the strange creature. A gentleman from within accordingly offered Adam to exchange places with him. Adam preferred remaining where he was. Another overture was followed by the same result. At length, when the coach stopped, a lady asked him to favor them with his company. Adam, observing the still unsettled face of his risible friend, excused himself, on the plea that he did not think his company would be agreeable. She answered, "Sir, you must come in; this young gentleman will take your place, and you will do us good." Thus challenged, he could no longer refuse. Questioned about his religion, the purposes of his journey, etc., he gave such an account of

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himself as visibly won their good sympathies, and some hours were passed in cheerful and profitable conversation. Adam, finding the gentleman was a scholar, fortified some remarks he made to him about the confidence that every true servant of God has in his favor and protection, by observing that the principle was not unknown among even the heathens, though many called Christians deny that we can have any direct evidence of God's love for us, and quoted the verse from Horace:

> '*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus*
> *Non eget Mauri jaculus neque arcu,*
> *Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,*
> *Fusce, pharetra.*"*

"True," said the gentleman; "but if we take Horace as authority for one point, we may as well do it in another; and in some of your received principles you will find him against you. Witness another ode:

> '*Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero*
> *Pulsanda tellus.*"†

Adam acknowledged the propriety of this critique, and sometimes, referring to it, used to say: "We should be cautious how we appeal to heathens, even as to morality; because much may be collected from them on the other side. In like manner we must be careful how we quote the Fathers in proof of the doctrines of the Gospel; because he who knows them best, knows that on many of those subjects they blow hot and cold."

When the coach stopped for dinner at Lichfield they insisted upon his being their guest, and would not suffer him to be at any charge; and as they were going on to London,

* Odar. i, 22. "The man that knows not guilty fear,
Nor wants the bow, nor pointed spear;
Nor needs, while innocent of heart,
The quiver teeming with the poison'd dart."

† Odar. i, 37. "Now let the bowl with wine be crown'd,
Now lightly dance the mazy round."

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they urged him to go round to Bristol by the same way, with the assurance that they would defray his expenses. Anxious, however, to get to Kingswood by the most direct route, he took leave of this agreeable party with mutual good feelings.

At Birmingham Providence was equally kind, in opening to him the hearts and home of an excellent family, the relatives of Mr. Brettell, the first Methodist preacher he had heard in Ireland. He accompanied them to chapel in the evening, and heard old Parson Greenwood discourse on the words of the apostle: "I am in a strait betwixt two." The preacher pointed out the example of many good men who have been constrained to make that confession: upon which Adam made the reflection that, had he known the circumstances in which he himself was then found, he might safely have added him to the number.

It was well for him that he met with these kindnesses by the way, for on coming to Bristol he found that his little store of cash had dwindled to one shilling and sevenpence halfpenny. This was occasioned by the expense of the journey by coach, which he had designed at first to perform on foot, till he yielded to the dissuasions of Mr. Cunningham at Liverpool. On the last day of the journey, no dinner offering itself, he subsisted on "a penny loaf and a halfpenny worth of apples." Hungry and exhausted, he went into the kitchen of an inn in Broadmead, warmed himself at the fire, and asked for a piece of bread and cheese, and a drink of water. "Water!" said one of the servants; "had you not better have a pint of beer?" "No, I prefer water," said he. It was brought; and for this homely supper he paid sixpence, and sixpence for his bed before he lay down. He had now sevenpence halfpenny, sixpence of which the chambermaid charged him for taking care of his box. Breakfast next morning was out of the question; so he left Bristol with his whole fortune of three-halfpence, and bent his steps up the hill toward Kingswood. He found the Wesleyan establishment, consisting of a mansion, school,

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and chapel, surrounded by a small grove of trees in an open moorland country. It was seven in the morning, the hour for prayers and sermon, and several people were entering the chapel for service. He joined them, and drank in some words of consolation which the preacher, Mr. Payne, spoke from the text, "Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" The topic was seasonable, for an unusual oppression weighed upon his mind. Mr. Brettell, at Birmingham, had given him some uneasiness, by expressing a strong opinion that his expectations of getting any profit at Kingswood would turn out to be fallacious; and he now suffered a presentiment of distress which he could not shake off. Immediately after the service he requested to be introduced to the headmaster, Mr. Simpson, to whom he delivered Mr. Wesley's letter. The master appeared surprised, and told him that his coming was totally unexpected, and that, in effect, they had no room in the school for any one. He added, that Mr. Wesley, who was then in Cornwall, would not return for a fortnight; and that it would be necessary for him to go back to Bristol and lodge there till he came. Crushed at heart with distress, poor Adam ventured to say: "I cannot return to Bristol, sir. I have expended all my money, and have nothing to subsist on." The master said: "But why should *you* have come to Kingswood at all? It appears from this letter that you have already been at a classical school, and can read both Greek and Latin authors. If you are already a preacher, you had better go out into the work at large, for there is no room for you in the school, and not one spare bed in the house." . . . . At last it was decided he should have permission to occupy a room at the end of the old chapel, where the forlorn youth passed several days and nights, encountering meanwhile not a few annoyances. And when, at length, he was allowed to take a place at dinner at the family table, all comfort was annihilated by the overbearing rigor of the hostess. It is needless to go minutely into the circumstances which embittered his transient sojourn; some of them it might be found impossible to

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recall with accuracy. I will be content to offer a remark which some readers may require, to obviate the scandal they might be led to attach to Kingswood School itself. The establishment at that place had been founded by Mr. Wesley with the combined object of affording an educational asylum for the sons of his preachers, and a seminary, on the plan of a boarding-school, for the children of Methodist parents who were desirous of giving them the benefits of a system in which the religious element formed a well-defined constituent along with the essentials of secular learning. The design was noble and good, but it must be confessed that hitherto it had proved a failure. The staff of teachers seemed unexceptionable. Mr. Simpson himself was a Master of Arts, and, as Dr. Clarke records, "a man of learning and piety, but one too easy for his situation." The Rev. Cornelius Bayley, afterward Dr. Bayley, of St. James's Church, Manchester, was English teacher; Mr. Vincent De Baudry, professor of French, and Mr. Bond, assistant teacher. "The scholars, however, were none of them remarkable for piety or learning. The boarders had spoiled the discipline of the school; very few of its rules and regulations were observed; and it by no means answered the end of its institution. Though the teachers were men of adequate learning, yet as the school was perfectly disorganized, every one did what was right in his own eye. The little children of the preachers suffered great indignities; the parlor boarders had every kind of respect, and the others were shamefully neglected." Mr. Wesley had become acquainted with this state of things, and in an exposition of the case which he gave shortly after at the Bristol Conference, expressed his determination "either to mend it or to end it."

It was mended. The idea of the united school was given up, and the establishment henceforward devoted to the purpose of affording a wholesome and useful education to the children of the itinerant preachers. Another branch was subsequently located at Woodhouse Grove, in Yorkshire. Kingswood School has been improving steadily with the

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lapse of time, and is now one of the best educational institutions in the country. Its *locale* has been transferred to the vicinity of Bath, where, on Lansdown Hill, it forms one of the ornaments even of that neighborhood, so distinguished by fine architecture. Nor has the other design been overlooked by the present generation of the Methodist people; of which their beautiful collegiate establishments at Sheffield and Taunton are conspicuous monuments. The Methodists are now, indeed, behind no religious communion in their enterprises for the promotion of knowledge and learning. They have founded hundreds of primary schools in various parts of the kingdom, all of them in connection with a noble Training College for teachers at Westminster. Their theological faculty accomplishes an effective training of devoted young men for the service of the Church, at their colleges of Richmond, in Surrey, and Didsbury, near Manchester. In India, Africa, and Australia, similar institutions are rising; while, in America, some of the best universities in Canada and the United states are conducted under the auspices of the Methodist Church. All Mr. Wesley's ideas had the imprint of a mind which combined the characteristics of the refined scholar and the Christian apostle; and, in their ever-growing development, whole myriads of families are grateful partakers of benefits which have rendered his name a sacred symbol of whatever things are pure, or lovely, or of good report, or productive of virtue and of praise.

But now to return to our poor solitary. The authorities at Kingswood made him, as we have seen, dwell apart at first; and, when admitted to the table, laid him under restraints which rendered solitude more agreeable to him than their society. He had however by this time got his trunk with his few books * and papers from Bristol; and he filled up the intervals of study by working in the garden, †

* A pocket Bible, a Greek Testament, Prideaux's Connection, and Young's Night Thoughts.

† In digging there one day, he lit upon a half-guinea. Having laid this golden discovery before the gentlemen of the house, and found that none

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and occasional essays to do good, by speaking to the people, as occasion offered. Moreover, Mr. Rankin came, the superintendent preacher, who conceived a partiality for him at once, and set him to do some work in the circuit. In one of his excursions he preached at the village of Pensford, when "a venerable man" in the congregation came and laid his hand upon him, and said, with a look of approval and solemnity, "Christ bless the word! Christ bless the word! Christ bless the word!" The kind feeling manifested by this aged disciple was like a gleam of sunshine on the young man's heart.

At length Mr. Wesley arrived at Bristol, and having received Mr. Simpson's statement in relation to the young stranger, expressed a wish to see him. The interview is described by Adam: "I had this privilege for the first time on September the sixth. I went into Bristol; saw Mr. Rankin, who took me to Mr. Wesley's study, off the great lobby of the rooms over the chapel in Broadmead. He tapped at the door, which was opened by this truly apostolic man. Mr. Rankin retired. Mr. Wesley took me kindly by the hand, and asked me how long since I had left Ireland. Our conversation was short. He said: 'Well, brother Clarke, do you wish to devote yourself entirely to the work of God?' I answered: 'Sir, I wish to do and be what God pleases.' He then said: 'We want a preacher for Bradford, in Wiltshire: hold yourself in readiness to go there. I am going into the country, and will let you know when you shall go.' He then turned to me, laid his hands upon my head, and spent a few moments in praying to God to bless and preserve me, and to give me success in the work to which I was called. I departed, having now received, in addition to my appointment from God to preach his Gospel, the only authority I could have from man in that line in which I was to exercise the ministry of the Divine word."

of them claimed it, he entered his name as a subscriber to a Hebrew Grammar which Mr. Bayley was then preparing for publication, and which gave him afterward his first lessons in the study of the holy tongue.

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That evening he heard Mr. Wesley preach on these words: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." Two days after he first saw Charles Wesley, being not a little gratified to have the opportunity of seeing "the two men whom I had long considered as the very highest characters upon the face of the globe, and as the most favored instruments which God had employed, since the days of the twelve apostles, to revive and spread genuine Christianity in the earth." On the twenty-sixth of the month he received final instructions to repair to his circuit.

He obeyed at once. There were no bands of love to detain him at Kingswood an hour. That very morning he walked away to Hanham, and from thence to Bath, where he again heard Mr. Wesley; and thence again next day to Bradford, lodging that night at the house of Mr. Pearce. The day following he found his way to Trowbridge, the head-quarters for the preachers of the circuit.

Sursum corda.

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CHAPTER V.

THE EVANGELIST.

Though Wesleyan Methodism had not at that time risen to the massive strength in which it is now recognized as one of the established religious institutions of the country, it had nevertheless, so far back as the time of which we are now writing, unfolded the character of a vital and powerful system of Christian agency, which was exerting an enlightening, moralizing, and pacific influence over immense masses of the English people. Congregations, not on Sabbaths only, but from day to day, in all parts of the land, came in silent crowds to hear from its preachers the word of God; and hundreds of Societies, united in the faith, hope, and charity of our holy religion, walking in the comfort of the blessed Spirit, and being ever multiplied, gave proof that the word was not heard in vain. When, therefore, Mr. Adam Clarke entered on the sphere of labor assigned him under the circumstances we have recounted, he had not to feel his way with the uncertain step of a mere adventurer, but had only to make his credentials known, to secure for himself the welcomes of a numerous people prepared to receive all such as he with the benedictions of the Gospel of peace. Some of them, indeed, struck at first sight with the extreme juvenility of their new preacher, might have wished that a man of greater age and consequent experience had been appointed to them; and the pleasant tradition is yet repeated, that on his first visit to one of the chapels, as he walked with solemn step along the aisle to the pulpit, one of the seniors of the congregation was overheard giving a sort of vexed expression to his first view of the affair, with, "Tut, tut! what

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will Mr. Wesley send us next?" Yet they proved themselves fully able to appreciate and ever after to love the stranger, now such no longer, who had come among them. His own musings, too, upon this difficulty, were by no means agreeable. "His youth," he writes of himself, "was a grievous trial to him, and was the subject of many perplexing reasonings. He thought, 'How can I expect that men and women, persons of forty, threescore, or more years, will come out and hear a boy preach the Gospel? And is it likely that, if through curiosity they do come, they will believe what I say? As to the young, they are too gay and giddy to attend to divine things; and if so, among whom lies the probability of my usefulness?'" Time, however, with its rapid wing, would too soon leave all these complaints behind him. Meanwhile the intellectual and religious characteristics of this youth placed him on a par with "persons of forty," ay, and with some of the sages of "fourscore." As to the people among whom he had come, young or old—boy as he was, he could teach them all. He was himself taught of God. "The Bible was his one book, and prayer his continual exercise; he frequently read it on his knees, and often watered it with his tears." When he says the Bible was his one book, he records his conviction that the sacred volume is the only absolute canon of Divine truth; the sole infallible rule of doctrine, and the grand warrant of hope to man; from which all effectual teaching must be denied, and to which all creed must be subjected. As the sun enlightens the face of the planet, so the Bible illumines the true teachers of the Church.

> "Hither,
> As to their fountain, other stars repair,
> And in their golden urns draw light."

The late Thomas Marriott, Esq., had a Bible of Dr. Clarke's, which he believed to be the identical copy he brought with him from Kingswood, or rather from Ireland, to Trowbridge. It has, in addition to his name, the date, "Trowbridge, Wiltshire, August 9, 1783. *Bene orâsse est*

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bene studuisse." At the end of the Old Testament is the memorandum, "June 10. Read through;" while by another, at the beginning of Genesis, we judge that he recommenced the next day: "*Incepi*, June 11, 1784." I have myself a pocket Bible of his, in a stout red morocco case. On the top of the title-page are the words in his hand-writing, "God is love. Glory to his name! Adam Clarke, May 21, 1783." This copy, therefore, must have been in his possession at Trowbridge, as well as that obtained by Mr. Marriott.

Searching thus the Scriptures, with habitual and devout meditation, he had already acquired a deep insight into the analogy of the Christian faith, and was enabled to embrace and ever hold fast the great principles of revealed theology. It was not far from this time that he drew up the following theses, which may be considered the alpha and omega of his religious creed, no article of which, he tells us, he ever saw occasion to alter:

"I. That there is but one uncreated, unoriginated, infinite, and eternal Being; the creator, preserver, and governor of all things.

"II. There is in this Infinite Essence a *plurality* of what we commonly call *persons;* not separately subsisting, but essentially belonging to the *Deity* or *Godhead*; which persons are generally termed *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghost;* or, *God*, the *Logos*, and the *Holy Spirit*, which are usually designated the *Trinity;* which term, though not found in the Scriptures, seems properly enough applied; as we repeatedly read of these *three*, and never of more persons in the *Godhead.*

"III. The Sacred Scriptures or Holy Books, which constitute the Old and New Testaments, contain a full revelation of the will of God in reference to man; and are alone sufficient for everything relative to the *faith* and *practice* of a Christian, and were given by the inspiration of God.

"IV. Man was created in righteousness and true holiness,

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without any moral imperfection, or any kind of propensity to sin; but *free* to *stand* or *fall*, according to the use of the powers and faculties he received from his Creator.

"V. He fell from this state, became morally corrupt in his nature, and transmitted his moral defilement to all his posterity.

"VI. To counteract the evil principle in the heart of man, and bring him into a salvable state, God, from his infinite love, formed the purpose of redeeming him from his lost estate by the incarnation, in the fullness of time, of Jesus Christ; and, in the interim, sent his Holy Spirit to enlighten, strive with, and convince men of sin, righteousness, and judgment.

"VII. In due time this Divine person, called the *Logos*, *Word*, *Saviour*, etc., etc., did become incarnate; sojourned among men, teaching the purest truth, and working the most stupendous and beneficent miracles.

"VIII. The above person is really and properly God; was foretold as such by the prophets; described as such by the evangelists and apostles; and proved to be such by his miracles; and has assigned to him, by the inspired writers in general, every attribute essential to the Deity; being one with him who is called God, Jehovah, Lord, etc.

"IX. He is also a perfect man, in consequence of his incarnation; and in that man, or manhood, dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily: so that his nature is *two-fold*—divine and human, or *God manifested in the flesh.*

"X. His *human nature* was begotten of the blessed Virgin Mary, through the creative energy of the Holy Ghost; but his *Divine nature*, because God, infinite and eternal, is uncreated, underived, and unbegotten; and which, were it otherwise, he could not be *God* in any proper sense of the word; but he is most explicitly declared to be God in the Holy Scriptures; and therefore the doctrine of the *Eternal Sonship* must necessarily be false.

"XI. As he took upon him the nature of man, and died in that nature; therefore he died for the *whole human race*,

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without respect of persons: equally for all and every man.

"XII. On the third day after his crucifixion and burial he rose from the dead; and, after showing himself many days to his disciples and others, he ascended into heaven, where, as God manifested in the flesh, he is, and shall continue to be, the *Mediator* of the human race till the consummation of all things.

"XIII. There is no salvation but through him; and throughout the Scriptures his *passion* and *death* are considered as *sacrificial:* pardon of sin and final salvation being obtained by the alone shedding of his blood.

"XIV. No human being, since the *fall*, either has, or can have, *merit* or *worthiness* of, or by himself, and therefore has nothing to *claim* from God but in the way of his *mercy* through Christ; therefore pardon, and every other blessing promised in the Gospel, have been purchased by his sacrificial death; and are given to men, not on the account of anything they have done or suffered, or can do or suffer, but for his sake, or through his meritorious passion and death alone.

"XV. These blessings are received by *faith;* because they are not of *works*, nor of *suffering*.

"XVI. The power to believe, or *grace of faith*, is the free gift of God, without which no man can believe; but the *act of faith*, or actually believing, is the act of the soul under that power. This power is withheld from no man; but, like all other gifts of God, it may be slighted, not used, or misused; in consequence of which is that declaration, 'He that believeth shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.'

"XVII. *Justification*, or the pardon of sin, is an instantaneous act of God's mercy in behalf of a penitent sinner, trusting only in the merits of Jesus Christ; and this act is absolute in reference to all past sin, all being forgiven where any is forgiven: *gradual* pardon, or progressive justification, being unscriptural and absurd.

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"XVIII. The souls of all believers may be purified from all sin in this life; and a man may live under the continual influence of the grace of Christ so as not to sin against God; all sinful tempers and evil propensities being destroyed, and his heart constantly filled with pure love to both God and man. And as *love* is the principle of *obedience*, he who loves God with all his heart, soul, mind, and strength, and his neighbor as himself, is incapable of doing wrong to either.

"XIX. Unless a believer live and walk in the spirit of obedience, he will fall from the grace of God, and forfeit all his Christian privileges and rights; and although he may be restored to the favor and image of his Maker, from which he has fallen, yet it is possible that he may continue under the influence of this fall, and perish everlastingly.

"XX. The whole period of human life is a state of *probation*, in every point of which a sinner may repent and turn to God; and in every point of it a believer may give way to sin and fall from grace. And this possibility of rising or falling is essential to a state of trial or probation.

"XXI. All the promises and threatenings of the sacred writings, as they regard man in reference to his being here and hereafter, are *conditional;* and it is on this ground alone that the Holy Scriptures can be consistently interpreted or rightly understood.

"XXII. Man is a *free agent*, never being impelled by any necessitating influence, either to do good or evil; but has the continual power to choose the life or the death that are set before him; on which ground he is an accountable being, and answerable for his own actions; and on this ground, also, he is alone capable of being rewarded or punished.

"XXIII. The *free will* of man is a necessary constituent of his rational soul; without which he must be a mere machine, either the sport of blind chance, or the mere patient of an *irresistible necessity;* and, consequently, not accountable for any acts which were predetermined, and to which he was irresistibly compelled.

"XXIV. Every human being has this *freedom* of *will*,

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with a sufficiency of light and power to direct its operations; but this powerful light is not inherent in any man's nature, but is graciously *bestowed* by Him who is 'the true light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world.'

"XXV. Jesus Christ has made, by his one offering upon the cross, a sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and atonement for the sins of the whole world; and his gracious Spirit strives with and enlightens all men, thus putting them into a salvable state; therefore every human soul may be saved, if it be not his own fault.

"XXVI. Jesus Christ has instituted and commanded to be perpetuated in his Church two sacraments only: 1. BAPTISM, sprinkling, washing with, or immersion in water, in the name of the holy and ever blessed Trinity, *as a sign* of the cleansing or regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit, by which influence a death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness are produced; and, 2. The EUCHARIST, or Lord's Supper, as commemorating the sacrificial death of Christ. And he instituted the first to be *once* only administered to the same person for the above purpose, and as a *rite* of initiation into the visible Church; and the second, that by its *frequent* administration all believers may be kept in mind of the foundation on which their salvation is built, and receive grace to enable them to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things.

"XXVII. The soul is *immaterial* and *immortal*, and can subsist independently of the body.

"XXVIII. There will be a *general resurrection* of the dead, both of the just and the unjust, when the souls of both shall be reunited to their respective bodies; both of which will be immortal, and live eternally.

"XXIX. There will be a *general judgment;* after which all shall be punished or rewarded, according to the deeds done in the body; and the wicked shall be sent to hell, and the righteous taken to heaven.

"XXX. These states of rewards and punishments shall have *no end*, forasmuch as the time of trial or probation

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shall then be forever terminated, and the succeeding state must necessarily be fixed and unalterable.

"XXXI. The origin of human salvation is found in the infinite philanthropy of God; and on this principle the *unconditional reprobation* of any soul is absolutely impossible.

"XXXII. God has *no secret will*, in reference to man, which is contrary to his revealed will, as this would show him to be *an insincere* being, professing benevolence *to all*, while he secretly purposed that that benevolence should be extended only to *a few;* a doctrine which appears blasphemous as it respects God, and subversive of all moral good as it regards man, and totally at variance with the infinite rectitude of the Divine nature."

We do not insert these remarkable articles as setting forth an exposition of the Methodist theology, (though substantially in harmony with it, with one exception, to which we shall have occasion, though reluctantly, to refer hereafter; I mean that numbered the tenth, the concluding inference from which varies from the faith of the Catholic Church,) but merely to show with what effect Mr. Clarke had even then applied his honest and vigorous mind to the close investigation of the Holy Scriptures. Hardly more than a boy in years, it is plain that he had already become a man in understanding. The good people of Trowbridge and Bradford would not find his preaching to be "yea and nay," but the steady inculcation of fixed principles, explained with precision, and applied with power, for doctrine and reproof, for correction and instruction in righteousness.

But though he was thus confident in what he believed to be Divine truth, the disposition with which he enforced it was not that of arrogant self-sufficiency, but of humble, lowly, and prayerful dependence on the grace of God. "He never entered the pulpit but with the conviction that if God did not help him by the influence of his Spirit, his heart must be hard and his mind dark, and consequently his word be without unction and without fruit. For this influ-

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ence he besought the Lord with strong crying and tears; and he was seldom if ever left to himself."

He has given an instance of the favor thus shown him from on high, in giving him seals to his ministry and souls for his hire, which I cannot help transferring to our pages. On his first visit to Road, a country village between Trowbridge and Frome, where the congregation had been very small, a report had got abroad in the neighborhood that "a boy was going to preach in the Methodist chapel that evening, and all the young men and women in the place were determined to hear him. He came, and the place, long before the time, was crowded with young persons of both sexes; very few elderly persons could get in, the house being filled before they came. As he preached, the attention was deep and solemn, and the place was still as death. He then gave out that affecting hymn:

'Vain, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.'

The fine voices of this young company produced great effect in the singing. When the last verse was ended, he said: 'My dear young friends, you have joined with me heartily, and I dare say sincerely, in singing this fine hymn. You know in whose presence we have been conducting this solemn service; the eyes of God, of angels, and perhaps of devils, have been upon us! And what have we been doing? We have been promising, in the sight of all these, and of each other, that we will renounce a vain, delusive world, its pleasures, pomp, and pride, and seek our happiness in God alone, and expect it through Him who shed his blood for us. And is not this the same to which we have been long previously bound by our baptismal vow? Have we not, when we were baptized, promised to renounce the devil and all

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his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh; and that we will keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of our life? This baptismal promise is precisely the same as that contained in this affecting hymn. Now, shall we promise, and not perform? vow, and not fulfill? God has heard! Now, what do you purpose to do? Will you continue to live to the world, and forget that you owe your being to God, and have immortal souls which must spend an eternity in heaven or hell? We have no time to spare. The Judge is at the door. I have tried both lives; and find that a religious life has an infinite preference above the other. Let us, therefore, heartily forsake sin, and seek God by earnest prayer, nor rest till he has blotted out our guilt, purified our heart, and filled us with peace and righteousness. If we seek earnestly, and seek through Jesus Christ, we cannot seek in vain.' He then prayed, and many were deeply affected. That night and the next morning thirteen persons, young men and women, came to him earnestly inquiring what they should do to be saved. A religious concern became general throughout the village and neighborhood; many young persons sought and found redemption in the blood of the Lamb. The old people, seeing the earnestness and consistent walk of the young, began to reflect, and many were deeply awakened; while others, who had become indifferent, were roused to renewed diligence; and a hopeful revival of religion spread through the vicinity. Thus was he shown that the very circumstance, his youth, which he thought most against his usefulness, became a principal means, in the Divine hand, of his greatest ministerial success. Methodism in Road continued to prosper during the whole time he was in the circuit; and when he visited them several years after, he found it still in a flourishing state. In fact, half a century from that time there were persons still living in Road who had maintained a faithful conversation from those days; and when Dr. Clarke preached his last sermon at Frome,

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shortly before his death, one of them came to that place to meet him."

The circuit in which he continued to labor during the remainder of the Methodistic year, extended into three counties, Wiltshire, Somerset, and Dorset; and comprehended the towns of Bradford, Trowbridge, Shaftesbury, Shepton-Mallet, Frome, Melksham, Wells, and Devizes, with a number of villages. His colleagues were Messrs. Wrigley, Pool, and Algar. With the last Mr. Clarke found much congeniality of heart, though not a man altogether of the same type with himself as to intellect or learning. From one influential quarter he got no help in the latter department; but, no doubt unintentionally, a sore and injurious hinderance. One of his counselors, though a man of undoubted integrity, labored under the disadvantage of a total lack of education, and a temperament in which sternness had a marvelous resemblance to obstinacy. At Motcomb, a village near Shaftesbury, Mr. Clarke, observing one day a Latin sentence written in pencil on the wall of the preachers' room, relating to the vicissitude of life, wrote under it a quotation from Virgil (with a verbal change) corroborative of the sentiment:

> "*Quo fata trahunt retrahuntque sequamur.*
> *Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum*
> *Tendimus in* CŒLUM."—Æneid, v, 709; with i, 204, 205.

This met the eye of the stern monitor, in whose esteem "human learning" was a sin. He read the above words, but was not wicked enough to be able to understand them. There was something, however, in the very look of them which stirred his godly ire, to which he gave expression in the following lines, inserted as a pendant to the Virgilian meter:

> "Did you write the above
> To show us you could write Latin?
> For shame!
> Do send pride
> To hell, from whence it came.
> O, young man, improve your
> Time, eternity's at hand."

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I make no comment on this effusion, and should consider it too insignificant for mention here, but that it helps to unfold an admirable trait of character in the subject of our biography: I mean, great tenderness of conscience, and a disposition to renounce favorite, unexceptionable, and even profitable pursuits, if they became stumbling-blocks in the path of the weak-minded. On coming to the room at Motcomb, in his next turn, the poor youth read these words of sanctimonious folly with great confusion and dismay. He had evidently offended some sense of propriety which reigned in another's mind, though not in his own; and the people of the house, who would no doubt have read them as a sentence of condemnation, would henceforth have misgivings about him as a preacher of the right kind. Moreover, he saw that scholarship might engender pride; and it was too plain that, instead of provoking honorable emulation, it might have no other tendency than to excite envy. Under the influence of these temptations, he sank upon his knees, and made a premature vow "that he would never more meddle with Greek or Latin so long as he lived!" Whatever he thought of the wisdom of the objurgation on the wall, the manner in which it was exhibited, he felt, was most unkind; and, when he next saw the writer, he told him as much. "Why," said he, "did you not admonish me in private, or send me the reproof in a note?" "I thought what I did was the best method to CURE you," was the reply. Mr. Clarke then told his sagacious adviser what uncomfortable feeling the writing on the wall had produced in him, and how he had vowed to study literature no more. Whereupon the other applauded his teachableness and godly diligence, assuring him that he had never known a learned preacher who was not a coxcomb!

Let no reader imagine that he who wrote on the wall was a representative of the views of the Methodists in their estimate of learning. There have been a very few exceptions to the common rule in these matters; but no body of men

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can entertain a more solemn and religious love for real erudition than they.

It was not till four years after that Mr. Clarke was able to get free from the scruples with which this rash vow had trammeled him. To this point we shall have need to recur further on. Meanwhile, those philological studies, without which he could never have been the expositor of the Septuagint and the Greek Testament, were rendered impossible. Had the evil spell continued to work on Mr. Clarke's mind, this fanaticism would have deprived the church of God of his Commentary on the Bible.

At length the year rolled round, and his labors in his first circuit were ended. He had preached, it appears, five hundred and six sermons, many of which had been delivered at five o'clock in the morning; in addition to a great number of public exhortations, class-meetings, and religious conversations in the numerous houses where he passed the intervals of time not spent in reading or travel.

The Conference of 1783 was held in Bristol. As Mr. Clarke had no authority to be there, whatever might have been his wishes, he cherished no thought of going till, on the 1st of August, he received by letter a requirement to attend. The next day, Saturday, he set off, and reached Bristol that evening. An extract from his journal will give us a glimpse of a Conference Sunday in Bristol in those days:

"Sunday, August 3, 1783.—At five this morning I heard a very useful sermon from Mr. Mather, at the chapel, Broadmead, on Isaiah xxxv, 3, 4. I then went to Guinea-street chapel, where I heard Mr. Bradburn preach on Christian perfection, from 1 John iv, 19. This was, without exception, the best sermon I had ever heard on the subject. When this was ended, I posted to the Drawbridge, and heard Mr. Joseph Taylor preach an excellent and affecting sermon, on Rom. v, 21. This ended, I returned to my lodging and breakfasted; and then, at ten o'clock, heard Mr. Wesley preach at Broadmead, on Acts i, 5. After sermon, he, assisted by Dr. Coke, the Rev. B. B. Collins, and the

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Rev. Cornelius Bayley, delivered the holy sacrament to a vast concourse of people, which I also received to my comfort. When dinner was ended, I heard the Rev. B. B. Collins preach at Temple church, on Mark xvi, 15, 16. I next went and heard Mr. Wesley in Carolina-court, on Heb. vi. 1; after which he met the Society at the chapel, Broadmead, and read over a part of his journal relative to his late visit to Holland. To conclude the whole, I then posted to Kingsdown, where I heard Mr. T. Hanby preach an awakenning sermon on 1 Peter iv, 18. Thus have I in one day, by carefully redeeming time, and buying up every opportunity, heard seven sermons, three of which were delivered out of doors. Surely this has been a day in which much has been given me, and much will the Lord require. O grant that I may be enabled to render Thee a good account!"

We need not remark here, that the rareness of the occasion only could justify this excess of hearing. No one in his senses would recommend either a young Christian or an old one to hear seven discourses in a day. But it should be considered, that Mr. Clarke was himself a preacher, who had never had an opportunity of listening to the great and good men of the time. All was new to him, and he did well to improve the season. No doubt he would also take notes of what he heard, as the material for future recollection. It was, therefore, very well for once; but, as a habit, an overplus of sermon-hearing must be pronounced unfriendly to true improvement. It bewilders the brain and hardens the heart. Two good discourses on the Sunday, heard with attention, and retraced with one's Bible in retirement, will yield the soul a profit it can never find in a succession of services, in which one set of ideas and impressions must be swept away by the influx of another.

The Conference were so well satisfied with the steadiness and promise of Mr. Clarke's character, as to resolve to admit him into full connection at the end of his first year's itinerancy. He was by far the youngest man who had ever gone out "to travel;" and his reception into full orders was

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the earliest that had ever taken place. On this occasion his mind was deeply affected. "This day, Wednesday, August the sixth," writes he, "I have promised much before God and his people: may I ever be found true to my engagements! In particular, I have solemnly promised to devote my whole strength to the work of God, and never to be triflingly employed one moment. Lord, I fear much that I shall not be found faithful; but thou hast said, My grace shall be sufficient for thee. Even so let it be, Lord Jesus."

When Methodist ministers are admitted into full connection with the Conference, they receive from the president a manual which is called "The Large Minutes." The copy which was presented to Mr. Clarke at this time I have now on the table. On the blank side of the title-page stands the usual formula of reception, signed by the secretary, Dr. Coke.

"To Adam Clarke:

"As long as you freely consent to, and earnestly endeavor to walk by, these Rules, we shall rejoice to acknowledge you as a fellow-laborer. Thomas Coke."

Underneath, in a neat handwriting, we have the following: "O Lord, thou knowest that of myself I am unable to do these things. Therefore give me divine strength and wisdom: so shall I be enabled to walk by these Rules, and consequently to glorify thee in the land of the living. Grant this, O Lord, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen. A. C."

The prayer was answered.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE EVANGELIST.

Mr. Clarke was now appointed to labor in a large tract of country in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, having the city of Norwich as the head of the circuit; and for this new sphere of Gospel enterprise he lost no time in setting out, traveling the whole day in the saddle. The Methodist preachers in those days were all horsemen. The country people, all over England, used to speak of them as "the riding preachers." The new evangelists were decidedly an equestrian order, who prolonged the days of chivalry. And among these soldiers of the cross, who went abroad through all the land to comfort the afflicted, rescue the oppressed, and save the perishing, Adam Clarke had now been finally enrolled. He wore now the armor that St. Paul describes in the Epistle to the Ephesians, the helm and breastplate, sword and shield; and never more laid them aside till the day of his death. In thinking of him now, as he pursues his way with much solemn musing and frequent prayer, one is reminded of old Spenser's emblematic picture-words in the "Faerie Queen," where he describes a "gentle knight" who "was moving o'er the plain, yclad in mighty arms and silver shield:"

"And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him adored.
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovereign hope which in its help he had.
Right faithful true was he in deed and word,
And ever, as he rode, his heart did yearn
To prove his puissance in battle brave
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern."

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The service to which Mr. Clarke was called, in his new circuit, was one which required him to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." The people among whom he labored were ignorant and depraved, and his efforts to bring them to truth and righteousness were prosecuted in circumstances most depressing to body and mind. On arriving in the city of Norwich he found one of the late preachers lying ill of a fever, and unable to vacate the room which had been assigned as his own sleeping-place. In this sorrowful domicile, which he describes as "pestiferous," he got such rest as could be obtained; and then he went out into the circuit. It comprehended two-and-twenty towns and villages, and was traveled every month by a journey of not less than two hundred and sixty miles. Of his colleagues, the superintendent was Mr. Richard Whatcoat, who was afterward sent to America, and there became one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. Clarke describes him as "a very holy man, a good and sound preacher, diligent and orderly in his work, and a fine example of practical piety in all his conduct." He pursued among his transatlantic brethren the same quiet and good career, seeking only the establishment of the kingdom of God, both in himself and others, and died at length in the faith, universally esteemed.

The other two were Messrs. Ingham and Adamson; the latter of whom was "a young man, very sincere, and who had got the rudiments of a classical education; but was of such an unsteady, fickle mind, that he excelled in nothing." The next year he retired from the work. The four preachers took each one his week in the city, and then three weeks in itinerating the circuit. Both in town and country they fared very poorly. In Norwich itself the preachers' residence was tenanted also by another family, who "provided for the preachers at so much per meal;" and *he* was most certainly considered the best preacher who ate the fewest dinners, because his bills were the smallest. In this respect Mr. Clarke excelled. He breakfasted on milk and bread,

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drank no tea or coffee, and took nothing in the evening. In short, he adapted himself to these dietetic circumstances, and endeavored to make the state of things as agreeable and useful in the domestic department as he could. It was not without some allowable hilarity that he would afterward tell how he mended the bellows, and repaired the coal-shovel, though the poker, worn away to the stump, defied his ingenuity. Nay, obeying the letter as well as the spirit of the "Rules of a Helper," "Do not affect the gentleman," and "Be not ashamed of cleaning your own shoes, or your neighbor's;" he frequently did this for his own and those of his brethren.

Out in the circuit things were worse. Except at a few places, the accommodations were very bad. The winter, too, was that year unusually severe. The snow began to fall on Christmas-day, and lay on the ground for more than three months, in some places from ten to fifteen feet deep. The frost was so intense, that in riding he could seldom keep his saddle five minutes together, but was forced to alight, and walk and run, to prevent his feet from being frost-bitten. In the poor cabins where he lodged, and where there was scarcely any fire, and the clothing on the bed was very light, he suffered much, "going to bed cold, and rising cold." In one place, I have been told, he had a wooden door laid upon him as a succedaneum for an upper blanket. He could indulge also in astronomical contemplations, as the stars shone upon him through chinks in the roof.* In another place he lodged in a loft of an outhouse, where the cold was so intense, that warm water which he brought with him into this arctic region froze in a few minutes. In such circumstances, I wonder not that, like one of his brethren, who, while laboring in Herefordshire, "went to bed at night, boots and all," Mr. Clarke should often have been "obliged to get into bed with a part of his clothes on, strip them off by degrees as the bed got warmer, and then lie in the same

* I knew an old preacher who had composed a long poem, which he entitled "Night Thoughts," descriptive of similar experiences.

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position, without attempting to move his limbs, every unoccupied place in the bed which his legs touched producing the same sensation as if the parts had been brought into contact with red-hot iron." No doubt he would henceforward understand something better those lines in Milton—

> "The parched air
> Burns frore, and cold performs the' effects of fire."

The refreshments of the table were in general keeping with the hardness of the lodging—very homely food, and sometimes but little of it; which the poor people, nevertheless, most readily shared with him who came to their houses and their hearts with the good tidings of better things to come; since, but for such preaching, they must have been almost totally destitute of that instruction without which there was little hope of their salvation. It was by these means, and often in these conditions of privation and suffering, that the Methodist preachers spread Scriptural Christianity through the land, and became the instruments of improving the moral and civil life of the great masses of the poor.

Yet not always welcome. In some parts of the circuit, and even in Norwich itself, they had not only to bear up under the discouragements of apathy on the part of the people, but at times to face their more open opposition. "They were called," says an historian of the times, "to meet the rude assaults of the mob, who did not wish to be disturbed in their ungodly courses; and the county of Norfolk was distinguished for this kind of conduct. Mr. Clarke did not scruple to pronounce it the most ungodly part of the British empire he knew. In Norwich the preachers scarcely ever got through the service on a Sabbath evening without having less or more disturbance, or a mob at the chapel-doors. Even Mr. Wesley himself could not escape rude treatment." On one occasion he visited Norwich in company with Mr. John Hampson, a preacher of gigantic make, and the strongest muscular powers, nor wanting, either, in strength and grandeur of mind. When Mr. Wesley had finished, on going from the chapel he found the

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street crowded with a mob who were waiting to offer him some violence. As they closed in upon him, Mr. Hampson stepped forward, and fronted them in an attitude of threatening. Mr. Wesley, fearing he would really attack them, called out to him to refrain; upon which Mr. Hampson replied in a thundering voice, "Let me alone, sir. If God has not given *you* an arm to quell this mob, he has given *me* one; and the first man who molests you here, I will lay him for DEAD." Mr. Wesley and his doughty acolyte passed away unmolested.

It was in the course of this year that the founder of Methodism, the grand itinerant whose circuit was the whole kingdom, and whose parish was the world, came again into that part of the country; and Mr. Clarke was greatly refreshed in hearing him preach nine sermons, on the following texts: "We preach Christ crucified." "Wherefore He is able to save to the uttermost." "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter the kingdom of heaven." "Put on the whole armour of God." "The kingdom of God is at hand." "Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost." "They despised the pleasant land, they believed not His word." "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord." "While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." Adam Clarke had now learned to love Mr. Wesley, as a son loves a father. With him he had now the privilege of conversation concerning the state of his soul, from which he derived much edification and strength. Referring in his journal to the last of these interviews, he adds: "Here I took leave of this precious servant of God. O Father, let thy angels attend him wheresoever he goes; let the energetic power of thy Spirit accompany the words he shall speak, and apply them to the hearts of all, and" [make

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them] "the means of conviction, conversion, comfort, and strength, as they may severally require. And let me also abundantly profit by the things I have heard."

The heavy toil of this year produced, apparently, but little fruit. A kind of invincible ignorance and brutal depravity marked the state of the multitude of the people; and Antinomianism had perverted the minds of many who professed the faith of the Gospel. Yet, doubtless, the day of eternity will reveal bright evidences that these labors were not in vain in the Lord. His holy word does not return void. Mr. Clarke had the honor of introducing Methodism into some neighborhoods in the eastern counties, where good religious effects have been produced. The town of Diss, one of those places, has since become the head of a circuit. The people of God in the different congregations were edified under his ministry, and the more intelligent among them discerned in him the signs of future greatness. As to cases of individual conversion, the disclosures of the future life will show more than he was permitted to ascertain in the present. But, though that unfriendly soil should have yielded no such fruit, it was not for want of earnest and persevering endeavors on the part of this good and faithful servant,* whose work is with the Lord, and his labor with his God.

By the Conference of 1784 Mr. Clarke was appointed to the East Cornwall circuit. The journey thither, about four hundred miles, he accomplished on horseback; and for the defrayment of the expenses he received a guinea. His whole salary in the Norwich circuit had been but twelve pounds; and of this, little, I ween, was remaining when he left the ground. In fact, it appears, by an entry of his own, that he had but half-a-crown besides the guinea, at the time of his setting off. He rode from forty to fifty miles a day, fasting nearly all the way, as the poor horse required nearly all the money he could command. A penny usually served

* In the Norwich Circuit he preached 450 sermons, besides exhortations innumerable.

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for a breakfast, and a dinner too; and at nightfall, at the places where he rested, being of necessity obliged to take something, he made the repast as light as he could, from a tender regard to the infirm state of his purse. He reached London on the Saturday, (August 14th,) and, making himself known to his brethren, received their not unwelcome hospitality, and helped them in their preaching-labors on the following day. At that time Moorfields, in the neighborhood of the headquarters of the preachers at City Road, formed an unoccupied space, in which the Methodists had open-air preaching. Mr. Clarke preached there on this Sunday. While addressing his motley congregation, his attention was arrested by the singular conduct of two men, which was explained to him many years afterward by one of them, who said: "I was one of those men; the person with me was my brother. We both heard the truth, and hated you for telling it to us. We thought you were too young to teach others, and resolved to pull you down, and do you injury. For this purpose we made our way to the desk, taking our stand on each side of it, and encouraging each other. He beckoned me to do it, and I made signs to him; but neither of us seemed to have the power. We were secretly and unaccountably deterred. At length we began to attend to what was said, were both impressed with the force of truth, and I am now, through the mercy of God, a local preacher in the Methodist Society."

Next day our itinerant turned his face toward the west, and on the 18th, passing through the scenes of his last year's labors, found himself again among his old friends at Trowbridge; where, as at Bradford, Shepton-Mallet, and some other places, he spent several useful days. Once more recruited, he went on his way, and entered the town of St. Austell on Saturday, August the 28th. He here learned that the circuit comprehended more than forty places. His colleagues were his former superintendent, Mr. Wrigley, and Mr. William Church.

In Cornwall Mr. Clarke would find, even in that day, an

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intellectual element which differed greatly from that in Norfolk and Suffolk. The people in this western peninsula are distinguished by a strong sentiment of respect for real religion, great reverence for learning, and a kind of natural love for metaphysical disquisition. Cornwall had in old times a strong character for devotion. The primitive British Christianity found an asylum there. In what we call "the dark ages," the religion of the times, such as it was, exerted over the people of these coasts a lofty and powerful influence. Hence we find a great number of the parishes still called after the names of eminent saints, whose lives and labors wrought once great miracles of mercy among a not ungrateful people, and of whom a priest and poet,* who loves well to trace their haunts, and commemorate their virtues, has thus sung:

> "They had their lodges in the wilderness,
> Or built them cells beside the shadowy sea;
> And there they dwelt with angels like a dream!
> So they unclosed the volume of the Book,
> And fill'd the fields of the evangelist
> With thoughts as sweet as flowers."

But the latter Romanists, and, subsequently to the Reformation, their Protestant successors, failed to perpetuate those zealous works, while the people gradually sunk both in mind and morals, till, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the inhabitants of some parts of Cornwall had become little better than barbarians. It was then that Wesley came among them, and, with the still small voice of Gospel truth, charmed them to Christian civilization, and brought them back to God. The first visit of this minister of Christ inaugurated a new era in the religious history of Cornwall; and from his days to our own the work of improvement has been steadily advancing.

Mr. Clarke found that though "the circuit was exceed-

* The Rev. R. S. Hawker, vicar of Morwenstow. The termination of this latter name has a religious indication. Like Padstow, Michaelstow, etc., it points out a *station* for prayer.

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ingly severe, the riding constant, the roads in general bad, and the accommodations in most places very indifferent," yet, unlike his last year's experience in Norfolk, his exhausting labors were attended by visible results. Crowded congregations received him as a messenger from the Lord. Sinners were converted, and believers edified in their holy faith. He has recorded that "there was a general spirit of hearing, and an almost universal revival of the work of God. Thousands flocked to the preaching; the chapels could not contain the crowds that came; and almost every week in the year he was obliged to preach in the open air, even at times when the rain was descending, and when the snow lay upon the earth. But prosperity made everything pleasant; for the toil, in almost every place, was compensated by a blessed ingathering of sinners to Christ, and a general renewing of the face of the country.

"In St. Austell the heavenly flame broke out in an extraordinary manner, and great numbers were there gathered into the fold of Christ. Among those whom Mr. Clarke united to the society was Samuel Drew, then terminating his apprenticeship to a shoemaker, who afterward became one of the first metaphysicians of the age, with several others since distinguished either in literature or mechanics."

Of Mr. Drew, if space permitted, we could write many things expressive of a veneration awakened in the author's mind, when hardly more than a child, by the reading of his "Original Essay on the Immortality of the Soul;" and in later years strengthened and confirmed by occasional conversations with the great reasoner himself, in whose mental and moral character he saw much of the dialectical acumen of a Plato combined with much of the evangelic grace of a St. John. The history and example of his life have been set forth by his son.* Samuel Drew's works should not be

* Drew's earliest work was a Refutation of Paine's "Age of Reason." It attracted the attention of the Rev. John Whittaker, the vicar of Ruan Langhorne, (some miles between St. Austell and St. Mawes,) who became sincerely attached to him, and afforded him some invaluable aids in his literary enterprises. Whittaker himself was a man of massive erudition

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suffered to pass into oblivion. The choicest of them at least should have the benefit of a new and uniform edition, and so be commended to future time. In them the lover of abstract meditation will always find something to please his peculiar taste, and never pervert his best principles, while "sitting apart" with one who

> "In elevated thoughts will reason high
> Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
> Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,
> But find no end."

Mr. Clarke's ministry was prosecuted in a great variety of circumstances. The Methodists of Cornwall had not then the spacious temples which are now the ornaments of their towns, and where they assemble by hundreds and thousands to solemnize the worship of the Almighty. They met in those days under the roof of the cottage, in the kitchen of the farm-house, or in such humble erections, sacred to religion, as their scanty means would allow them to build; and not unfrequently, when the pressure was too great, preacher and people would go forth into the great temple of God, and worship him under the firmament of his own power. Preaching out of doors would, however, subject him at times to the opposition of such as were of the contrary side. And on one occasion Mr. Clarke was carried by the parish authorities to "the nearest magistrate," who happened to be the Rev. Sir Harry Trelawney, who had been a field-preacher himself, and that before his ordination. From him Mr. Clarke received nothing but encouragement. Sir Harry strongly advised him to get a regular license, and so put himself more effectually under the protection of

and resplendent eloquence. His "Introduction to the Holy Scriptures," prefixed to Findel's edition of the Bible, has a wonderful grandeur. His antiquarian works are classical. I once made a little pilgrimage to Ruan Langhorne, to see the place where he lived and died—a delightful rural spot on the banks of the Fal, in Roseland. The great scholar reposes in his church, beneath a plain gray stone within the communion-rails, with the simple inscription, "John Whittaker, B.D., Vicar, died 1808, aged 73."

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the law. But to this measure Mr. Clarke had always an objection, as, not being a Dissenter in principle, he scrupled to take the oath prescribed only for such as are. In principle, he was always a moderate Church of England man; and I should have mentioned, while treating of the time he spent at Kingswood, that, a confirmation being held in Bristol just then, he availed himself of the opportunity, and received that ordinance at the hands of Bishop Bagot. But to return: About four months after his arrival in Cornwall he suffered a violent fall from his horse, which had nearly proved fatal. The horse had formerly belonged to Mr. Wesley, but turned out a most dangerous beast, from the habit of stumbling; and, although he could scarcely ride him ten miles without at least one fall, yet such was the feeling he had for the animal, for his former owner's sake, that he had not as yet been prevailed on, though strongly advised, to part with him.

On this occasion, however, the injury was too serious to warrant any further risk. There was a hard frost that evening, and, "coming over the down above Rothenbridge, the horse fell, according to custom, and pitched Mr. Clarke directly on his head. He lay some time senseless, but how long he could not tell. At length, having come to himself a little, he felt as if in the agonies of death, and earnestly recommended his soul to his Redeemer. But he so far recovered as to be able, though with difficulty, to reach the house. As a congregation attended, the good people, not knowing how much injury he had sustained, entreated him to preach. He could not draw a full breath, and was scarcely able to stand. Still he endeavored to recommend to them the salvation of God. That night he spent sleepless with pain. The next day a person was sent with him to stay him up in the saddle, that he might get to Port Isaac, where he could obtain some medical help. Every step the horse took seemed like a dart run through his body. He got at last to Port Isaac. Doctor Twentyman," an excellent physician of the place, "was sent for, and bled him. It appeared that some of the vertebræ of the spine had been injured. He

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was desired to remain in the house some days, which he could not consent to do, as there were four places where he was expected to preach on the following day; and this he did, at the most serious risk of his life. From this hurt he did not fully recover for more than three years."

With the worthy physician of Port Isaac he formed a profitable intimacy. He was a singular character, deep in the study of alchemy. He told Mr. Clarke he had dreamed of him before he ever saw him. He then described the school-yard at Kingswood where he met him in the dream, drawing in words a graphic picture of the spot, though he had never been there, and had never heard it described by others. He recommended alchemy as a study which brings man nearer to the Creator. Mr. Clarke had many interviews with him, and never, as he says, without being the better for them.

To another gentleman also, Mr. Richard Mabyn, of Camelford, he ever after felt a grateful sense of obligation. At his house the young man found what he had long been a stranger to—the comfort of a home; and in his letters written to Mr. Mabyn, long years after, he still expresses his affectionate acknowledgment of kindnesses in which that good man proved to him at once a teacher, a parent, and a friend.

He continued to be cheered in his work by tokens of the Divine benediction. In a letter to a friend at Trowbridge, he says: "Among the children there is a most blessed movement. Numbers of them, being made sensible of their need of Christ, have set their feet in the paths of the Lord, and are running with steady pace to their heavenly Father's kingdom, and are, contrary to the nature of things, turned fathers to the aged. You may remember that I wrote to you something concerning a Magdalene whom I admitted into Society. Her character was so bad before that almost the whole Society opposed her admittance, some threatening to leave the class. I withstood them all, and proclaimed from the pulpit that I would admit the most devil-like souls

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in the place, provided they would cast aside their sins and come to Jesus. After she had been hindered some little time, she at last got leave to meet; and O how wonderfully did God confound the wisdom of the prudent! ever since she has walked and spoken agreeably to her profession. At St. Austell the Lord has lately laid to his hand, and there is such a revival now in it as I have never seen in any place before. Numbers are lately joined; and our chapel, though the largest in the circuit, is so filled, that the people are obliged to stand on the seats to make room; yet, after all, many are obliged to return home, not being able to gain admittance. Last Sunday night I preached there, and was forced to enter at the window to get to the pulpit."

The incessant efforts of this year wore him down grievously. Five hundred and sixty-eight sermons, many of them preached out of doors in all weathers, besides the other duties of the Methodist itinerancy, had made, by the time that Conference drew nigh, a serious inroad upon the vigor of his constitution. His appetite failed and health rapidly declined. Nature called for rest but the necessities of the work to which he had committed himself gave him but little time for respite; for, so early as the 27th of August in the following Methodistic year, we find him entering upon the duties of his new appointment at Plymouth.

Mr. Clarke's early labors in the West established a sympathy between himself and the Methodists of Cornwall, which lasted through his life, and which, on their part, still survives in the veneration with which their children regard his very name. He was certainly enabled to set before them, both in doctrine and life, the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus: "by pureness, by knowledge, by long suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and yet living; as chastened,

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and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich."

Such had been the unction and effectiveness of his popular ministry, that the people in the St. Austell circuit were earnestly desirous of obtaining his services another year, and a request to that effect had been lodged with the Conference, to which Mr. Wesley was at first disposed to give his consent. But an unquiet state of things had latterly prevailed at Plymouth, which had just issued in the secession of a strong party from the society; and Mr. Wesley, who knew well how to put the right man in the right place, had already formed such an estimate of the talents and piety of Mr. Clarke, as to be assured that the pulpit he occupied would become a rallying-point to regather the scattered flock. The event fulfilled his expectations, and in his new sphere of labor our young evangelist was graciously blessed and made a blessing. His colleagues were Messrs. John Mason and John King. Of the former, whose name is yet and ever will be much honored by the Methodist people, Mr. Clarke has, in his "Letter to a Preacher," put on record the following memorial: "Mr. Mason made it the study of his life to maintain his character as a preacher, a Christian, and a man; the latter word taken in its noblest sense; and he did this by cultivating his mind in every branch of useful knowledge within his reach, and his profiting was great. In the history of the world and of the church he was very extensively read. With anatomy and medicine he was well acquainted; and his knowledge of natural history, and particularly botany, was ample. In the latter science he was inferior to few. His botanical collections would do credit to the first museums in Europe; and especially his collections of English plants, all gathered, preserved, classified, and described by himself. But this was his least praise; he laid all his attainments in the natural sciences under contribution to his theologic studies; nor could it be ever said that he neglected his duty as a Christian minister to cultivate his mind in philosophical

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pursuits. He was a Christian man, and in his life and spirit adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour. The propriety and dignity of his conduct were, through the whole of his life, truly exemplary; and his piety toward God, and his benevolence toward men, were as deep as they were sincere."

Of Mr. Clarke's own mental development and literary studies we will treat more fully in a subsequent chapter. It may be remarked, however, that, while in this circuit, his intellectual powers seem to have made a great stride in the acquisition of positive knowledge, and in the use of the faculties by which this is combined for use, and employed for instruction. He read much and well, and had the advantage of access to works from which his inquiring mind had hitherto been debarred.

The year passed on in peace; with his colleagues he lived in fraternal harmony, and the troubles of the society were lulled into Christian repose. One little ruffle only seems to have occurred, and this of a nature almost too trifling to merit notice, unless considered in connection with one of those few but strong prejudices which characterized Dr. Adam Clarke—a kind of distaste for, or a disparagement of, the use of music in the worship of God. We will give the incident at Plymouth in his own way:

"This year the society at Dock built a new chapel at Windmill Hill, much more commodious than that which they had opposite the Gunwharf Gate; but so much had the congregations increased, that this new erection was soon found to be too small. When the seats of this chapel were in course of being let, he noticed for the first time what he had occasion to notice with pain often after, how difficult it is to satisfy a choir of singers; of how little use they are in general, and how dangerous they are at all times to the peace of the Church of Christ. There was here a choir, and some among them who understood music as well as most in the nation; and some who, taken individually, were both sensible and pious. These, in their collective capacity,

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wished to have a particular seat, with which the trustees could not conveniently accommodate them, because of their engagements with other persons. When the singers found they could not have the places they wished, they came to a private resolution not to sing in the chapel. Of this resolution the preachers knew nothing. It was Mr. Clarke's turn to preach in the chapel at the Gunwharf the next Sabbath morning at seven, and there they intended to give the first exhibition of their dumb-show. He gave out as usual the page and measure of the hymn. All was silent. He looked to see if the singers were in their place; and, behold, the choir was full, even unusually so. He thinking that they could not find the page, or did not know the measure, gave out both again; and then looked them all full in the face, which they returned with great steadiness of countenance. He then raised the tune himself, and the congregation continued the singing. Not knowing what the matter was, he gave out the next hymn, as he had given out the former, again and again; still they were silent. He then raised the tune, and the congregation sang as before. Afterward he learned that, as the trustees would not indulge them with the places they wished, they were determined to avenge themselves on Almighty God; for he should, have no praise from them, since they could not have the seats they wished. The impiety of this conduct appeared to him in a most hideous point of view. . . They continued this ungodly farce, hoping to reduce the trustees, preachers, and society to the necessity of capitulating at discretion; but the besieged, by appointing a man to be always present to raise the tunes, cut off the whole choir at a stroke. From this time the liveliness and piety of the singing were considerably improved."

On this question of congregational singing, Christians in general have but little difference of opinion. The God of nature has given to music its eternal laws; and the God of grace has ordained by revelation that this most beautiful provision for the solace of our spiritual life shall be conse-

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crated to his service as a vehicle of instruction, and an expressive token of worship. So it was in the tabernacle and temple of old; so it is, by apostolic precept, in the Christian services; so it will be in the solemnities of the resurrection-life of the world to come. As to the abuses of it by frivolous or weak-minded persons, the Church has it ever in her power to restrain them; but the use of it, if we read our Bibles rightly, she has not the liberty to abolish.

The Lord's blessing so rested upon the ministry of his servants among a society which they had found in a distracted and dwindling condition, that, at the end of the year, they had the gratification to report not only the return of many of the wanderers, but an accession of more than a hundred members. The congregations, too, had become immense. The people of the towns, and the marine population of the ships in the Hamoaze, came in crowds to hear the word of God. Among the naval men who attended Mr. Clarke's ministry here, he mentions Mr. Hore, afterward purser of the "Venerable," in which Admiral Duncan commanded when he beat the Dutch under De Winter. The friendly warrant-officer lent Mr. Clarke some good books, and among others Chambers's Encyclopædia, which was always a favorite work of reference with him. Mr. Hore died when serving in the fleet off Egypt. Another was Cleland Kirkpatrick, who had lost an arm in an engagement with Paul Jones, the American privateer commodore. Kirkpatrick, who was now rated on board the "Cambridge," was brought under the power of the Gospel, joined the Society, became an itinerant preacher, fought the good fight of Christ's service, and finished his course with joy.

At the Conference of 1786 a new field of enterprise was opened to Mr. Clarke. The people at Plymouth had been looking forward to the renewal of his services among them; but their wishes, as well as his own, were somewhat painfully crossed, by an unexpected appointment to the Norman Isles. In one of that beautiful group of islands Methodism had already found a promising lodgment, through the labors

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of Robert Carr Brackenbury, Esq., of Raithby Hall, Lincolnshire; a gentleman who, having tasted himself of the good word of God, had for some years consecrated his time and talents to the great work of making it known to his fellow-men. He was one of the lay coadjutors of Mr. Wesley, and in fact had the *status* of a regular itinerant preacher. Having been led by Divine Providence to establish his residence for a time in Jersey, he had entered upon a series of evangelic operations there, which were followed with such propitious results as to induce him to apply to the Conference for the appointment of another preacher, who should extend his labors to the neighboring islands. The Conference knew that Mr. Clarke possessed already some knowledge of the French tongue; and this circumstance, combined with the admirable attributes of character which they saw unfolding themselves in him, inspired the leading men of that body with the wish that he should be intrusted with the mission. He seems himself to have yielded to this arrangement more from a submission to the will of his fathers and brethren, than from any pleasurable impulse toward it in his own mind. He was yet young in years and experience; and the anticipation of having to bear, in an isolated station, the responsibility of an important undertaking, threw the shadows of anxiety upon his mind. He was, nevertheless, prepared to encounter any difficulty, and to bear any inconvenience which might occur in the well-marked path of duty. "I am willing," said he in a letter to Mr. Brackenbury, "to accompany you to the islands. I desire only to receive and to do good; and it matters little to me in what department of the vineyard I am, if these ends are accomplished. I feel God is here; and this is a powerful incentive to obedience, and renders duty delightful." As to difficulty, privation, and opposition, he had already counted the cost, and had learned that his vocation as a laborer in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ was to do and suffer, and through that ordeal pass to the triumph and repose predestined to the faithful. He had now

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taken for his motto the sentence of the Grecian sage: "Stand thou as a beaten anvil to the stroke; for it is the property of a good warrior to be flayed alive, and yet to conquer." Nor this alone; there was another which lay yet deeper in his soul: "When I am weak, then am I strong;" "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." He now held himself in readiness to sail with Mr. Brackenbury, who had gone down to his seat in Lincolnshire to make such arrangements as would permit him to continue for a while longer his residence in the islands.

Some delay having occurred, Mr. Clarke took the opportunity to visit his brother Tracy, who was now settled in a medical practice at Maghull, near Liverpool; and during the few days of this visit he preached in several places of that neighborhood. Then, repairing to Southampton by way of Bristol, he was refreshed in body and mind by a sojourn among his friends at Trowbridge, with some of whom he had formed a religious and abiding intimacy; and, among them, with her who was the destined companion of his life, and for whom friendship was now fast strengthening in his bosom into a most sacred and perpetual love.

At Southampton he had expected to find Mr. Brackenbury, but a fortnight further elapsed before he had the pleasure of meeting him. The interim was spent partly at Southampton and partly at Winchester, in both of which places he preached several times. In the cathedral of the latter city he passed many hours with a solemn interest, and stored the pages of his journal with descriptive notes on the various antiquities of that venerable pile, and with meditations suggested by the sight of them. I select two of these entries, as giving a favorable idea of the manner in which this young man had schooled his mind to profitable thought.

"ON EARTHLY GLORY.

"How little is worldly grandeur worth, together with the most splendid distinctions which great and pompous titles, or even important offices, confer upon men! They vanish

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as a dissipated vapor, and the proprietors of them go their way—and where are they? or of what account? Death is the common lot of all men; and the honors of the great, and the abjectness of the mean, are equally unseen in the tomb. This I saw abundantly exemplified to-day, while viewing the remains of several kings, Saxon and British, whose very names, much less their persons and importance, are scarcely collectible from 'rosy damps, moldy shrines, dust and cobwebs.' This exhibits a proper estimate of worldly glory, and verifies the saying of the wise man, that 'a living dog is better than a dead lion.' The meanest living slave is preferable to all these dead potentates. Is there any true greatness but that of the soul? And has the soul itself any true nobility, unless it is begotten from above, and has the spirit and love of Christ to actuate it? The title of *Servant of the Lord Jesus Christ* I prefer to the glory of kings. This will stand me in stead when the other is eternally forgotten.

"In the time of the civil wars the tombs of several of our kings, buried in this cathedral, were broken up and rifled, and the bones thrown indiscriminately about. After the Restoration they were collected, and put into large chests, which are placed in different parts of the choir, and labeled, as containing bones of ancient kings, but which could not be distinguished."

"THE PROGRESS OF REVELATION.

"Why is it that God has observed so slow a climax in bringing the knowledge of his will and of their interest to mankind? for example, giving a little under the patriarchal, an increase under the Mosaic, and the fullness of the blessing under the Christian dispensation? It is true he could have given the whole in the beginning to Adam; but that this would not have as effectually answered the divine purpose may be safely asserted.

"God, like his instrument, nature, delights in progression; and though the works of both *in semine* were finished

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from the beginning, they are not brought forward to complete existence but by various accretions. And this appears to be done that the blessings resulting from both may be properly valued; as, in their approach, men have time to discover their necessities; and when relieved, after a thorough consciousness of their urgency, they see and feel the propriety of being grateful to their kind Benefactor.

"Were God to bestow his blessings before the want of them had been truly felt, men would not be grateful. He gives his blessings so that they may be truly esteemed, and he himself become the sole object of our trust; and this end he secures by a gradual communication of his bounties, as they are felt to be necessary. He brings forward his dispensations of mercy and love, as he sees men prepared to receive and value them; and, as one makes way for another, the soul is rendered capable of more extended views and enjoyments; so the divine being causes every succeeding dispensation to excel that which preceded it, in light, life, power, and holiness.

"We first teach our children the power of the letters; then to combine consonants and vowels to make syllables, to unite syllables into words, and then to assort words into regular discourse. To require them to attempt the latter before they had studied the former, would be absurd. The first step qualifies for the second, and that for the third. Thus God deals with the universe, and thus with every individual; every communication is a kind of seed, which, if cultivated, brings forth fruit. 'Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.'"

At length Mr. Brackenbury reached Southampton. They embarked in a Jersey packet; and, landing on the twenty-sixth of October in St. Aubin's Bay, they walked to St. Helier's, where Mr. Clarke found himself that evening an inmate in the house which Mr. Brackenbury had engaged as his residence.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE MISSIONARY.

The Norman Isles, those beautiful spots which adorn the French waters of La Manche, were now to be the scenes of evangelic agencies whose results have made a multitude of families in them the better for time and eternity. Some while before the arrival of Mr. Brackenbury upon those shores, several persons in Jersey had been awakened to a concern for the salvation of their souls, and had formed themselves into a kind of religious community for mutual edification. They were a little flock without a shepherd, and too feeble in their circumstances to attempt a regular church organization under a stated ministry. A regiment of soldiers arrived just then from England, among whom were some pious men who had heard Captain Webb preach at Southampton and Winchester. The word of truth ministered by that good servant of God and the king had been so blessed to them, as to urge them to recommend to these Jersey Christians to open a communication with Mr. Wesley, in the hope that he would be induced to supply them with one of his preachers. They did so, through the intervention of Mr. Jasper Winscomb, one of the early Methodists of Hampshire. At the following Conference of 1783 Mr. Wesley read Mr. Winscomb's letter to the assembly, and asked whether any preacher found it in his heart to obey the call. It was then that Mr. Brackenbury offered his services. In him the Conference did not fail to see the man every way designated by Providence and grace to initiate this new enterprise under the most favorable auspices. Nor were they disappointed by the events. He lost no time in fulfilling his commission. Having found his

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way to Jersey, he hired an old "religious house," which happened to be vacant, near the sea, and commenced the public preaching of the Gospel. A procedure so novel excited conflicting feelings among the people of the vicinity; some were pleased and grateful; others stirred up to opposition, and that, at times, of a riotous and dangerous character. Mr. Brackenbury kept steadily to his work, and soon began to make a sound impression. Another place was opened, at St. Mary's, and then another. Some pious young men of good talent were raised up to exhort, and then to act as local preachers; societies were formed; in short, the Methodist tree had struck its roots.

When Mr. Clarke joined Mr. Brackenbury as his colleague, they made no delay to extend their operations to the other islands. Accordingly, after preaching a few times in Jersey, Mr. Clarke proceeded to attempt the introduction of the good cause into Guernsey. At the present time the English language is fast superseding the French in both the greater islands; and even in those days the majority of the townspeople were conversant with both tongues, so that the missionary found no difficulty in getting an audience, though, as yet, too little accustomed to speak French to venture a sermon in it. His first preaching place in Guernsey was a large warehouse at Les Terres, just without St. Peter-le-Port; and among the congregation he found some who were willing to open their houses in different parts of the town for occasional services. Under these circumstances he commenced those three years which have borne such ample fruit unto life eternal. In some neighborhoods he found French indispensable; and, in conducting a service in that language, was under the necessity, to him a disagreeable one, of *reading* a discourse which he had previously prepared. While the good word sunk into the hearts of not a few with saving effect in both islands, it stirred up a spirit of opposition in them who were of the contrary side. Some specimens of this we may extract from his own statements.

"One Sabbath morning Mr. Clarke, accompanied by

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Captain and Lieutenant W., having gone to preach at La Valle, a low part of Guernsey, always surrounded by the sea at high water, to which at such times there is no access but by means of a sort of causeway, a multitude of unruly people, with drums, horns, and various offensive weapons, assembled at the bridge, to prevent his entering the islet. The tide being a little out, he ventured to ride across about a mile below the bridge without their perceiving him, got to the house, and had nearly finished his discourse before the mob could assemble. At last they came in full power, and with fell purpose. The captain of a man-of-war, the naval lieutenant, and the other gentlemen who had accompanied him, mounted their horses, and rode off at full gallop, leaving him in the hands of the mob. That he might not be able to escape, they cut his bridle in pieces. Nothing intimidated, he went among them, got upon an eminence, and began to speak to them. The drums and horns ceased, the majority became quiet, only a few from the outskirts throwing stones and dirt, from which, however, he managed to defend himself; and after about an hour they permitted him to depart in peace. On returning to St. Peter's he found his naval heroes in great safety.

"He had a more narrow escape one evening at St. Aubin's, in Jersey. A desperate mob of some hundreds, with almost all instruments of destruction, assembled round the house in which he was preaching, which was a wooden building with five windows. At their first approach the principal part of the congregation issued forth, and provided for their own safety. The society alone, about thirteen persons, remained with their preacher. The mob, finding that all with whom they might claim brotherhood had escaped, resolved to pull down the house, and bury the preacher and his friends in the ruins. Mr. Clarke exhorted the friends to trust in that God who was able to save, when one of the mob presented a pistol at him through the window opposite to the pulpit, which twice flashed in the pan. Others had got crows, and were busily employed in sapping the foun-

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dation of the house. Mr. Clarke, perceiving this, said to the people, 'If we stay here, we shall be all destroyed. I will go out among them; they seek not you, but me; after they have got me, they will permit you to pass unmolested.' They besought him with tears not to leave the house, as he would infallibly be murdered. He, seeing that there was no time to be lost, as they continued to sap the foundation, said, 'I will instantly go out among them in the name of God.' *Je vous accompagnerai*, ('I will go with you,') said a stout young man. As the house was assailed with showers of stones, he met a volley of these, as he opened and passed through the door. It was a clear full-moon night, after a heavy storm of hail and rain. He walked forward. The mob divided to the right and left, and made an ample passage for him and the young man who followed him to pass through. This they did to the very skirts of the hundreds who were assembled with drums, horns, spades, forks, bludgeons, etc., to take the life of a man whose only crime was proclaiming to lost sinners redemption through the blood of the cross. During the whole time of his passing through the mob there was a death-like silence, nor was there any motion but what was necessary to give him a free passage. Either their eyes were holden that they could not know him, or they were so overawed by the power of God, that they could not lift a hand or utter a word against him. The poor people, finding all was quiet, came out a little after, and passed away, not one of them being either hurt or molested. In a few minutes the mob seemed to awake as from a dream, and, finding that their prey had been plucked out of their teeth, they knew not how, attacked the house afresh, broke every square of glass in the windows, and scarcely left a whole tile upon the roof. He afterward learned that their design was to put him in the sluice of an overshot water-mill, by which he must have been crushed in pieces!

"The next Lord's day he went to the same place. The mob rose again; and, when they began to make a tumult,

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he called on them to hear him a few moments; when those who appeared to have most influence grew silent, and stilled the rest. He spoke to them to this effect: 'I have never done any of you any harm; my heartiest wish was, and is, to do you good. I could tell you many things, by which you might grow wise unto salvation, would you but listen to them. Why do you persecute a man who never can be your enemy, and wishes to show that he is your friend? You cannot be Christians, who seek to destroy a man because he tells you the truth. But are you even men? Do you deserve that name? I am but an individual, and unarmed; and hundreds of you join together, to attack and destroy this single unarmed man. Is not this to act like cowards and assassins? I am a man, and a Christian. I fear you not as a man; I would not turn my back upon the best of you, and could probably put your chief under my feet. St. Paul the apostle was assailed in like manner by the heathens: they also were dastards and cowards. The Scripture does not call them men; but, according to the English translation, *certain lewd fellows of the baser sort:* or, according to your own, which you better understand, *les batteurs de pavé—la canaille.* O, shame on you, to come in multitudes to attack an inoffensive stranger in your island, who comes only to call you from wickedness to serve the living God, and to show you the way which will lead you to everlasting blessedness!' He paused—there was a shout, 'He is a clever fellow; he shall preach, and we will hear him.' They were as good as their word; he proceeded without any further hinderance from them, and they never after gave him any molestation.

"The little preaching-house being nearly destroyed, he some Sabbaths afterward attempted to preach out of doors. The mob having giving up persecution, one of the magistrates of St. Aubin took up the business, came to the place with a mob of his own, and the drummer of the regiment stationed at the place; pulled down Mr. Clarke while he was at prayer, and delivered him into the hands of the

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canaille he had brought with him. The drummer attended him out of the town, beating the 'Rogues' March' on his drum, and beating him frequently with the drumsticks, from the strokes of which, and other misusages, he did not recover for some weeks. But he wearied out all his persecutors. There were several who heard the word gladly; and for their sakes he freely ventured himself, till at last all opposition ceased."

From the rude encounters he had thus sometimes to meet in the discharge of his mission work, Mr. Clarke found a grateful relief in Guernsey in the privilege of residing with the family of Mr. De Jersey, at Mon Plaisir, an old manor farm-house, about a mile from St. Peter's. Every attribute of this favored spot,* the Hesperide climate, the scenery, the commodious and tranquil mansion and gardens, where the myrtle and laurels rise to the proportions of stately trees, and the orange ripens in the open air, all combined to render it a most desirable asylum for the student bent on learning, or the laborer sighing for repose. The writer of these pages can never forget the pleasure with which, during a ministerial residence in Guernsey, he has often visited this spot; where, under the leafy shade of a bower formed of the entwined boughs of a cluster of fig-trees, the family used to tell him how, in that very summer-house, Dr. Adam Clarke had spent so many hours in reading his Bible and writing his sermons. The family of Mon Plaisir, of whom the Rev. Henry De Jersey, now of the French Conference, is one of the worthy representatives, embraced the cause of Methodism with their whole heart. One of the first of the many good offices which the elder Mr. De Jersey performed,

* I speak of Mon Plaisir as I knew it some years ago, and as, I presume, it still is. In writing about the fertility of the islands, Dr. Clarke said that he had seen cabbages in Jersey seven feet high. In Mr. De Jersey's garden there were gathered daily, Sundays excepted, for nearly six weeks, from fifty to one hundred pounds' weight of strawberries All other fruit in proportion, both in quantity and flavor. In Mr. Brackenbury's garden, at St. Helier's, he cut down a bunch of grapes which weighed about twenty pounds.

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for the service of the good cause among them, was to build a room on the north side of the house that should serve for a domestic chapel, to which he could invite the inhabitants round about. Mr. Clarke, as the chaplain of the place, held stated services in this room on Thursday and Saturday evenings; offering the first prayer in English, and preaching the sermon in French, with a prayer in the same language.

In these sequestered shades our friend applied himself with new vigor to those more solemn studies which were destined to give character to his after-life. He had long felt that the vow, so foolishly made four years before, to have nothing more to do with Greek and Latin, was wrong in itself, as well as unadvised, and that he could conscientiously renounce it. In resuming those languages, he found that long cessation from classical reading rendered it necessary for him to begin again in that department with the grammars themselves. But, having by dint of effort recovered his lost ground, he brought his new acquisitions to bear upon the study of the Septuagint Bible and Greek Testament, for the purposes, and in the manner, to which we shall have occasion to refer more fully hereafter. It was now, also, that with a moderate knowledge of Hebrew he struck out into the study of Chaldee and Syriac, by the help of Bishop Walton's "Introduction to the Oriental Languages," the *Scholia Syriaca* of Leusden, and some other works to which he had access in the public library at Jersey. Before he left the islands he obtained possession of a copy of Walton's Polyglot Bible of his own. True to those instincts which Providence and grace had implanted in his heart, he began even now to turn this Biblical knowledge to account, by committing to paper memoranda for notes on the Gospels, which formed the first nucleus of his future Commentary.

Meantime the great objects of his mission were carried on with energy. In the course of the year he was moved to attempt the introduction of preaching into the island of Alderney. In recounting to Mr. Wesley the manner in which this was carried into effect, he says: "My design be-

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ing made public, many hinderances were thrown in my way. It was reported that the governor had threatened to prohibit my landing; and that, in case he found me on the island, he would transport me to the Caskets, (a rock in the sea, about three leagues west of Alderney, on which there is a light-house.) These threatenings, being published here, rendered it very difficult for me to procure a passage, as several of my friends were against my going, fearing bad consequences; and none of the captains who traded to the island were willing to take me, fearing to incur the displeasure of the governor, notwithstanding that I offered them anything they could reasonably demand for my passage. I thought at last I should be obliged to hire one of the English packets, as I was determined to go, by God's grace, at all events. "Having waited a long time, watching sometimes day and night, I at last got a vessel bound for the island, in which I embarked; and after a few hours, though not without some fatigue and sickness, we came to the south-west side of the island, where we were obliged to cast anchor, as the tide was too far spent to carry us round to the harbor. The captain put me and some others on shore with the boat. I climbed the rocks, and got to the top of the island, thanking God for my passage. But now I had some new difficulties to encounter. I knew not where to go: I had no acquaintance in the place, nor had any one invited me thither. For some time I was perplexed, till that word of the God of missionaries came powerfully to me, 'Into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be to this house. And in the same house remain, eating and drinking such things as they give.' From this I took courage, and proceeded to the town, which is about a mile distant from the harbor. After having walked some way into it, I took particular notice of a very poor cottage, into which I felt a strong inclination to enter. I did so, with a 'Peace be unto this house,' and found in it an old man and woman, who, having understood my business, bade me welcome to the best food they had, to a little chamber where I might sleep, and (what was still more accept-

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able) to their house to preach in. On hearing this I saw plainly that the hand of the Lord was upon me for good; and I thanked him, and took courage.

"Being unwilling to lose any time, I told them I would preach that evening if they would procure me a congregation. This strange news spread rapidly through the town; and long before the appointed hour a multitude of people flocked together, to whom I spoke of the kingdom of God. It was with difficulty I could persuade them to go away, after promising to preach to them again the next evening.

"I then retired to my little apartment, where I had scarcely rested twenty minutes, when the good woman of the house came and entreated me to come down and preach again, as several of the gentry, among whom was one of the justices, were come to hear what I had to say. I stepped down immediately, and found the house once more quite full. Deep attention sat on every face, while I showed the great need they stood in of a Saviour, and exhorted them to turn at once from their iniquities to the living God. I continued in this good work about an hour, having received peculiar assistance from on high; and concluded with informing them what my design was in visiting the island, and the motives which had induced me. Having ended, the justice stepped forward, exchanged a few very civil words with me, and desired to see the book out of which I had been speaking. I gave it into his hand: he looked over it with attention, and asked me several questions, all which I answered apparently to his satisfaction. Having bestowed a few more hearty advices on him and the congregation, they all quietly departed; and the concern evident on many of their countenances fully proved that God had added his testimony to that of his feeble servant. The next evening I preached again to a large attentive company, to whom, I trust, the word of the Lord came not in vain.

"But a singular thing took place the next day. While I sat at dinner, a constable, from a person in authority, came to solicit my immediate appearance at a place called the

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Bray, (where several respectable families live, and where the governor's stores are kept,) to preach to a company of gentlemen and ladies, who were waiting, and at whose desire one of the large store-rooms was prepared for that purpose. I went without delay, and was brought by the *lictor* to his master's apartment, who behaved with much civility, told me the reason of his sending for me, and begged I would preach without delay. I willingly consented, and in a quarter of an hour a large company was assembled. The gentry were not so partial to themselves as to exclude several sailors, smugglers, and laborers from hearing with them. The Lord was with me, and enabled me to explain, from Prov. xii. 26, the character and conduct of the righteous, and to prove that such a one was beyond all comparison more excellent than his ungodly neighbor, however great, rich, wise, or important he might be in the eyes of men. All heard with deep attention, save an English gentleman, so called, who walked out about the middle of the discourse.

"The next Sabbath morning, being invited to preach in the English church, I gladly accepted it; and in the evening preached in the large warehouse at the Bray, to a much larger congregation, composed of the principal gentry of the island, together with justices, jurats, constables, &c. The Lord was again with me, and enabled me to declare his sacred counsel without fear.

"The next day, being the time appointed for my return, many were unwilling that I should go; saying, 'We have much need of such preaching, and such a preacher; we wish you would abide in the island, and go back no more.' The tide serving at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, I attended at the beach, in order to embark; but—the utmost of the flood did not set the vessel afloat. I then returned to the town: the people were glad of my detention, and earnestly hoped that the vessel might set fast, at least till the next spring-tides. Many came together in the evening, to whom I again preached with uncommon liberty; and God appeared to be more eminently present than before. This

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induced me to believe that my detention was of the Lord, and that I had not before fully delivered his counsel. The vessel being got off the same night about twelve o'clock, I recommended them to God, promised them a preacher shortly, and setting sail arrived in Guernsey in about twenty-one hours. Glory be to God for ever! Amen."

But this uninterrupted tension of mind, and extraordinary labor of body, began to make serious inroads on his constitution, and in the spring of this year reduced Mr. Clarke to the brink of the grave. A complication of disorders seemed to have fastened on him. He had been declining for some weeks, till at length he sunk in utter prostration. We have a memorandum of this illness from himself, written shortly after to a friend in England: "Being attacked," says he, "from so many quarters, there was little prospect of my lingering long, especially as I had been slowly wasting for some months. The people were greatly alarmed, and proclaimed a day of fasting and prayer, to snatch their poor preacher from the grave. Their sorrow caused me to feel: for myself I could neither weep nor repine; but I could hardly forbear the former on their account. The doctor on his second visit found that I was severely attacked by jaundice, and so took the cure of that first in hand; but withal observed, that I should not regain my health properly till I resumed my former habit of riding. Through much mercy, I am now greatly mended; my cough is almost entirely removed. I am yet confined to my room, and am very much enfeebled. Indeed, considered abstractedly from my spirit, I am little else than a quantity of bones and sinews, wrapt up in none of the best-colored skin. . . . When almost at the worst, I opened my Septuagint on the ninety-first Psalm, and on the last three verses, which are much more emphatical than the English, particularly the middle clause of the fifteenth verse, "*I am with him in affliction.*' Blessed be my God and Saviour, I have found it to be so."

A voyage across the Channel, and a visit to some loved friends in England, contributed to restore his wasted strength.

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Two or three incidents on the passage back are worthy of preservation, as unfolding some personal characteristics. At Southampton, having a few hours to spare before embarking, he preached by special request to a miscellaneous congregation, who heard with great seriousness, and some of whom escorted him to the boat, "wishing him more blessedness than their tongues could express." Among the passengers were a party of military officers, a lieutenant in the navy, and "some gentlemen, so called." With these he had several altercations, in consequence of his reproving them for blasphemous language. On the Sunday their profanity seemed purposely augmented. He remonstrated, but only to find that a transient cessation was followed by still more objectionable conduct. The preacher, however, was not to be daunted. Acting on the maxim, "*Ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito*," he went among them again, and insisted on their putting a stop to such wickedness. They demanded by what authority he bore himself in this manner. He replied, "I am a servant of Jesus Christ, and the authority by which I denounce your wickedness I have from God." It ought to be mentioned, in justice to the officers, as well as to the credit of their reprover, that they acceded to his wishes.

In the month of May he resumed his labors in the islands, and in the following September had the great gratification of receiving a visit from Mr. Wesley, who was accompanied by Dr. Coke and Mr. Bradford. In Jersey they lodged at Mr. Brackenbury's, and in Guernsey at Mon Plaisir. Immense crowds heard Mr. Wesley in both islands, and the memory of his visit has become a tradition among the people.

Obliged at length, by an appointment at Bristol on a particular day, to leave Guernsey, whatever wind was blowing, Mr. Wesley availed himself of an English brig touching at the island on her way from France to Penzance. Mr. Clarke had obtained liberty to return with the party for a few days' visit to England. The wind blew fairly for their

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course to Penzance, as they sailed out of Guernsey road, but soon slackened till it died away, and then, rising in the opposite quarter, freshened into a stiff contrary breeze; and much time was spent in frequent tacking before they could well clear the island. I will now recount what followed in Mr. Clarke's own words: "Mr. Wesley was sitting reading in the cabin, and, hearing the noise and bustle occasioned by putting the vessel about to stand on her different tacks, he put his head above, and inquired what was the matter? Being told the wind was become contrary, and the ship was obliged thus to tack, he said, 'Then let us go to prayer.' His own company who were upon deck walked down, and at his request Dr. Coke, Mr. Bradford, and Mr. Clarke went to prayer. After the latter had ended, Mr. Wesley broke out into a fervent supplication, which seemed to be more the offspring of strong faith than of mere desire, in words remarkable as well as the spirit, feeling, and manner in which they were uttered. Some of them were to the following effect: 'Almighty and everlasting God, thou hast thy way everywhere, and all things serve the purposes of thy will: Thou holdest the winds in thy fists, and sittest upon the waterfloods, and reignest king forever. Command these winds and these waves that they obey THEE, and take us speedily and safely to the haven whither we would be.' The power of his petition was felt by all. He rose from his knees, made no kind of remark, but took up his book and continued his reading. Mr. Clarke went upon deck, and what was his surprise when he found the vessel standing on her right course with a steady breeze, which slackened not till, carrying them at the rate of nine or ten knots an hour, they anchored safely near St. Michael's Mount in Penzance Bay! On the sudden and favorable change of the wind Mr. Wesley made no remark: so fully did he expect to be heard, that he took it for granted he was heard. Such answers to prayer he was in the habit of receiving, and therefore to him the occurrence was not strange. Of such a circumstance how many of those who did not enter into his

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views would have descanted at large, had it happened in favor of themselves! yet all the notice he takes of this singular circumstance is contained in the following entry in his Journal: 'In the morning, Thursday, (September 6th, 1787,) we went on board with a fair moderate wind. But we had but just entered the ship when the wind died away. We cried to God for help; and it presently sprung up exactly fair, and did not cease till it brought us into Penzance Bay.'"

On landing, Mr. Clarke volunteered to become the *avant-courier* of the party, and riding on, preached at Redruth, St. Austell, and Plymouth, in each place announcing for Mr. Wesley on the following evening, till at Bath Mr. Wesley proceeded to Bristol, and Mr. Clarke to Trowbridge.

This latter place had long had an attraction for him, which had now become too strong to be surmounted. In fact, ever since his residence in that circuit he had cherished a deep attachment to a lady who was the object of his first and everlasting love. She was the eldest of several sisters who resided at Trowbridge with their mother, the widow of Mr. John Cooke, formerly a substantial clothier of that town. These ladies had been frequently hearers of Mr. Wesley, Mr. Brackenbury, and others of the Methodist preachers; and the two youngest sisters had been so moved by the word as to give themselves to the Lord, and to his people according to his will. Mrs. Cooke also found much pleasure in extending to Mr. Wesley, and some of the other ministers, the hospitalities of her house on their occasional visits. Miss Cooke, who, with much feminine delicacy, was distinguished, nevertheless, by much coolness of thought and firmness of character, did not at first accede to these Methodistic tendencies; but, struck with the beautiful effects of the new faith in the life of her sisters, she was induced to accompany them to the humble preaching-room, and was herself gradually brought under the converting power of the Gospel. Made a partaker of this great benefit, she consecrated heart and life to her Saviour's cause, and became a helper of the faith of others, in inviting them to the house

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of prayer, and, as a leader of a class, in watching over the incipient piety of some who had obeyed the heavenly call they heard there. It was in those sweet days that Adam Clarke and Mary Cooke learned to love each other with a pure friendship, which, hallowed by all the sanctities of religion, endured with their years, and proved itself at last more strong than death.

At this period, however, there were obstacles to their union too formidable to be overcome. Mrs. Cooke, while she entertained a high esteem for Mr. Clarke as a young man of learning, piety, and promise in the Christian ministry, was yet too well aware of the rough experiences of a Methodist preacher's life not to feel an almost invincible reluctance to a marriage which would, to all human appearance, identify her beloved daughter's life with penury and discomfort. Nor did Mr. Wesley himself, who had been led to entertain a personal affection for the young people, (who, on their part, looked up to him with a true filial reverence as their father in Christ,) regard the question of their union without serious misgiving. At first coinciding with the wishes of Mrs. Cooke, he gave the thing his entire disapproval, and threatened Mr. Clarke with his heaviest displeasure, "if he married Miss Cooke without her mother's consent." Subsequently his opinion was somewhat modified; and, in reply to a letter written by Adam Clarke in urging a favorable consideration of the marriage, he tells him, "While your health is so indifferent you have no business to marry, therefore my consent at present would do you no good. Wait patiently, at least till your health be restored; then strange revolutions may happen, and things unexpected take place to make your way more easy."

In October, after a most stormy passage, we find him again at work in the islands. In the stations of the July Conference, Robert Carr Brackenbury and Adam Clarke stand for Jersey, and two other preachers for Guernsey —William Stephens for the English congregations, and John De Queteville for the French work. In consequence of

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this arrangement, Mr. Clarke spent the greater portion of his time in Jersey, alternating with the other islands. Mr. Brackenbury continued his zealous labors, and supplemented them with pecuniary help toward the support of the rising cause; an instance of which I find in a letter of Mr. Clarke, addressed to him in the month of November in this year, in which he acknowledges the receipt of £80, seventy of which were for public purposes, and the remaining ten for himself. This eminent Christian gentleman and eloquent preacher of the word of God, thus labored in all ways to promote the interests of a cause to which he had consecrated his existence; and he has left for himself an imperishable name in the annals of early Methodism. He died in 1818, beloved and regretted by the thousands to whom in word and deed he had been as an angel of God. The sentiment of the Methodist Connection at large on the bereavement occasioned by his decease is well expressed in the Magazine of that year: "As this revered and lamented friend of religion and virtue, and eminent servant of our Lord Jesus Christ, had adorned and preached the Gospel among us with great approbation and success for upward of forty years, we exceedingly regret not being allowed to give a sketch of his exemplary life and great usefulness, which we are prevented from doing by his own particular request, 'that nothing should be said or written concerning him.' We much question, however, whether such a request, dictated, doubtless, by his extreme and, we think, mistaken modesty, ought to be so strictly observed as to deprive the Church and the world forever hereafter of the edification, encouragement, and comfort which even an imperfect narrative of his life, and delineation of his character, would certainly have afforded them; and much more such a biographical account of him as we know his bereaved and mourning partner would be well able to lay before the public."

In the Rev. John De Queteville, Mr. Clarke had a zealous and effective colleague. He was a native of Jersey, and one of the first-fruits of the Methodist ministry in that

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island. A short time after he had begun to preach the Gospel to the French-speaking population, he was ordained by Dr. Coke, whom he accompanied to Paris for the purpose of founding, if possible, an evangelical mission in that capital. The project at that time failed. The atheistic frenzy of the Revolution had not sufficiently subsided in the public mind to induce the Parisians so much as to listen to the word of God. Dr. Coke purchased one of the confiscated churches, and opened it for public preaching. They found none willing to hear, but many to revile the truth which they had rejected; and, in walking the streets, the preachers were threatened with the exaltation of the lamp-post. A rabble surrounded them, not once nor twice, with the old terror-time cry of *A la Lanterne!* Dr. Coke saw that the enterprise was as yet a hopeless one; and, by the kind offices of a friend, who negotiated for him with the public minister, he was released from his bargain for the church, and returned to England. Mr. De Queteville resumed his labors in the islands, and spent a long and honorable life in building up the cause of God among them. A man naturally of impetuous temper, he became, by the sanctifying grace of God, a pattern of holiness and active benevolence. I knew him in the evening of his days, at his quiet little parsonage at St. Jacques', waiting, with the venerable and amiable partner of his life, to be called into the presence of the Saviour, "all praise, all meekness, and all love."

The funeral rites at the grave of this aged saint were performed by the Rev. John Hawtrey. This distinguished servant of Christ was originally an officer in the army, and had served in the Peninsula under Lord Wellington. Converted to God, he became a Methodist minister, and labored many years in connection with the Conference, honored and admired wherever he was known, as a man of noble exterior, a Christian gentleman, and an eloquent and powerful expositor of the Gospel. He was subsequently induced to enter the ministry of the Episcopal Church. Mr. Hawtrey held the incumbency of St. James's Church in Guernsey for

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some years; but removed, toward the close of his life, to a parish near Windsor. At his decease, the officers of the garrison at Windsor testified their veneration for his memory by solemnizing his funeral with military honors. Although separated from his former brethren in the mere matter of church ceremonies, Mr. Hawtrey, as I knew from personal intercourse with him in Guernsey, never lost his love for the cause of Methodism. His affections were ever true to it, and his devout wishes attended its progress. As already stated, he buried good old Jean De Queteville; and I shall never forget how, when standing by his side at the aged laborer's grave, beneath the serene and cloudless heaven, and surrounded by the grand panorama of island-landscapes and unruffled seas, with uplifted eyes, and a face illuminated with faith and hope, he gave us to hear again "a voice from heaven, saying, Write: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Reverting to Mr. Clarke's days in the islands, we find that, as health returned, he resumed all his former pursuits, preaching "before day and after nightfall," and diligently improving the intervening hours by close study, or personal intercourse with his flock. Among these were some who had long known the Lord, and whose steadfast piety made a sacred impression on his own mind. With these "deeply experienced Christians," as he describes them in a letter to Miss Cooke, he felt it a privilege to be permitted to have any communion. Compared with them, he speaks of himself as being "a very little child." The most remarkable were two females, one elderly, the other young. "The former," says he, "seems to possess all the solemnity and majesty of Christianity; she has gone and is going through acute bodily sufferings; but these add to her apparent dignity: her eyes, every feature of her face, together with all her words, are uncommonly expressive of ETERNITY. To her I put myself frequently to school during my short abode in the island, and could not avoid learning much, un-

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less I had been invincibly ignorant or diabolically proud. The latter seems possessed of all that cheerful happiness and pure love which so abundantly characterize the Gospel of Christ. Peace, meekness, and joy, judiciously immingled by the sagacious economy of the Holy Spirit, constitute a glorious something, affectingly evident in all her deportment, which I find myself quite at a loss to describe.* Two such I know not that I have before found: they are indeed the rare and excellent of the earth; the one 'not grave with sternness,' nor the other 'with lightness free.'"

Among the converts whom the Lord gave him as the seals of his ministry was a soldier, whose case merits a record. Writing at the time he was confined by illness, Mr. Clarke says: "Yesterday a soldier belonging to the Train, whom the Lord gave, together with his wife, some time ago to my feeble labors, came to see me. I have seldom seen more affection, commixed with as much of child-like simplicity as you can conceive, evidenced before. He looked in my face pitifully, and saying, 'I heard you were sick,' sat down in a chair, and melted into tears. Yes; and yet he is a soldier. It is amazing. This man was a very great slave to drunkenness. One morning last summer, having got drunk before five o'clock, (!) he some way or other strolled out to Les Terres, and heard me preach, and was deeply affected. 'What, and he drunk?' Yes. After preaching he took me by the hand, and with the tears streaming down his cheeks, betwixt drunkenness and distress, he was only capable of saying a very few words: 'O sir, I know you are a man possessed by the Spirit of God.' He went home, and after three days' agonies, God in tender mercy set his soul at liberty. His wife also set out for the same heaven in good earnest, and shortly found peace. Both joined the Society, and have walked ever since most steadfastly in faith and good works."

* He refers here, I believe, to Mademoiselle Jeannie Bisson. A further notice of this remarkable young woman may be found in Mr. Wesley's Journal.

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The congregations at St. Peter's were not without their fluctuations. "It is strange to see how times change. Last winter I had in general a congregation made up of several of the most reputable persons in the island; to keep me among them they offered to provide handsomely for me, which kind offer I again and again rejected. However, they continued to hear, believing I spoke the words of truth and soberness, and, as they phrased it, 'in the best manner they had ever heard.' 'Pity it was that I could not be permitted to preach in the church at least every Sunday.' However, this, like all things under the sun, must have an end. By and by one of these gentry stayed away, another attended less frequently, then he dropped off; such and such did not come, and therefore I lost some more; and so on, till hardly a soul of them came either on Sabbaths or other days. I was then as a person who had been in honor and continued not; and my ministry was at last confined to the poor, the best friends of my God. These cleaved closely to me, and praised God that the candlestick was yet in its place. With these I endeavored to keep on my way, and the dropping in of one now and then to the Society held up my hands. Persecutions arose, and evil reports were liberally spread abroad; this made it rather dangerous for any of my quondam friends to take any notice of me. Then I was obliged fully to walk alone; but through the strength of God I was enabled to weather every trying circumstance. Finally, as things cannot be long at a stay under the sun, the time for a revolution must again take place; and the honor that I sought not, had, and lost, would, as unsought for, again return. One—another—and another have ventured back, heard, were pleased and profited once more, brought others along with them, till at last I have all back again with an accession of several new ones; and now I am an honorable man, and surely a great many good things would not be too good for me now, would I accept them. Thus you see, my dear Mary, there is but as one day between a poor man and a rich. It is well, it is ineffably well, to have a happiness

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that is not affected by the change to which external things are incident. What a blessing to be able to sit calm on the wheel of fortune, and to prosper in the midst of adversity!"

Nor did the mercy of God withhold from him this inwardly satisfying beatitude. "Blessed be the Lord, it has been a time of much good both to my body and mind. Since I wrote last, the Lord has opened his heaven most benignly in my soul; and, with that, has given me to discover him as one uniform, uninterrupted, eternal Good-will toward all his creatures. When I look into myself, I am astonished that he condescends to pay the smallest visit; but when I contemplate him in the above attribute, my astonishment ceases, though I cannot forget myself. . . . Were I like Mohammed's feigned angel, having 'seventy thousand heads, each actuated by as many tongues, and each uttering seventy thousand voices,' I should think their eternal utterances of his praise an almost no tribute to a God so immeasurably good. And yet where am I going? I have but one tongue, and that speaks very inexpressively. The choicest blessings of heaven are given to me; and how seldom, comparatively, is it used in showing forth his excellency, or acknowledging how deeply his debtor I am! O my God, what reason have I to be ashamed and confounded! But thou wilt have mercy!"

The spring of the year 1788 became a memorable epoch in his life. The opposition to his marriage with Miss Cooke had so far given way at Trowbridge, partly by the kind offices of Mr. Wesley, and partly by the strengthening influence of Mr. Clarke's character on the minds of the opponents of that measure, that his way was considered to be now sufficiently plain to admit of the fulfillment of the vows the two parties had so long held sacred. Accordingly Mr. Clarke and Miss Cooke were married in Trowbridge church, on the seventeenth of April. Upon this event I cannot do better than give the doctor's own reflection, written many years after: "Few connections of this kind were ever more

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opposed; and few, if any, were ever more happy. The steadiness of the parties during this opposition endeared them to each other; they believed that God had joined them together, and no storm or difficulty in life was able to put them asunder. . . . Mrs. Cooke, many years before her death, saw that this marriage was one of the most happy in her family, in which there were some of the most respectable connections; one daughter having married that most excellent man, Joseph Butterworth, Esq., M. P., a pattern of real Christianity, a true friend of the Church of God, and a pillar of the state; and another having married the Rev. Mr. Thomas, rector of Begelly, in South Wales, an amiable and truly pious man."

Eleven days after their wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke embarked at Southampton for the islands. The steam-packet had not then appeared on the seas, and a voyage which can now be made in as many hours took them on this occasion not fewer than eight days to accomplish. The reception which awaited Mrs. Clarke in Guernsey was all that herself or her husband could desire. The worthy family at Mon Plaisir had sent over a trusty domestic to attend on Mrs. Clarke, and on their arrival welcomed them with true family hospitality. From Madame De Saumarez, (the mother of Sir James De Saumarez, who commanded the "Ocean" at Trafalgar,) Miss Lempriere, (whose brother wrote the once much-used "Classical Dictionary,") and other ladies of Guernsey, she also received most kind attentions. As to Mr. Clarke, his marriage not only conduced to his own personal comfort, but greatly increased his influence among the people. Henceforward with an undivided mind he toiled for their edification. His labors were still distributed between Jersey and Guernsey, his head-quarters being in the former island. At Les Terres he had continued to preach in English twice on Sundays, on the Wednesday evening and Friday morning. The place was so crowded as to render the erection of a large chapel, if possible, highly expedient; and already measures were taken for such

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a purpose, with a decision and liberality which gave every promise of success.

These operations were sustained, during the following year, by a new appointment from the Conference of 1788; in the "Minutes" of which the stations for the islands are: Jersey, Messrs. Brackenbury and Clarke; and Guernsey, Messrs. Bredin and De Queteville. Mr. Clarke appears to have worked alternately in the islands, a quarter in each. The winter of this year was unusually severe, and one night in the month of January he had a narrow escape from perishing by the cold. In going to preach at St. Aubin, the snow lying in great depth inland, he was obliged to follow the sea-mark along the bay. Accompanied by a young man, the same who stood by him at the time when the house was beset, (as before recounted,) they arrived at the town wet through, and benumbed with the wind and sleet. Mr. Clarke preached, though exhausted, and then set out with his companion to retrace their way, between four and five miles, to St. Helier's. Meanwhile a heavy snow had set in, and the night grew worse and worse. He set out, having taken no kind of refreshment, and began to plod his way with faint and unsteady steps. "At last a drowsiness, often the effect of intense cold when the principle of heat is almost entirely abstracted, fell upon him. 'Frank,' said he to the young man, 'I can go no farther till I get a little sleep; let me lie down a few minutes on one of these snow-drifts, and then I shall get strength to go on.' Frank expostulated: 'O sir, you must not; were you to lie down but one minute, you would never rise more. Do not fear; hold by me, I will drag you on, and we shall soon get to St. Helier's.' He answered, 'Frank, I cannot proceed; I am only sleepy, and even two minutes will refresh me;' and he attempted to throw himself upon a snow-drift, which appeared to him with higher charms than the finest bed of down. Francis was then obliged to interpose the authority of his strength, pulled him up, and continued dragging and encouraging him, till, with great labor and difficulty, he brought

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him to St. Helier's." There can be no doubt that, but for the providential company of Frank Bisson, he would have that night perished on the snow; and he ever after entertained a lively sense of obligation to him, of which he had the opportunity of giving a practical evidence more than once.

To the erection of the chapel in Guernsey many difficulties had risen, and all the more formidable from the determined opposition of the bailiff, the chief magistrate of the island. Several letters on the matters passed between our missionary and Mr. Wesley, whose counsels, inculcative of gentleness in words and conduct, perseverance, and fervent prayer, were followed by Mr. Clarke and his friends with entire success. The disinclination of the bailiff suddenly gave way. Mr. Wesley himself was surprised at the genial change of mind in this gentleman; and he says, "I really think the temper and behavior of the bailiff are little less than miraculous." In fact, he sold them a piece of ground from his own property, promised to subscribe fifty pounds himself, before the building was begun added ten pounds more, and engaged a pew for himself and family. Among the other subscribers we find the name of Mr. Walker for a hundred pounds, and that of Mr. De Jersey for a hundred. The latter tried friend lent them also three hundred, with "Pay it as you can; or, if I never receive a farthing of it, I shall be well contented." He was about to build a house for his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. De Queteville; but declared that not a stone of it should be laid till the chapel was finished. We set this down because such an example of hearty devotion to the cause of Jesus merits a record. Servant of God, well done!

Some difficulty was encountered about the legal settlement of the chapel according to what is called "the Conference plan;" the jurisdiction of the English Court of Chancery, in which the Wesleyan chapels are enrolled, not extending to the Norman Isles. But even this obstacle was overcome, and Mr. Clarke had the satisfaction of being able

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to write: "We have a large chapel built here. It is astonishing to think how this handful of people have done it; but God was with us. What is nearly as wonderful is that, notwithstanding the English laws are not admitted here, yet I have got it settled on the Conference plan by a public Act of the Royal Court. I am about, therefore, to leave this people on a good footing, prospering in the ways of God, and well established in spiritual and temporal matters."

In Jersey, too, a similar movement took place for the erection of a chapel at St. Helier's; and, along with these efforts to promote the material consolidation of the good cause, the preachers had the unspeakable joy of witnessing the manifestation of the Divine power in the upbuilding and beautifying of the spiritual temple of the Church. I will conclude these annals of Mr. Clarke's missionary life, by transcribing a manuscript letter, which gives some remarkable details on this subject. It is addressed to Mr. Wesley, and was probably the last he wrote to him from the islands. The date is "Jersey, July 15, 1789."

My reverend Father in Christ,—In my last I gave you a short account of the prosperity of the work of God among us, and the prospect we had of an increase. Since that time the Lord has indeed wrought wonderfully. You perhaps remember the account I gave you of the select prayer-meeting I had just then established for those only who had either attained, or were groaning after, full redemption. I thought that, as we were all with one accord in the same place, we had reason to expect a glorious descent of the purifying flame. It was even so. Soon five or six were able to testify that God had cleansed their souls from all sin. This coming abroad, for it could not be long hid, (the change being so palpable in those who professed it,) several others were stirred up to seek the same blessing, and many were literally provoked to jealousy, among whom one of the principal was Mr. De Queteville. He questioned me at large con-

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cerning our little meeting, and the good done. I satisfied him in every particular; and, being much affected, he said, 'Tis a lamentable thing that those who began to seek God since I did should have left me so far behind. Through the grace of Christ, I will begin to seek the same blessing more earnestly, and never rest till I overtake and outstrip them, if possible.' For two or three days he wrestled with God almost incessantly. On the 30th of June he came into my room with great apparent depression of spirit, with the earnest inquiry, 'How shall I receive the blessing, and what are its evidences?' I gave him all the directions I could, exhorted him to look for it in the present moment, and assured him of his nearness to the kingdom of God. He returned to his room, and after a few minutes, spent in wrestling faith, his soul was fully and gloriously delivered. He set off for the country, and like a flame of fire went over all the societies in the island, carrying the glorious news wherever he went. God accompanied him by the mightily demonstrative power of his Spirit, and numbers were stirred up to seek, and several soon entered into, the promised rest. I now appointed a love-feast on the 5th inst. Such a heaven opened on earth my soul never felt before. Several were filled with pure love; and some then and since have, together with a clean heart, found the removal of inveterate bodily disorders under which they had labored for a long time. This is an absolute fact, of which I have had every proof which rationality can demand. One thing was remarkable—there was no false fire; no, not a spark that I would not wish to have lighted up in my own soul to all eternity; and, though God wrought both in bodies and souls, yet everything was under the regulation of his own Spirit, and fully proclaimed his operation alone. To speak within compass, there are not less than fifty or sixty souls who, in the space of less than a fortnight, have entered into the good land, and many of them established, strengthened, and settled in it; and still the blessed work goes daily on.

"This speedy work has given a severe blow to the squalid

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doctrine of sanctification through suffering, which was before received by many, to the great prejudice of their souls. Several of your particular acquaintances, my dear sir, have had a large share in this blessing; and, among others, Mrs. Guilliaume, Madam De Saumarez, and Miss Lempriere. The former is one of the greatest monuments of God's power to sanctify that I have seen. The latter are blessedly brought out of [their former] dreary state. Several, who had long been adepts in making Procrustes' bed, are now redeemed from every particle of sour godliness."

The divine blessing on the labors of Brackenbury, Clarke, and their colleagues in the islands, was seen in the numerical and moral strength which the cause has thus already attained. Mr. Clarke left two hundred and forty-eight members in Jersey, and one hundred and five in Guernsey. At the present time chapels of the French and English Methodists are found in all parts of the islands. There are more than three thousand members in Society; who, besides sustaining thirteen ministers, English and French, in their own service, contribute some seven hundred pounds per annum to the cause of foreign missions.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE CIRCUIT MINISTER.

A NEW and noble field of labor was now opening to Mr. Clarke. Henceforward his ministry will be exercised in large and thickly peopled cities, and thousands be enriched from those stores of saving truth which had been incessantly accumulating in his soul. The character of the times was assuming an unprecedented grandeur. Europe was beginning to heave with the throes of that political earthquake in which the feudalism of the past was doomed to give way before another development of society. The trumpets of Providence were sounding the advent of a new era in the history of the world. Revolution and change had become the order of the day; and, in the desired abolition of many unquestionable corruptions, there was a danger that the sacred institutes of legitimate authority and rule, the safeguards of the true rights of mankind, might also be swept away by the swelling tides. The demon of infidelity had come forth into this storm, and was pervading the popular mind with imaginations of rapine and murder. Nor was England without her peril of being drawn into this vortex of ruin. Among the masses of the people there were too many who, without consideration, were disposed to feel and act with the atheists and democrats of bewildered France. In those days, then, the voice of the evangelist was more than ever needed; and the Gospel of order and peace, which from his lips went straight to the hearts of the people, contributed more to the security of the altar and the throne than the worldly wisdom of Parliaments, or the whetted sword of the secular law. It was in the opening time of this national ordeal that Mr. Clarke began to appear as a promin-

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ent member of an order of men whose self-denying endeavors have not only saved multitudes of souls for all eternity, but contributed also, in a most honorable degree, to the temporal safety and well-being of their country.

Our preacher quitted the Norman Isles in July, 1789, and proceeded to the Conference at Leeds, leaving Mrs. Clarke and their infant at Trowbridge on his way. The trustees of the Leeds Circuit had already petitioned Mr. Wesley that Mr. Clarke should be appointed there the ensuing year—a measure that was frustrated by a circumstance which seems sufficiently ludicrous. Mr. Clarke preached twice at Leeds on the Conference Sunday. In the morning prayer he casually omitted to pray for the king. Reminded of the failure, he endeavored to repair it in the evening, when, among other supplications for His Majesty, he devoutly implored that God would bless him with his pardoning and sanctifying grace. Some of the "chief women" of the congregation took umbrage at this style of petition, as implying "that the king was a sinner!" So deeply was their sense of loyalty wounded, that a remonstrance against the appointment was signed by these ladies, and sent into the Conference, with the understanding that "the dangerously democratic principles" implied in such a prayer sufficiently unfitted the person who could utter it for ministering among the people of Leeds. Mr. Wesley, who wished to keep peace so far as possible, and who had a sincere respect for the simple-hearted, steadfast piety of the petitioners, acceded to the request, and appointed Mr. Clarke to Halifax. The leading men of the society, however, were not so well satisfied with this decision, and an overture was made to reverse it. But Mr. Clarke was unprepared to listen to anything of the kind, and hastily pronounced the resolve *never to enter Leeds in the way of an appointment as a traveling preacher;* because he would not recognize any church, nor minister in any, in which the supreme rule was not with his Divine Master!

Just at that time he seems to have been incapable of propitiating the good graces of the Methodist ladies of York-

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shire; for, at Halifax, when his appointment there was notified, a remonstrance from the female members was sent forthwith, objecting to him, as being "dull, though learned." So once more he was displaced. The same process followed as at Leeds. The men at Halifax wished him to come, and wrote a letter of explanation to that effect, which drew forth a reply from Mr. Clarke, reiterating the sentiment he had already pronounced: "the same principle must guide his movements on this as on the former occasion; his call, he conceived, not extending to any place in which women were the governors, because he was certain that Christ had not truly the rule where the women held the reins!" These little annoyances were, however, controlled for the best; and at the close of the Conference he held a confirmed appointment to the city of Bristol.

This sphere of duty was one of the most important that could have been assigned him, next to London. The circuit held the pre-eminence in Methodism, and numbered, even at that time, the city and outlying places included, more than two thousand members. The necessities of the circuit would admit of but a very short vacation, and with the opening of the year Mr. Clarke was at his post. As in imagination we see him enter the pulpit at Broadmead, on the first Sabbath morning, amid the silence, the prayer, and devout expectations of the crowded congregation, we insensibly call to mind the time when he first visited Bristol. The hungry, ill-clad youth, who had eaten his frugal supper of bread and water in the kitchen of the inn just opposite, and whose apparition had so disturbed the powers who reigned at Kingswood, now reappears, a man in all the majesty of intellect, a husband and father, alive to the most sacred affections of our nature, and a minister of Jesus Christ, with the full seal of spiritual power, in the evidences with which heaven had attested his vocation, as well as the solemn concurrence and approbation of him who held the office of scriptural bishop in that communion of the Church. Every young man should see in this example a type and pledge of the success which

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awaits him in whatever condition of life Divine Providence may have cast his lot, if, with the subject of our memoir, he will live and act in the spirit of the prayer, "Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for I wait on Thee."

But the duties of the Bristol Circuit were so extensive and heavy as to tax Mr. Clarke's physical powers to the utmost. Unhappily, he entered on this new stage with enfeebled and shattered health. His life in the Norman Isles had been too sedentary for a constitution habituated to violent out-door exercise. To almost unremitted study were added the wasting effects of a cough which had harassed him for years, ever since sleeping in a damp bed in the Trowbridge Circuit. This complaint had now become so heavy as to threaten his life. Mr. Wesley, who came to Bristol in an early part of the year, was struck with the change in his appearance, and intimated, in one of his addresses to the Society, his apprehensions that they would not long have the benefit of their minister's services. Some hope was entertained that the waters of the Hotwells, which at that time were in high medical repute, would tend to restore him; but this benefit was seriously interfered with by the severity of his labors, and the disadvantage of living in the rooms appropriated to the preachers over the chapel, which, pervaded with the effluvium from the crowded congregations, were altogether unwholesome as a place of residence. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, he nevertheless struggled on, though life with him was all that year little better than a protracted martyrdom. He had two colleagues, Messrs. Wadsworth and Hodgson; and to these three men were allotted the working of a circuit comprising a large number of congregations, and the pastoral care of more than two thousand members. The quarterly visitation of the classes, carried on simultaneously with the pulpit and other duties of the circuit, drained their strength to the uttermost. In a note to his friend Brackenbury, in January, Mr. Clarke says: "For a month I have been employed in visiting the classes. This close work has proved more than I could well

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sustain. I need not say, that preaching three or four times a day,* and giving tickets to two or three hundred people, regulating the concerns of the Society, etc., is more than any common strength is able to perform. From what I now feel, and the increase of the work, I have every reason to believe that I shall either be in eternity before Conference, or be fully invalided. In visiting the classes I have diligently endeavored to root out all apparent offenses and offenders; and, as the foundation is clearer than it has been for some time, I expect a more durable building. I see such fruit of my labor as causes me almost to rejoice in the martyred body which the most merciful God has in his condescension made an honored instrument in helping forward so good a work."

So, in the June quarter: "I am now so exceedingly busied, that I have not time to take my necessary food. We are visiting the classes, in which I am employed from six o'clock in the morning to five in the evening:" all this, followed by preaching either in the city or the country. Mr. Wesley, on a visit to Bristol, gave him all the help he could. Thus in his Journal at this time we read the entry; "On Monday, and the three following days, I visited the classes at Bristol." Mr. Clarke mentions that he took one class, and Mr. Wesley another, alternately; thus proceeding during four successive days. As to his circuit-work, we take the following specimens of its fidelity and heartiness: "I set out for Westbury, walked thither, and preached with great liberty to a large, attentive congregation. At five I preached at the Room, and the Lord gave me an hour's work of very convincing speech. I felt in my soul that much good was done. I may not know to what extent; but this the Lord has favored me with, that a notorious sinner was thoroughly convinced, and has since been earnestly wrestling with God, that he may escape eternal fire. Glory be to thee, O God!

* He must mean Sundays, when, with heavy pulpit duty, the necessity of meeting several classes is most painfully oppressive. Superintendents should avoid it, if any other arrangements are possible.

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I then met the Society and spoke all my mind; the *lazy* rich I did not spare. On Monday morning I had at five o'clock such a congregation as I think I never saw in Bristol; several of the great folks, too, were hearing for life. These things are tokens for good. Our friends tell me there is a great stir all round Bristol. In such a large place it cannot be so palpable as in a smaller; but, thank God, this is no matter. Glory, glory to God and to the Lamb!" The next Sunday: "I preached at Donkerton, to a very simple, pleasing people; and God was in the midst: at noon and night, in Bath. He gave me liberty, and I have no doubt much good was done. I had one soul for my hire at the last preaching: such a power from on high rested on all as I have seldom seen. God seemed to have given the people into my hand."

"Yesterday rode from Bath to Bristol, and back again this morning. Met five classes, and preached once: have yet to meet six classes, and preach twice. To-morrow morning return to Bristol, as we begin to meet classes at six in the morning, and continue with short intervals the whole of the day to the end of the week. I feel willing, but am almost knocked up.

"Went last Sunday to Kingswood, preached twice, gave an exhortation, and met nine classes. Thence to Guinea-street, where preached, met Society, and gave tickets to one class." Again: "At seven, A. M. met the Bridge-street Society; preached at Guinea-street, thence to Westbury, preached at two o'clock, and gave tickets; then back to Bristol, fatigued and wet; preached at five, and met the Society. Next morning at five preached again; and then rode to the Marsh, where, scarcely able to speak, I preached again, and gave tickets. From Marsh the next morning back to Pensford; from thence to Clutton, through a severe tempest, wet to the skin. Thursday to Kingswood; preached at five, and returned home to assist Mr. Hodgson to hold a watchnight, but was scarcely able to move for more than an hour after I got home. At length I went to lend some

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aid, and brother Hodgson and I held on till about eleven o'clock, when we made an apology for retiring. . . . . Just as I was passing to my bedroom, I thought I would go to the lobby-window, and take a last view of them, at which moment one of the singers was giving out a hymn. I thought, 'The meeting will close for lack of persons to pray. I will go down." Mr. Hodgson at that moment joined me, and advised me not. I hesitated a moment; but, finding my soul drawn out in pity to the multitudes, I said, 'I will go down in the name of the Lord. Mr. Hodgson would not be left behind. I had before felt much of the power of God, but now it was doubled. We continued singing, praying, and exhorting until half-past twelve, during which time strong prayers, cries, and tears bore testimony to the present power of God. How excellent the Lord is in working! How wondrous are his ways of mercy! 'I am thine, save me.' I am willing to breathe my last in thy work."

In his personal intercourse with the Methodist people of Bristol, Mr. Clarke now formed friendships which were lifelong; and those friendships were cherished for the poor of Christ's flock, as well as the rich. Among the former class was an eminent Christian named Summerhill; and we mention her case on account of its extraordinary character. Dame Summerhill was at that time a hundred and four years old. Relating her experience one day to Mr. Clarke, she said that Mr. Wesley was her father in the Gospel. "When he first came to Bristol, I went to hear him preach; and, having heard him, I said, 'This is the truth.' I inquired of those around, who and what he was. I was told that he was a man who went about everywhere preaching the Gospel. I further inquired, 'Is he to preach here again?' The reply was, 'Not at present.' 'Where is he going to next?' I asked. 'To Plymouth,' was the answer. 'And will he preach there?' 'Yes.' 'Then I will go and hear him. What is the distance?' 'One hundred and twenty-five miles.' I went, walked it, heard him, and walked back again!"

When a hundred and six years old she was accustomed

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to read the Church prayers daily, "as a substitute for the public means of grace," which she was no longer able to attend; reading the small print both of Bible and Prayer-Book without spectacles.

In Bristol Mr. Clarke sat for his portrait, at the request of several of his friends. The painter was Mr. Holloway, who distinguished himself some years after by his engravings of the cartoons of Raffaelle. From several preceding failures, Mr. Clarke had come to the conclusion that his face was not an auspicious one for the pencil; and he complied only on two conditions: "First, that you do not make me appear better than I am; for that will reflect on my Maker, as though he had not made me good enough: and, secondly, that you do not make me appear worse than I am; for that will be to burlesque me." The request of the artist was supported by Mr. Wesley, who wanted to have an engraving of it for the Magazine. The likeness is correct enough, though the engraving is but indifferent. Underneath, after the manner of the old portraits in the Magazine, is the inscription, "Mr. Adam Clarke, Ætatis 27." Mr. Clarke's father, whom he now had the pleasure of once more seeing in Bristol, objected to the age, as being two years too young. But upon this point, as we have already noticed, neither father, mother, nor son was ever quite free from uncertainty.

Though the incessant demand on his time by public and pastoral engagements left him but few hours for books, the unslaked and ever-growing thirst of his soul for knowledge made Mr. Clarke still a diligent student to the extent of his opportunities. He read hard, and thought deeply; and the advantages he found in access to large collections of books in the city were diligently improved. His scanty means, also, were taxed to the utmost in acquisitions to his own library, which even now began to be considerable, both as to the number and the value of the works of which it was composed.

This year in Bristol, which was passed in one continued series of exertions, was crowned by the assembly of the Conference there; a circumstance which always gives ad-

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ditional anxiety to the preachers stationed on the spot, from the task it devolves on them of furnishing so large a number of strangers with domestic accommodation. This Conference (of 1790) was distinguished as being the last over which Mr. Wesley presided in person. It was the forty-seventh of its annual assemblies in which this truly apostolic bishop had gathered around him his sons and fellow-laborers in the Gospel, for counsel and prayer. But his long and luminous career was now about to end. It was the sunset of his day, and the evening was without a cloud. The preachers had a presentiment that they were to see his face no more. His latest counsels sank into their hearts, and the last accents of his voice became a prophecy to them of benediction and peace.*

On reviewing the state of the Connection, it was found that in Great Britain and America the numbers in society amounted to 120,000; thus graciously had the word preached been attested and blessed by the converting Spirit of God. At the present time the numerical strength of the Methodist body, under the care of the British and affiliated Conferences, exceeds 420,000 members; under the care of the Methodist Episcopal Churches of the United States, more than double that sum;† not to speak of the various offsets from the parent stock—the New Connection, the Primitive Methodists, etc., etc., or of the immense multitudes who habitually hear the Gospel in the congregations, or of the myriads of children who are educated in the schools. Meanwhile, in the years gone by, hundreds of thousands who have passed into eternity found in the sanctuaries of Methodism the gate of heaven. It may be seen that Adam

* "At this Conference I parted with Mr. Wesley, to see him no more till the resurrection of the just. He appeared very feeble. His sight had failed so much, that he could not see to give out the hymns. And yet his voice was strong, his spirit remarkably lively; and the powers of his mind, and his love toward his fellow-creatures, were as bright as ever."—*Mr. Atmore's Journal.*

† In 1858 the Methodist Episcopal Church numbered 956,555; in the M. E. Church, South, 648,936; total, 1,605,491.—Am. Ed.

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Clarke had devoted the energies of his wasting life to a work worthy of the sacrifice.

One of the last subjects of anxiety with Mr. Wesley at this Conference was, so to arrange the work of the preachers that, if possible, no man should preach more than twice on the Sunday. The case of Mr. Clarke, and a multitude of others like it, convinced him that these men were exceeding the limits of their natural strength, and running a career of self-destruction. At the sight of so many useful servants of God thus shortening their lives, it was his earnest desire to adopt some plan which, by diminishing the Sunday labor, would give a greater effect to their services, as well as prolong their duration. Accordingly, (to use Mr. Clarke's memorandum,) "in a private meeting with some of the principal and senior preachers, which was held in Mr. Wesley's study, to prepare matters for the Conference, he proposed that a rule should be made that no preacher should preach thrice on the same day. Messrs. Mather, Pawson, Thompson, and others, said this would be impracticable, as it was absolutely necessary in most cases. . . . Mr. Wesley replied, 'It must be given up: we shall lose our preachers by such excessive labor.' They answered, 'We have all done so; and you even, at an advanced age, have continued to do so.' 'What I have done,' said he, 'is out of the question; my life and strength have been under an especial providence. Besides, I know better than they how to preach without injuring myself; and no man can preach thrice a day without killing himself sooner or later, and the custom shall not be continued.' They pressed the point no farther, finding that he was determined; but after all the Minute went to press—'No preacher shall any more preach three times in the same day (to the same congregation.)' By this clause the Minute was entirely neutralized. He who preaches the Gospel as he ought, must do it with his whole strength of body and soul; and he who undertakes a labor of this kind thrice every Lord's day, will infallibly shorten his life by it. He who, instead of preaching, talks to the

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people, merely speaks about good things, or tells a religious story, will never injure himself by such an employment. Such a person does not *labor* in the word and doctrine; he tells his tale, and, as he preaches, his congregation believes, and sinners are left as he found them."

At the Bristol Conference Mr. Clarke was appointed to Dublin, and he reached that capital in the following month. This was a trust which reflected great honor on him, and showed the strong confidence entertained by Mr. Wesley and the preachers in his talents, prudence, and fidelity; for the English preacher who held that station, was looked up to as "the general assistant;" that is, Mr. Wesley's representative or commissary over all the Irish circuits. The critical state of the society, moreover, required a man of ability and sagacity. There were two parties among them; one for an entire subjection to the Established Church; another with tendencies more free. "Dr. Coke, with the approbation of Mr. Wesley, had introduced the use of the Liturgy into the chapel at Whitefriar-street. This measure was opposed by some of the leading members, as tending to what they called a separation from the Church; when, in truth, it was the most effectual way to keep the society attached to its spirit and doctrines; who, because they were without divine service in church hours, were scattered throughout the city, some at church, and many more at different places of Dissenting worship, where they heard doctrines that tended greatly to unsettle their religious opinions; and in the end many were lost to the society. In consequence of the introduction of the Liturgy, a very good congregation assembled at Whitefriar-street; and much good might have been done, if the rich members had not continued hostile to the measure, by withdrawing their countenance and support, which many of them did. At last both sides agreed to desire the British Conference, for the sake of peace, to restore matters to their original state, and abolish the morning service. Mr. Clarke, who at that time labored under the same kind of prejudice, gave his voice against

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the continuance of the Prayers; and at his recommendation the Conference annulled the service. "This," he affirms, "was the greatest ecclesiastical error he ever committed, and one which he deeply deplored for many years; and he was thankful when, in the course of Divine Providence, he was enabled afterward to restore that service in the newly-erected chapel in Abbey-street, which he had formerly been the instrument of putting down in Whitefriar-street; that very same party, to please whom it was done, having separated from the Methodist's body, and set up a spurious and factious connection of their own, under the name of Primitive Methodism, a principal object of which was to deprive the original Connection of its chapels, divide its societies, in every way to injure its finances, and traduce both its spiritual and loyal character.

"It may be asked, 'Why did Mr. Clarke in 1790 espouse the side of this party?" It is but justice to say, that to that class of men he was under no kind of obligation; they had neglected him, though he was on their side of the question, as much as they did those who were opposed to them. He and his family had nothing but affliction and distress while they remained in Dublin, and that party neither ministered to his necessities nor sympathized with him in his afflictions. What he did was from an ill-grounded fear that the introduction of the Church service might lead to a separation from the Church, (which the prejudice of education could alone have suggested,) and he thought the different societies might be induced to attend at their parish churches, and so all kinds of Dissent be prevented. But multitudes of those by whatever name they had been called, had never belonged to any Church, and felt no religious attachment to any but those who had been the means of their salvation. When, therefore, they did not find among the Methodists religious service on the proper times of the Lord's day, they often wandered heedlessly about, and became unhinged and distracted with the strange doctrines they heard. Of this Mr. Clarke was afterwards fully convinced, and saw the folly of

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endeavouring to force the people to attend a ministry from which they had never received any spiritual advantage, and the danger of not endeavouring to cultivate the soil which had been with great pain and difficulty inclosed, broken up, and sown with the good seed, the word of the kingdom."

Notwithstanding these differences, the work of God had not been without some measure of prosperity among the Methodists of Dublin. Mr. Clarke found that, some weeks before his coming, a remarkable revival had taken place, the effects of which were still felt, though retarded by the injudicious conduct of some who, though mistaken, intended well. I refer to this, and give some portions of a manuscript letter of Mr. Clarke to Mr. Wesley, for the purpose of recording the opinion of the latter on a matter of abiding importance—the desirableness of prolonging the good influence of a revival by avoiding the exhaustive consequences of meetings protracted to an unusual length. This letter is dated from Dublin in September. After mentioning his arrival, and how he had found his colleague, Mr. Rutherford, but slowly recovering from a dangerous illness, which had left the people somewhat in confusion through their deprival of the stated services, he thus goes on: "The work which was so remarkable about the time of Conference was hardly discernible when I came, owing, as I am informed, to the extravagance and irregularity in the conduct of those who took the management during Mr. Rutherford's indisposition. The times of the prayer-meetings were and are continued, but to an unwarrantable length, hardly ever breaking up before ten or eleven o'clock, and frequently continued till twelve or one. And in those meetings some have taken on themselves to give exhortations of half an hour or forty-five minutes in length. This has a tendency to wear out the people. I have advised them to shorten their prayer-meetings at Whitefriars on Sabbath evenings after preaching, as I find the families of many are shockingly neglected; for how can there be family religion, especially on the Lord's day, which

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you know is filled up with ordinances, if prayer-meetings are continued till ten or eleven at night?"

He proceeds to observe that he finds it very difficult to interfere, as the more zealous persons in the movement have already accused him of opposing the good work. "We can hardly expect a revival without irregularities and stumbling-blocks; but my heart joins fully with one of the last prayers I heard my reverend father offer in Bristol: 'Lord, if possible, give us this work without the stumbling-blocks; but, if this cannot be, give us stumbling-blocks and all rather than not have thy work.' To this my whole soul says Amen."

Mr. Wesley replies in a letter which has been printed in his Works:* "You will have need of all the courage and prudence which God has given you. . . . Very gently and very steadily you should proceed between the rocks on either hand. In the great revival in London, my first difficulty was to bring into temper those who opposed the work, and my next, to check and regulate the extravagances of those who promoted it. And this was far the harder, for many of them would bear no check at all. But I followed one rule, though with all calmness: 'You must either bend or break.' Meantime, while you act exactly right, expect to be blamed by both sides. I will give you a few directions: 1. See that no prayer-meetings continue later than nine at night, particularly on Sunday. Let the house be emptied before the clock strikes nine. 2. Let there be no exhortation at any prayer-meeting. 3. Beware of jealousy, or judging one another. 4. Never think a man is an enemy to the work because he reproves irregularities. Peace be with you and yours!"

These precepts merit consideration at all times; and so do some observations which Mr. Clarke once made on the topic to which they relate. One day, (as he observed,) having inquired of a pious couple who had discontinued their attendance at the meeting for prayer, "How it was they had

* Letter 821, Works, vol. vii.

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ceased to come as usual?" he was told, "We cannot without standing during prayer, which we think is unbecoming; and the prayers are so long that we cannot kneel all the time; sometimes, too, a verse is given out while the people are on their knees, and two or three pray; we cannot kneel so long, and therefore we are obliged to keep away." He could not but assent to the gravity of the objection. In fact he had himself suffered much inconvenience from the same cause. "On one occasion," said he, "a good brother at a meeting went to prayer. I kneeled on the floor, having nothing to support me. He prayed forty minutes. I was unwilling to rise, and several times was near fainting. What I suffered I cannot describe. After the meeting I ventured to expostulate with him, when, in addition to the injury sustained by the unmerciful prayer, I had the following reproof: 'My brother, if your mind had been more spiritual, you would not have felt the prayer too long.' I mention these circumstances," added Dr. Clarke, "not to excuse the careless multitude, but in vindication of such sufferers; and to show the necessity of being short in our prayers, if we expect others to join us."

In some rules for the conducting of prayer-meetings, drawn up by a man of great experience, the late Rev. David Stoner,* we find it prescribed: "Let no individual pray long; in general the utmost limit ought to be about two minutes. It will be found much better for one person to pray twice or thrice in the course of the meeting than to pray once a long time. Long praying is commonly both a symptom and a cause of spiritual deadness." The unusual brevity here recommended will appear to many of us as the opposite extreme to the dreary length of exercise deplored by Mr. Clarke. But of the two Mr. Stoner's is, undoubtedly, the preferable. Wesley himself had a strong repugnance to long prayers. He insists somewhere that the preachers in the pulpit should not exceed ten minutes in that part of the service.

* See his beautiful biography, by Dr. Hannah and Mr. Dawson.

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The winter was ushered in with heavy domestic affliction, which seriously interfered with the ministerial efficiency of the year spent in Dublin. The trustees had been building a new house for the minister, which was to serve at once for a school and a parsonage. The minister's family were to reside in the apartments on the ground-floor, the school-room stretching over all, above. Mr. Clarke was obliged to take possession of these premises before they were dry. This was done at the expense of his own health, and that of his family. In a fortnight the afflicted parents wept over the grave of their child; and some time after Mr. Clarke himself, whose cough had not abated its severity, and whose general health was already so delicate, was attacked with serious illness, and laid utterly prostrate. On the 20th of January he writes these few lines to his sister-in-law: "I have requested the writing materials to be brought to my bedside, and use them, in order to prove to you that, because the Lord liveth, I still exist. But a short time ago there was no probability that you would ever receive a line from my hand. My beyond all comparison excellent Mary continued my close attendant in the time of unutterable distress. It added to my affliction to see the part she took in it night and day. This is my nineteenth day, and I begin, though slowly, to gather a little strength; but have had hardly any sleep since I was first seized. . . . You will, perhaps, wish to know in what stead my profession stood me in the time of sore trouble. I cannot enumerate particulars; suffice it to say, God did not leave my soul one moment. I was kept, through the whole, in such a state of perfect resignation, that not a single desire that the Lord would either remove or lessen the pain took place in my mind from the beginning until now. I could speak of nothing but mercy. Jesus was my all and in all. The Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Blessed, blessed forever, be the name of the Lord!"

Mrs. Clarke's assiduity was maintained under the pressure of personal infirmity, before which she herself had at

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length to succumb; and for three weeks husband and wife were confined each to a sick room. Toward the close of these trying days he had a letter of consolation from Mr. Wesley, a few lines of which I extract, as it was the last Mr. Clarke received from his venerable friend, then on the verge of eternity: "You have great reason, dear Adam, to bless God for giving you strength according to your day. He has indeed supported you in a wonderful manner under these complicated afflictions; and you may well say, 'I will put my trust in Thee as long as I live.' I will desire Dr. Whitehead to consider your case, and give you his thoughts upon it. I am not afraid of your doing too little, but too much. Do a little at a time, that you may do the more."

With some degree of convalescence, our preacher now applied himself to his work, and followed up the energetic ministration of the word with works of beneficence and piety in restraining evil and doing good, which could not but commend him to all who, with the poet, could

> "Venerate the man whose heart is warm,
> Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
> Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
> That he is honest in the sacred cause."

With a heart naturally tender, and refined by the compassions of the Gospel, he strove, according to his ability, to soothe the troubles of the afflicted, to heal the sick, and lead the blind. To do this more effectually, he sought to secure the united and organized efforts of such as he could find like-minded with himself, and succeeded in founding an important institution, which not in Dublin only, but in all our great towns, has been the means of doing a wonderful amount of good to the bodies and souls of the perishing; namely, "The Strangers' Friend Society." The year before, at Bristol, with the concurrence of Mr. Wesley, he had made an essay of the same kind, which was supported on a small scale by penny-a-week subscriptions. In Dublin he attempted something in a greater way; and in the different towns in which he was afterward stationed he followed the

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same design. In promoting these benevolent movements, he was not only found in the chair of the committee-room, but, as a visitor of the society, he went about among the miserable multitudes of the Irish metropolis, contributing, according to the means thus providentially intrusted to him, as well to the wants of the body as to those of the soul.

The people among whom he moved took knowledge of him as a man of God. His own flock revered him as one who was pointing them to a better life, and, by example as well as precept, leading the way. Though *in* the world, and living actively for its service and benefit, he was not *of* it. His very appearance indicated that he lived in a mental region of his own. Wasted in form, wan with illness and labor, rapt in intellectual abstraction, he looked as if he did not belong to the every-day world of flesh and blood. As he passed along the crowded streets, he appeared to see no one, but pursued his way as if measuring the ground, or counting the strides necessary to be taken from chapel to chapel.

As a University city, Dublin possessed a peculiar charm for Mr. Clarke; and, with his eager tendencies after knowledge, we wonder not that he seized the earliest opportunity to enter himself of Trinity College. The multifarious engagements of his life, however, and the inroads which illness made on his time, did not allow him to avail himself of the general curriculum of study followed there. He therefore restricted himself to attendance on the medical and anatomical courses, and to a diligent appropriation of material for his own future literary undertakings which he found in the college library, He now, too, became acquainted with several learned and accomplished persons, with whom he continued to have improving intercourse in after life. Among them were the Rev. Dr. Barrett, the librarian of Trinity; Mrs. Tighe, the authoress of "Psyche," a poem long admired for its pure sentiment and delicate felicity of style; and an alchemist named Hands, to whose friendship with Mr. Clarke we may revert on a future page. We should also

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mention one of Mr. Clarke's Oriental friends, with whom he became acquainted in Dublin; Ibrahim ibn Ali, who had formerly held a captain's commission in the army of the Sultan. Brought up in the religion of his father, a Mohammedan, his mind had nevertheless been influenced by the secret instructions of his mother, who was a Greek and a Christian. Imprisoned on suspicion of a murder, which was afterward fully cleared up by the surrender of the real assassins, he had been in imminent danger of losing his life, and in the time of peril had been deeply moved by the exhortations of an old Spaniard to renounce all faith in the false prophet, and confide in the true Saviour of mankind. In this state of mind he left his native country, and came to England. From Liverpool he proceeded to Dublin, where, inquiring for a person who knew Spanish or Arabic, he was directed to Mr. Clarke, who treated him with all the kindness in his power. Ibrahim became a sincere inquirer after the truth, and found in Mr. Clarke a guide who led him to Jesus. After due and cautious probation he was at length admitted to baptism, Mr. Rutherford performing the sacred rite, and Mr. Clarke translating into Spanish the words in which it was administered. The subsequent career of the convert justified the hopes of his friends. He accompanied Mr. Clarke to England, and thence went to America in a mercantile capacity, where he married a lady of the Baptist communion, and died at last steadfast in the faith.

The year in Dublin drew to a close, and Mr. Clarke felt it his duty to terminate, for the present, his connection with the circuit. His feeble health unfitted him to cope with some of the peculiar difficulties of a station so responsible; and the party spirit which reigned so strongly at that time in Dublin compelled him to decide on returning to England. The Conference was to be held in Manchester, and the Dublin preachers prepared to go. Mrs. Clarke, also, and the little ones, were to accompany them, thus making but one voyage for the family. But this arrangement was not carried out. From some letters of this excellent lady,

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which have been confided to me, I take the liberty to extract a few sentences:

"When I wrote last I thought it would have been my last letter from Dublin; but I wrote doubtfully, because I well know the uncertainty of all things here below. And so it has been in reference to my going to England. We had our chests packed, and all ready for embarkation, when John was seized with the measles. I could not think of taking the child to sea in that condition, and gave up the thought of accompanying Mr. Clarke, who could not be detained. The people were glad, as they thought it would secure Mr. Clarke's return for me. The time was set for the preachers to sail, but no packet came into port. Day by day they waited; still no vessel came. Meanwhile John grew better apace; and no vessel arriving till Saturday, fearing to be too late for the Conference, they set sail. Mr. Clarke and Mr. Rutherford wished to stay behind till Monday, when John might with safety have gone too; but they feared a second detention, and overruled that all the preachers should go together. Accordingly they sailed, and after encountering some sore weather at sea, arrived safe in Liverpool after a forty-eight hours' passage. Thus much concerning our going to England. Where we shall be the coming year, I know no more than an utter stranger. I should fear to choose. Wherever we are, I trust it will be for God's glory, and the good of many souls."

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CHAPTER IX.

THE CIRCUIT MINISTER.

The Conference assembled at Manchester. It was the forty-eighth, and for the first time they met without the presence of him who had been their earthly head. The apostle of England had finished his glorious course on the second of March, revered by an innumerable multitude of good men. Serious fears had been entertained by many true friends of the Methodist cause, that this event would prove fatal to its unity, and even endanger its existence. Soon, however, these apprehensions were shown to be groundless. Methodism, a visible work of God, abides and prospers, when individual men, however honored in having been employed by him as the agents of his great purposes of mercy, are called from the labors of this life to their eternal repose. The preachers were brought more than ever to feel their dependence on the adorable Head of the Church, who liveth evermore. Such being their frame of mind, they were now cheered in their sorrow by tokens of his presence who has said, "Fear not for I am with you." In a brief memorial prefixed to the Minutes of this Conference, while they confess to the societies their inability to represent adequately their feelings on account of their "great loss," they express their solemn purpose and hope that they "shall give the most substantial proofs of their veneration for the memory of their most esteemed father and friend, by endeavoring with great humility and diffidence, to follow and imitate him in doctrine, discipline, and life."

The cause for which Wesley lived and labored thus survived him. His wise provision had secured for the ministers as a body, by the Deed of Declaration, a legal status

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in the country; and had consolidated and insured the ecclesiastical property of the Connection for the sole purposes for which it had been created—the existence and sustentation of simple, pure, and evangelic agencies for the salvation of the people. Among the preachers, too, there were many who had grown old with him in the work; and to them their brethren looked up with ingenuous and open-hearted confidence. From among these one was now selected as the presidential head of the Connection for the current year, and this honor fell upon the Rev. William Thompson, a man venerable for piety, wisdom, and ability. The office of secretary was conferred on the Rev. Dr. Coke. All the acts of the Conference were distinguished by a single-minded purpose to do all to the supreme glory of God. "I have been," said Mr. Clarke, "at several Conferences; but have never seen one in which the spirit of unity, love, and a sound mind so generally prevailed. I would have this intelligence transmitted from Dan to Beersheba, and let the earth know that the dying words of our revered father have their accomplishment—'The Lord is with us.'"

Mr. Clarke's new station was Manchester. The favor had been offered him of making his own choice of a circuit; but this he declined, anxious, as he said, that God should station him. Having his lot providentially fixed at Manchester, he was enabled in the two following years to avail himself repeatedly of the benefit of the waters at Buxton, which contributed in a good degree to the reinstatement of his health. Of the great utility of those waters, especially in rheumatic affections, he ever after expressed a high opinion.

Mrs. Clarke and her little ones arrived in Liverpool after a long passage, through a stormy sea, which had caused no small anxiety to her husband, who was waiting daily for them "in great misery," to use his own words, "in consequence of the prolonged voyage of my wife and children, who, I had reason to fear, were swallowed up in the great deep. Twice every day for a week I went down to the dock to look out for the Dublin packet, which contrary winds had

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detained at sea. At length, while standing on the quay one evening, the vessel, to my inexpressible joy, hove in sight: I beheld my Mary and the children upon deck, and hailed them as from the dead. I got on board as soon as possible, and found the little ones almost starved; for, owing to the tediousness of the voyage, being several days on the water, all provision had been for some time expended. I instantly took Adam (I had an Adam then) on one arm, and John on the other; and, running with them into a baker's shop, gave to each a twopenny loaf, and in an instant their little faces were almost buried in them. I then hastened with something to my wife; and we walked to a home, no longer desolate to me, blessing the God of all mercy for the protection he had extended while in the midst of peril and distress."

At the custom-house he had much annoyance from the reckless exorbitance of the officials, who turned his boxes of books inside out, charged him threepence per pound for the classical works, and five pounds for a philosophical instrument! At length, however, the re-united family found themselves settled in their new abode; and Mr. Clarke, with such strength as he had, addressed himself to the duties of the opening year.

Hitherto he had traveled with men who, though pious and faithful preachers of the Gospel, do not appear to have been distinguished by extraordinary ability. It was now Mr. Clarke's lot to be associated with two colleagues whose names have a well-deserved renown in the Methodist world, for the splendor of their talents and the importance of their services to the cause to which they were consecrated. Mr. Bradburn was, confessedly, one of the most accomplished orators of the day, a man of expansive mind and generous impulses of heart, though not free from the eccentricities which often reveal themselves in persons of genius. On the other hand, in Mr. Benson the Church possessed a minister remarkable not only for great fervency of spirit, but also for an almost imperturbable correctness of judgment, and an affluence of theological learning which placed him in the

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highest order of divines. Very few men have been better read in the Greek Testament, and few commentators have given so clear an exposition of it. But it was in the pulpit that he brought those gifts and graces to bear, with the most signal effect, upon the great end of all, the salvation of souls. His ministry was transcendently apostolic. With many disadvantages of person and voice, he exercised a like lofty sway over assemblages comprising intellects of every grade. While Benson preached, the scholar and the peasant bowed in common before the majesty of truth, which, in plain, unadorned English phrases, awoke them as with the thunder-storms of Sinai, or melted them as with the voice from the cross.* With fellow-laborers like these, whose names were in the book of life, Mr. Clarke would no doubt find all the soul that was within him roused into lawful emulation and holy sympathy.

Yet there appears to have been one drawback. He could not feel free to coincide with them as to the line he considered they were taking in respect to the grand political question of the times. The bloody drama of the French Revolution was then unfolding scene after scene of horror. Two classes of opinions on this great crisis held sway on the British side of the Channel. One school of political men, represented by Fox, seemed to hear in the groans of wholesale murders, which the winds wafted to our shores, only the death-pangs of tyranny, and the transient throes that were destined to usher in an era of permanent liberty and repose; while men of another class, represented by Burke, horror-struck at the ghastly realities of the present, were incapable of gathering any augury

* We have been told that his sermons were sometimes attended not only by the common clergy, but by bishops of the Church. That great and good man, the Rev. Richard Cecil, greatly delighted to hear him. He said that Mr. Benson seemed like a messenger sent from the other world, to call men to account. "Mr. Benson," said Robert Hall, "is irresistible, perfectly irresistible!" Memoirs of his life have been written by Macdonald and Treffry; and a masterly delineation of his character, from the pen of Dr. Bunting, appears in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine for 1822.

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of good for the future from a seed-time so portentuously evil. The riots at Birmingham, caused by the Gallo-mania of Dr. Priestley and his adherents, and the general tendency among the masses to be led away by the dogmas of Paine, as the French had been by those of Voltaire, served to bring the threatening evil home to our very thresholds. While society was thus perturbed to its foundations, with "distress of nations" and "perplexity, the sea and the waves roaring, men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things that were coming on the earth," it seems to have been impossible, nay, it would have been a guilty breach of duty, for the watchman in the pulpit to hold his peace. But then uniformity of doctrine could not be well expected on matters like these, and the counsels delivered from the sacred desk took a tinge from the sentiments, antagonistic to each other, which through the long hours of many a night were then reasoned out in the Senate. Messrs. Benson and Bradburn differed, undoubtedly, in their modes of treating this grave problem; but certainly not to that extent which might be inferred from the hastily written terms in Dr. Clarke's statement of the matter: "It was the lot of Mr. Clarke to be associated at this time with two eminent men, who unfortunately took opposite sides of this great political question; one pleading for the lowest republicanism, while the other exhausted himself in maintaining the divine right of kings and regular governments to do what might seem right in their own eyes, the people at large having nothing to do with the laws but to obey them. His soul was grieved at this state of things; but he went calmly on his way, preaching Christ crucified for the redemption of a lost world; and, though his abilities were greatly inferior to those of his colleagues, his congregations were equal to theirs, and his word more abundantly useful. Political preachers neither convert souls nor build up believers on their most holy faith. One may pique himself on his loyalty, and another on his liberality; but, in the sight of the Great Head of the Church, the first is a sounding brass, the second a tinkling cymbal. . . .

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When preachers of the Gospel become parties in party politics, religion mourns; the Church is unedified, and political disputes agitate even the faithful of the land. Such preachers, no matter which side they take, are no longer the messengers of glad tidings, but the seedsmen of confusion, and wasters of the heritage of Christ. Though Mr. Clarke had fully made up his mind on the politics of the day, and never swerved from his Whig principles, yet in the pulpit there was nothing heard from him but Christ crucified, and the salvation procured by his blood."

It must be confessed there is a tone of unkindness about this paragraph, very unlike the magnanimity of Dr. Clarke, which indicates that his mind at this time was under some influence, to us unknown, which, in regard to this particular subject, beclouded his usually clear judgment. In the opinion he has expressed on the conduct of his colleagues, he was undoubtedly mistaken; or, to use the words of a former biographer, "he was not sufficiently guarded in his expressions. It may be true that Messrs. Bradburn and Benson ranged themselves on opposite sides; that Mr. Bradburn took his stand on the side of Liberty, and Mr. Benson on that of Order; but there is no evidence to prove that the one was so violent a champion of 'legitimacy,' or the other so determined 'an advocate of the lowest republicanism,' as Dr. Clarke represents them to have been. Both these celebrated ministers may have been betrayed by a well-meant zeal into the occasional introduction of their political speculations into the pulpit; but it is monstrous to suppose that from Sabbath to Sabbath they carried on a systematic warfare. Mr. Clarke must have been misled by the reports of ignorant or designing men, who, being themselves, perhaps, violent partisans, tinged everything with the deep hue of their own excitement; for while discharging his own duties with the zeal with which he always did discharge them, he could not be engaged in collecting the evidence upon which he founded his statement. Mr. Bradburn, indeed, published a sermon on 'Equality,' in which his prime end was to

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show, 'that a firm adherence to the principles of unlimited religious liberty was perfectly consistent with a steadfast attachment to the king, whom he earnestly prayed God to bless, and to the civil constitution, which in itself was excellent, and of which he highly approved.' 'If there had been no such scripture,' he remarks, 'as that which commands us to *honor the king*, we,' the Methodists, 'as a people, have reason to love King George, and to be pleased with the civil government.' To such an extent, indeed, did Mr. Bradburn carry his views of loyalty, that he maintained it to be the duty of the Methodists 'to be loyal, were a Pagan upon the throne;' for he adds, 'what with some is mere policy, is with us a case of conscience.' The whole scope of the discourse is to expose the leveling politics which were then so warmly advocated." *

On the other hand, Mr. Benson found himself moving in a population among which infidelity and republicanism were making victims of the same men in increasing numbers every week. Paine and Voltaire had indoctrinated them not only with hatred to King George, but with hatred to Jesus Christ. In these circumstances he surely did not depart from his duty, but fulfilled it, in warning his hearers against the horrid contamination to which they were exposed, and in reasoning with those who were too likely to be misguided, in order to show them the better way. Mr. Benson's ministry was one of almost matchless power, as the day of revelation will declare. There is little hazard in affirming that he was incapable of mixing up party politics with the momentous matters proper to the pulpit—a course which would have merited all the severe reprehension conveyed in the foregoing extract.

Mr. Clarke's health had not yet become sufficiently confirmed to prevent occasional relapses of illness. After one of those seasons, he writes to his friend Mr. Mather, that December and January had been trying months: "I dreaded the time of meeting the classes, as this always ex-

* Hare's Life and Labors of Adam Clarke, LL.D.

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ceedingly hurts me, and cried to God for support. Glory be to God! that work is now done; and I have been heard in that I feared. There is a good work among the people. Many are stirred up to seek purity of heart, and two men at our last public bands gave a clear, rational account of a complete deliverance from all evil tempers and desires, in consequence of which they have constant communion with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ, by the Holy Spirit dwelling in them. They have enjoyed this glorious liberty about two months. As the Lord has condescended to make me the instrument of their happy deliverance from an evil heart, it is a great encouragement for me to proceed in my work. There are some here who ridicule the mention of a work of this kind. They know best from whom they have learned to do so; but God enables me to bear down prejudice by a number of arguments deduced from his nature and promises. I look on this doctrine as the greatest honor of Methodism, and the glory of Christ. The Almighty forbid it should ever cease among us!"

In the absorbing duties of the circuit two years passed rapidly away. Notwithstanding the turbulent character of the times, and the differences which prevailed in the Societies on the question of service in church hours, and others arising from the anomalous position which Methodism then held with regard to the Establishment, the interests of religion were sustained and promoted in the circuit; and among other good enterprises, a Stangers' Friend Society was set in active operation. "Mr. Clarke and I," writes Mr. Bradburn, "have instituted a new charity, called the Strangers' Friend Society. It succeeds beyond our most sanguine expectations. We have many pounds in hand. It is certainly very affecting to hear of the good done every week by it." These two servants of the same Master, the longer they lived together, liked one another the better. "Mr. Clarke," says Bradburn, "is a choice companion, when known; he is all in all as my own soul." On the other side, Clarke had the greatest admiration for his colleague's talents. "Put

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them all together," said he, referring to several distinguished men, "he was not like any of them; they would not all of them make such a man. He was like no man but himself. I never knew one with so great a command of language."

In the house in which Mr. Clarke lived in Manchester he left a memorial of his veneration for Mr. Wesley, in an inscription written with a diamond's point on a pane of glass in his study window: "Good men need not marble; I dare trust glass with the memory of John Wesley, A. M., late Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford; who, with indefatigable zeal and perseverance, traveled through these kingdoms preaching Jesus for more than half a century. By his unparalleled labors and writings he revived and spread Scriptural Christianity wherever he went; for God was with him. But, having finished his work, by keeping, preaching, and defending the faith, he ceased to live among mortals, March ii, MDCCXCI, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. As a small token of continued filial respect, this inscription is humbly dedicated to the memory of the above, by his affectionate son in the Gospel, Adam Clarke."

Upon the same window in the house in Dale-street some other inscriptions were recorded by the same hand, consisting of three Greek quotations from the works of St. Clement of Alexandria.

The term of the Manchester appointment expired in July, 1793; and a new scene of labor opened to him in the Liverpool Circuit. As in Dublin, so in Manchester, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke had to leave one of their children a tenant of the grave. Their little son, Adam, was taken from them by a disease of the throat. The loss of this favorite child was always a tender grief in Dr. Clarke's mind, nor could he be persuaded to give his own Christian name again to either of the sons who were afterward added to his family.

At Liverpool he enjoyed the advantage of having for his colleague the Rev. John Pawson, a man of saintly life, and greatly revered in the Methodist communion, both by preachers and people. With this much-loved and devoted

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servant of Christ he worked in perfect harmony, and the pleasure of the Lord prospered in their hands. Comfortably renovated in health, and with the dew of the Divine Spirit descending daily upon his soul, he gave himself to earnest study, the visitation of the afflicted, and unremitted preaching in town and country; his days now glided serenely on. The circuit at that time was more extensive than at present, and many of the places were at great distances. The traveling Mr. Clarke accomplished in general on foot; and on that account preferring always, if possible, to return home, his journeys after preaching were often late at night. On one occasion, in returning from Aintree in company with his brother Tracy, two Roman Catholics, who had heard him preach, lay in wait for him. One of them from behind the hedge threw a stone of more than a pound weight at his head, with such force that it cut through his hat and inflicted a deep wound. His brother lifted him from the ground, and carried him to a cottage hard by, bleeding profusely. He dressed the wound, and then went in pursuit of the men, whom he found in a public-house. Upon being charged with the offense, each accused the other. Mr. Tracy Clarke succeeded in having them apprehended, and returned to his brother. Here he found that the people of the cottage were Romanists themselves, and that, on learning the facts of the case, they had expressed their strong approval of the outrage, and their wishes that it had proved fatal to the preacher. In these circumstances it was judged best, ill as he was, that he should be removed from so inhospitable a refuge, and taken to his brother's house at Maghull, from whence, the next day, "the picture of death, with his hair and clothes still covered with blood," he was brought home to his alarmed wife. The illness caused by this affair consumed more than a month of his valuable time, and even threatened for a while to terminate in death. On recovering he refused to prosecute, the men binding themselves to refrain from similar conduct. He learned, however, in after days, that both of them, by pro-

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gressive breaches of the law, had ultimately come to an evil end.

Mr. Clarke's place of residence in Liverpool was badly situated on a clay soil, where in those days extensive operations in brick-making were carried on. The house was also in a confined situation, and surrounded by that description of small habitations which, from want of cleanliness in their inmates, create a perpetual annoyance. His own description was very forcible: "The house is small, the street in which it stands miserable, the neighborhood wretchedly poor and wicked; the rest I leave." A gentleman desirous of paying his respects demanded, "Pray where do you reside, sir?" "Neither in hell, nor purgatory, yet in a place of torment," was the reply. "Well, but where is it?" was the reiterated question. He answered, "You must go down Dale-street, then along East-street, and when you are up to the middle in clay and mud, call out lustily for Adam Clarke." The society, however, it must be said to their honor, afterward released him from that locality, and removed his home to one of the best parts of the town.

In the second year of the Liverpool appointment Mr. Clarke's father and mother came to reside in that part of England; his father having undertaken to conduct a classical school at Manchester. They were thus brought into the vicinity of their two excellent sons, the one a healer of the body, and the other an increasingly honored minister of Him who can save the soul; each of them in his department a hard-working man, and each of them blessed in his deed.

At the close of the year Mr. Clarke attended the Conference which was held at Bristol. The great Methodist question of that time involved the celebration of service in church hours, and the administration of the sacraments in the chapels. Some few of the preachers, and more of the leading trustees in the principal circuits, were adverse to these measures; but the majority of the preachers and the

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great body of the people were in favor of them. The more formal secession of Methodism, as an ecclesiastical organization, from the Established Church, indicated by such movements, had been from year to year becoming a necessary consequence of the circumstances which compose its early history. We should recollect that what may be called the first generation of Methodists did not by any means consist of members of the Church of England. A minority of them were such; others had been accustomed to hear the Gospel among the Nonconformists; but the greater mass of them were persons who had belonged to no Church, and many of them had not even been baptized. They had been saved from ruin by being gathered out of the world, and brought into the fellowship of the people of God. Now, the duty of the parochial clergy was to cherish this hopeful movement among the lower orders of the people, to cheer on their adventurous brethren who had gone out into the waste places to bring the wanderers home to Christ, and to receive into the fold of the Church these newly awakened souls; but, by a marvelous infatuation, they repelled them. From the primate, Archbishop Potter, who hinted excommunication to the Wesleys, and the bishops Warburton and Lavington, who assailed them and their people with reproaches and sarcasms, down to the most obscure country parson who raised the rabble of his parish to disturb their worship and maltreat their preachers, persecution of the Methodists on the part of the Church was the order of the day. "Now it was," says Mr. Wesley, in a paper addressed to the clergy themselves, "that the bishops began to speak against us, either in conversation or in public; and, on this encouragement, the clergy stirred up the people to treat us as outlaws or mad dogs. The people did so, both in Staffordshire, Cornwall, and many other places; and they still do so, wherever they are not restrained by their fear of the secular magistrate."

We have said that many of the people gathered in by the preachers were not even baptized; they were brought

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to the parish church, therefore, that they might then be numbered among the legitimate communicants. They were refused a welcome. On what ground? Because there were too many of them! "October 13th, I waited," says Mr. Charles Wesley, "with my brother, upon a minister, about baptizing some of his parish. He complained heavily of the multitude of our communicants, and produced the canon against strangers. He could not admit *that* as a reason for their coming to his church, that they had no sacrament at their own. I offered my assistance to lessen his trouble, but he declined it. There were a hundred of new communicants, he told us, last Sunday; some of whom, he said, came out of spite to him. We bless God for this cause of offense, and pray it may never be removed!" *

So, when such multitudes had been converted in the city and neighborhood of Bristol, "the brothers pressed the people to attend the religious services of the national Church, and set the example themselves. The clergy in Bristol at first complained of the increase of their labor in the administration of the Lord's Supper. When they found that complaints addressed to the 'intruders' were of no avail, and that the inconvenience rather increased than diminished, they entered into an agreement among themselves *to repel from the Lord's table both the Wesleys and the people whom they brought to church.*" *

Who, then, can wonder that the Methodist people were constrained to seek the consolations of Christ's sacraments from the hands of the men to whom, under God, they owed the salvation of their souls? But while the mass of the people thus wished for the holy rites to be administered in their own chapels, a considerable number of persons in the societies were for retaining inviolate the original ideal of union and communion with the Church. Among these latter were many of the trustees, who now, at this Conference

* Jackson's Life of the Rev. Charles Wesley. That the clergy of our day would not act in this manner, we firmly believe; but the clergy of that day did, and the consequences are abiding.

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of 1794, assembled in imposing strength, to bring the preachers to decide that the practice of administering the sacraments should be abrogated. The latter, however, declined to do violence to the consciences of the multitude of the members who were in favor of it. In this view Mr. Clarke, Churchman as he was, perfectly coincided. And, from what appears in some letters of his, written from the Conference, the spirit and conduct of the trustees were not marked by irrational or unchristian obstinacy; and though great fears had been entertained about a schismatic rupture in the Connection, the question was so far amicably adjusted that the societies who requested the privilege of the sacraments were set at full liberty to enjoy them. On August 2d, he writes: "We have this morning an answer from the trustees to our answer to their address. They rise in their demands. A committee appointed to treat with them today at four o'clock. Mr. Pawson and I are of it.

"August 3. We met yesterday at three, and continued till near eight. We settled matters wonderfully well, and are in a fair train for restoring peace, even in London. The privilege granted last year of receiving the sacrament where the people are unanimous, will, I believe, be very little extended this year.

"August 5. We are still in peace, but the sacramental and ordination matters are not yet finally adjusted. The sacrament will be allowed this year where the people are unanimous in asking for it, and *where it would be impossible to preserve a great majority of the society without it.*

"August 7. All is peace and harmony, and will be so. In a much better sense than the Frenchmen can, we may say, The Methodist preachers are 'One and Indivisible.' No thanks to the devil and his partisans; for they have done all they could to disunite us."

"The Lichfield business has been brought forward, and a vote passed that none of its propositions should be brought forward or noticed. As things go, I am well satisfied."

This last sentence refers to a private synod of some of

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the ministers held in the city of Lichfield, in the preceding April, on the invitation of Dr. Coke, to consult on the best means of meeting the growing wishes of the societies for the full ordinances of the Christian Church, after the manner most in accordance with the apostolic constitutions delivered in the New Testament. The doctor, who had already officiated in America as one of the first bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, made a proposition to this meeting, as a preliminary to a similar overture to the coming Conference, that the Methodist ministry should henceforward comprise the three orders of superintendents, (bishops,) presbyters, and deacons: a proposition which was afterward in some good degree carried out, though under another nomenclature. At that time, as already intimated, it fell to the ground.

As many exaggerated and erroneous accounts have been given of this Lichfield meeting, I will here give Mr. Clarke's own notes of it, taken on the spot. I have transcribed them from his autograph made in the room at the time.

"MINUTES OF THE MEETING HELD AT LICHFIELD, APRIL 2D, 1794.

"1. A PROMISE of secresy.

"2. All the company except Mr. M. promise to abide by the decisions of the majority, except where he believes the Bible is against it, or his conscience cannot approve of it.

"3. We will make no avowed separation from the Church of England.

"4. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper shall be administered wherever there is a majority of the society who desire it: but the preachers must not canvass for votes, or do anything to obtain a majority which may lead to a division or strife; nor should the Lord's Supper be administered in any chapel where a majority of the trustees are against it, except a fair and full indemnification be afforded them for all the debt for which they are responsible, supposing they require such indemnity.

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"5. That there be an order of superintendents, appointed by the Conference.

"6. That all the preachers who shall be appointed by the Conference shall from time to time be ordained elders.

"7. That the preachers when admitted into full connection shall receive their admission by being ordained deacons by the superintendents appointed by the Conference: provided, (1.) That no preacher at present on probation, or in full connection, shall be under an obligation to submit to ordination; (2.) That no preacher shall receive letters of orders till he have been ordained an elder.

"8. That the superintendents appointed among us by the Conference be annually changed, if it see good.

"9. That the Connection be formed into seven or eight divisions.

"10. That each superintendent shall visit the principal societies in his division, at least once a year. That he shall have authority to execute, or see executed, all the branches of the Methodist discipline; and to determine, after having consulted the preachers who are with him, in all cases of difficulty, till the Conference.

"11. That the superintendent of any division, where he judges himself inadequate to determine in any given case, shall have authority to call in the president to his assistance; in which case the president shall, if possible, attend, and shall have the ultimate determination of the case till the next Conference.

"12. The divisions for the present:

"London: Sussex, Canterbury, Godalming, Norwich, Yarmouth, Diss, St. Ives, Bury, Colchester, Lynn, Walsingham, Bedford, Higham Ferrers.

"(2.) Bristol: Bath, Portsmouth, Sarum, Isles, Bradford, Gloucester, Taunton, Collumpton, Plymouth, St. Austell, Redruth, Penzance.

"(3.) Birmingham: Oxford, Worcester, Pembroke, Glamorgan, Brecon, Wolverhampton, Shrewsbury, Burslem.

"(4.) Manchester: Macclesfield, Leek, Stockport, etc.

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"(5.) SHEFFIELD: Nottingham, Northampton, Banbury, etc.
"(6.) LEEDS. (7.) NEWCASTLE. (8.) SCOTLAND, IRELAND, the NORMAN ISLES.

"Proposed Superintendents: Dr. Coke, Dr. Mather, Dr. Pawson, Dr. Taylor, Dr. Moore, Mr. Hanby, Mr. Bradburn.

"Persons present: T. Coke, Alex. Mather, Thos. Taylor, John Pawson, Saml. Bradburn, Jas. Rogers, Henry Moore, Adam Clarke.

"The whole of the above plan to be laid before the ensuing Conference, to be adopted or rejected as they may think proper; but those present agree to recommend and support it as a thing greatly wanted, and likely to be of much advantage to the work of God."

To return to more personal and private matters: With his superintendent, Mr. Pawson, Mr. Clarke had spent two happy years at Liverpool; and he had formed for that excellent man an esteem which endured with his life, and survived his decease. In the letters written to Mrs. Clarke from the Bristol Conference, he repeatedly refers to their venerable superintendent, his preaching, and his health: for example, "Mr. Pawson is pretty well. I am just returned from hearing him at Portland Chapel. He preached an excellent sermon indeed. Most of the preachers think him the best in the Conference. I keep him to his bark, and hope the swelling of his feet will not increase."

In another: "I take care twice a day to give Mr. Pawson wine and bark. Let Mrs. P. trust him to me."

And again: "I keep him to his bark and wine, twice a day; and though he growls at me for it, I never mind him. Tell Mrs. Pawson she has nothing to fear." These expressions show the friendly terms on which these two good men lived, who were now to part. Of Mr. Pawson, as the friend of Clarke, we shall have to speak again.

In the review of his residence at Liverpool, Mr. Clarke's mind was filled with tender gratitude to the Lord and giver

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of life, "from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed," for the mercy shown him in being enabled thus to employ his days in a work so holy. "Upon the very commencement of my preaching in Liverpool," says he, "the Lord began to work. Crowds attended. Such times of refreshing from his presence I never saw. Should I die to-morrow, I shall praise God to all eternity that I have lived to the present time. The labor is severe; nine or ten times a week we have to preach. But God carries on his own work, and this is enough. My soul lies at his feet. He has graciously renewed and en larged my commission. All is happiness and prosperity. We have a most blessed work; numbers are added, and multitudes built up in our most holy faith. Such a year as this I never knew; all ranks and conditions come to hear us. The presence of God is with us; his glory dwells in our land, and the shout of a king is in our camp."

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BOOK II.—MERIDIAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE PREACHER.

"The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." This beautiful representation receives one example of its truth in the career of the subject of our memoir. He arose at the call of God, and went forth on a pathway of progressive brightness. We have seen how from his youth he looked and toiled upward; and now, the discouragements of early years left behind, like the sun surmounting the morning clouds which had threatened to obscure its light, and pouring its benefic rays on all around, the man of God comes forth to the view of the Church and the world, completely furnished for his work, to shed the healing beams of truth upon myriads of minds. Mr. Clarke's appointment to London, in 1795, opens a new era in his life, in which each successive year unfolded attributes of heart and intellect which rendered him an object of confidence and admiration. As a public instructor, we shall find him both from the pulpit and the press serving his own and coming generations, according to the will of God. If ever a man followed out a course intended for him by Providence, it was Adam Clarke. "You will find," says Lord Bolingbroke, (and here for once he wrote the truth,) "you will find there are superior spirits who can show even from their infancy, though it be not

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always fully perceived by others, perhaps not always felt by themselves, that they were born for something more and better; their talents denote their general designation; and the opportunities of conforming themselves to it, that arise in the course of things, or that are presented to them by any circumstances of rank or situation in the society to which they belong, denote the particular vocation which it is not lawful for them to resist, nor even to neglect." And that is most emphatically true of a vocation to the work of the evangelist. A man who receives it, and disobeys it, never prospers. Woe is unto him if he preach not the Gospel! But Clarke was faithful to the heavenly calling. Through toil, and storm, and want, as well as sunshine and competence, like John the Baptist he "fulfilled his course," and, like Paul, "kept the faith," and won the crown.

As a preacher, Mr. Clarke was distinguished by his originality. With a mind always inclining to the dialectical, he thought clearly, and on most subjects reasoned with a conclusive force which the most obtuse could apprehend, and the most sophisticated was constrained to acknowledge. But though a thinker on his own account, by his extensive reading he availed himself largely of the thoughts of other men, only making them in a manner his own by processes of the mental laboratory, and always reproducing them with the mint-mark of his own intellect, and in combinations which genius only is able to form. His mind thus gave back an affluent return of interest upon the principal for which, in any amount, he was indebted to others; and that, not only in the ratio of quantity, but of quality as well. He improved on what he read, and worked within the deep recesses of his mind, by the secret of an alchemy which could transmute baser metals into gold. Exercising thus the faculties with which heaven had endowed him, he did not depend on factitious aids, but gained even at the outset a standing among those nobler intellects who think for themselves, and for others too. He remarks, in one of his letters to Mr. Brackenbury: "To reduce preaching to the rules

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of science, and to learn the art of it, is something of which my soul cannot form too horrid an idea. I bless Jesus Christ I have never learned to preach, but through his eternal mercy I am taught by him from time to time as I need instruction. I cannot make a sermon before I go into the pulpit; therefore I am obliged to hang upon the arm and the wisdom of the Lord. I read a great deal, write very little, but strive to study."

All the way through his long career he was, more than most men of the pulpit, an extempore preacher. In the course of his life he wrote many sermons, which are now extant in his works; but the greater number of these give but an inadequate idea of his style and manner of preaching. Some of them were written designedly for the press, and may be considered more as theological treatises than pulpit orations. He wrote as a divine, but preached as an apostle. Many of his most effective pulpit efforts were achieved with no previous aid from the pen. The Rev. J. B. B. Clarke, in the retrospect he has published of his father's life, says: "He hardly ever wrote a line as a preparation for preaching. I have now in my possession a slip of paper, about three inches long by one wide, containing the first words of a number of texts; and this was the sole list of memoranda on which he preached several occasional sermons in various parts of the country."

Once, when on a visit at Plymouth, he preached for two hours on the great question in Acts xvi, 30, "What must I do to be saved?" Several of the clergy of the place were present, and united afterward in requesting him to publish the discourse; one offering to take a hundred copies for his congregation, another two hundred and fifty, and another five hundred. Yet he had to tell them, in reply, that he had "neither outline nor notes of the subject, nor any time to commit the discourse to writing."

Such a habit of extempore speaking can be recommended to the imitation of but few; and these men in whom more than common power of ready and correct speech is added

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to more than common stores of knowledge. But it enabled Dr. Clarke to seize upon any passing incident and turn it to advantage, or to shift the topic of discourse, if some important object required it, without inconvenience to himself. On one occasion, after he had preached at City Road Chapel, a friend remarked to him: "I could not but observe that in the sermon you seemed suddenly to quit the subject in hand, and fly off to a series of arguments in proof of the Divinity of our Saviour, with which your previous subject was not connected. Had you any reason for so doing?" "Yes," said he; "I observed Dr. K." (a celebrated Unitarian) "steal into the back part of the chapel, and, after a few minutes, plant his stick firmly, as if he intended to hear me out. So, by God's help I determined to bear my testimony to the Divinity of our Lord, trusting that he would touch his heart, and give him another opportunity of hearing and receiving the truth."

From time to time these free outgoings of his soul were attended by an uncommon influence, "the demonstration and power of the Spirit." In his letters to Mrs. Clarke he mentions such occasions, not in a temper of egotistic boasting, but with a devout and wondering acknowledgment of the condescending goodness of God in so employing him. For example:

"I was obliged to preach this morning at Oldham-street. The congregation was really awful. Perhaps I never preached as I did this morning. O Mary, I had the kingdom of God opened to me, and the glory of the Lord filled the whole place. Toward the conclusion the cries were great. It was with great difficulty that I could get the people persuaded to leave the chapel. Though the press was immense, yet scarcely one seemed willing to go away, and those who were in distress were unable to go. Some of the preachers went and prayed with them, nor rested till they were healed. God has done a mighty work."

Again, from Bristol: "I am this instant returned from King-street. The chapel crowded—crowded! And God in

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a most especial manner enabled me to deliver such a testimony, from 1 Thess. i, 3, as I think I never before delivered. I did feel as in the eternal world, having all things beneath me, with such expansions of mind as the power of God alone could give. I was about an hour and a half, and am torn up for the day."

Mr. Clarke's pulpit ministrations were substantially Biblical. He preached the word. Here was the secret of his power. He brought a rule to bear upon the conscience against which there was no appeal. His congregations were summoned to the obedience of faith, not in the formulas of creeds, the decrees of councils, or the sentences of the fathers, but in the Scripture which cannot be broken. He "read in the book in the law of God, distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." In the "true sayings" penned by the inspired prophets and apostles, he recognized and demonstrated a revelation from God to man, and, as such, the sole canon of faith and morals. "There is nothing certain," he used to say, "in the things which belong to salvation, but the plain word of God; no safe teacher but the Spirit of Jesus Christ; and that Spirit teaches the heart what the word teaches the understanding." His habits of study in elaborating his Commentary had rendered him master of the entire scope and contents of the sacred volume, and contributed to give his ordinary pulpit discourses a rich expository character. All his learning was brought to bear on this blessed duty—to explain the words of God, that he might bring the people to the knowledge of the things of God. What was said respecting a prelate of former days might be affirmed of this eminent preacher: "He unfolded the grandeur of a prophecy, or the comfort of an Epistle: and alarmed the conscience, or bound up the wounded heart. He brought tidings of foreign learning to the scholar, of discoveries to the naturalist, and of manners to the people." Thus he won the ears of the idle, gave matter for reflection to the thoughtful, and satisfaction to the inquisitive. He "taught in Judah, and had the book of

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the law of the Lord with him, and went about throughout all the cities of Judah, and taught the people."

One consequence of this method was an inexhaustible variety in his preaching. The Bible contains a universe of truth; and the longest life of man becomes momentary when brought to the task of unfolding it. We have heard of a German professor who spent years in a course of lectures on the first chapter of Isaiah, and died without completing it; and we can easily conceive, that such expository preachers as Owen and Matthew Henry would review their labors with dissatisfaction, as having been employed too much, to their feeling, on the surface, without having penetrated the mysterious depths of the solemn, solitary volume which riveted the gaze of their lives. Mr. Clarke, even in the earlier years of his ministry, adopted a method which insured a wide range of Bible subjects for the pulpit, in preaching from the Lesson, Epistle, or Gospel for the day: all which portions of the holy book he carefully examined, marking in a large text-book the verses which drew his special attention as likely to afford topics of public address.

A preacher commanding such an amplitude of topics would always have something new. And therefore it was that Mr. Clarke's hearers, to whatever chapel they followed him, very seldom listened to the same discourse. The late Mr. Buttress, who always accompanied him when Mr. Clarke was stationed in London, affirmed, that he never heard him preach the same sermon twice. Reflecting thus the present exercises of his intellect, his discourses had a perpetual freshness; they came warm from the living heart, and brought life and warmth to the heart of the hearer. And that, especially, because they brought the GOSPEL. We have said he was a Biblical preacher, in the truest sense, ever holding forth the grand evangelism which pervades the Bible, as its soul and spirit; namely, that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." In making known this truth in all its sol-

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emn bearings and consequences, he was remarkable among the ministers of his day. In the constellation of eminent preachers who moved at that time in the intellectual sky, but who have now nearly all disappeared from our sight, Mr. Clarke was in this respect a star of the first magnitude. From his rising to his setting hour, unnumbered multitudes rejoiced in his light as a witness and guide to the mercy which could save them. In his ministry Christ was all in all; the alpha and omega, the beginning and the end. He essayed to unfold the entire evangelic revelation, the whole counsel of God with respect to the way of salvation by Jesus Christ. He showed the sinner his mighty need of such a Saviour, and led him in repentance to his feet. By him

> "The violated law spoke out its thunders;
> And by him, in strains as sweet as angels use,
> The Gospel whisper'd peace."

"The only preaching," he said once, in a letter to a brother minister, (and the maxim had its embodiment in his own practice,) "the only preaching worth anything in God's account, and which the fire will not burn up, is that which labors to convert and convince the sinner of his sin; to bring him into contrition for it; to lead him to the blood of the covenant, that his conscience may be purged from its guilt; to the Spirit of judgment and burning, that he may be purified from its infection; and then to build him up on this most holy faith, by causing him to pray in the Holy Ghost, and keep himself in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life. This is the system pursued by the apostles, and it is that alone which God will own to the conversion of sinners. I speak from experience. This is the most likely mode to produce the active soul of divinity, while the body is little else than the preacher's creed. Labor to bring sinners to God, should you by it bring yourself to the grave."

Again to another: "These are not only the first rudiments of heavenly teaching, but the fullness of Divine truth

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in reference to salvation: 1. Thou art a sinner, and consequently wretched. 2. God is an eternal, unfailing Fountain of love. 3. He has given his Son Jesus Christ to *die* for THEE. 4. Believe on him, and thou shalt be saved from thy sins. 5. When saved, continue incessantly dependent upon him; so shalt thou continually receive out of his fullness grace upon grace, and be ever fitted for, ever ready to, and ever active in, every good word and every good work. This is the sum and substance of the revelation of God; and O how worthy it is of his infinite goodness, and how suitable to the nature and state of man! These are the simple lessons which I am endeavoring to learn and teach. This is the science in which I should be willing to spend the longest life. O God! simplify my heart."

No man, since the apostle St. John, seems to have had more large and soul-stirring views of the love of God than Adam Clarke. Here and there in his Commentary the reader will find some bursts of feeling on this grand topic, which will give an idea of the spirit and manner of the man when in the pulpit. When this mighty truth began to move in his soul he became irresistible. The first time I had the privilege of hearing him the text was, "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself. . . . Now then we are embassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." It was then that I witnessed, and felt too, how this man could master and control the entire intellect and heart of a great congregation by the simple, honest, and earnest exhibition of the faith once delivered to the saints.

Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet.

No wonder that, with this victorious scepter of truth, the first preachers vanquished the world. We were all subdued; the tears of repentance, the uplifted eyes of prayer, the swelling emotion of triumphal joy, which longed to give itself utterance in one loud thunder of thanksgiving, all

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showed how powerful is the uncorrupted Gospel when preached aright. What I then witnessed helps me to understand his meaning, when on one occasion he said, after preaching: "I would not have missed coming to this place for five hundred pounds. I got my own soul blessed, and God blessed the people. I felt," (stretching out his arms, and folding them to his breast,) "I felt that I was drawing the whole congregation to me closer and closer, and pulling them away from the world to God."

In expatiating on that Divine mercy "whose height, whose depth unfathomed, no man knows," Mr. Clarke found endless resources for the conversion and comfort of the soul and heart. "The love of God," he was wont to say, "will convert more sinners than all the fire of hell." His confidence in the efficacy of the glad tidings, that God is love, was unlimited, and lasting as his life. Thus toward the end of his days, in conversation with his dear son Joseph, he said: "After having now labored with a clear conscience for the space of fifty years, in preaching the salvation of God through Christ to thousands of souls, I can say, *that* is the most successful kind of preaching which exhibits and upholds in the clearest and strongest light the Divine perfection and mercy of the infinitely compassionate and holy God to fallen man, and which represents him alike compassionate and just. Tell then your hearers, not only that the conscience must be sprinkled, but that it was God himself who provided the Lamb."

In the same spirit he delighted to illustrate the pleasures and advantages of a life devoted to the service of a reconciled God. The Rev. Joseph Clarke has given a good description of his father in the pulpit, which, though it takes us to a later period of life, we quote here, to render our idea of Mr. Clarke as a preacher as complete as we can: "The appearance of my father, and his effect while in the pulpit upon a stranger, would probably be something like this: He [the stranger] would see a person of no particular mark, except that time had turned his hair to silver, and the

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calmness of fixed devotion gave solemnity to his appearance. He spreads his Bible before him, and, opening his hymn-book, reads forth in a clear distinct voice a few verses, after singing of which he offers up a short prayer, which is immediately felt to be addressed to the Majesty of Heaven. The text is proclaimed, and the discourse is begun. In simple yet forcible language he gives some general information connected with his subject, or lays down some general positions drawn from either the text or its dependencies. On these he speaks for a short time, fixing the attention by gaining the interest. The understanding feels that it is concerned. A clear and comprehensive exposition gives the hearer to perceive that his attention will be rewarded by an increase of knowledge, or by new views of old truths, or previously unknown uses of ascertained points. He views with some astonishment the perfect collectedness with which knowledge is brought from far, and the natural yet extensive excursions which the preacher makes to present his object in all its bearings, laying heaven and earth, nature and art, science and reason, under contribution to sustain his cause. Now his interest becomes deeper; for he sees that the minister is beginning to condense his strength, that he is calling in every detached sentence, and that every apparently miscellaneous remark was far from casual, but had its position to maintain, and its work to perform; and he continues to hear with that rooted attention which is created by the importance and clearness of the truths delivered, by the increasing energy of the speaker, and by the assurance in the hearer's own mind that what is spoken is believed to the utmost and felt in its power. The discourse proceeds with a deeper current of fervor; the action becomes more animated; the certainty of the preacher's own mind, and the feelings of his heart, are shown by the firm confidence of the tone, and a certain fullness of the voice and emphasis of manner; the whole truth of God seems laid open before him; and the soul, thus informed, feels as in the immediate presence of the Lord."

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To this account may be appended a few lines by Mrs. Pawson, all the more appropriate as they relate to the time already reached in our biography. This lady, the wife of his venerable colleague at Liverpool, has the following memorandum in her journal: "Brother Clarke is, in my estimation, an extraordinary preacher; and his learning confers great luster on his talents. He makes it subservient to grace. His discourses are highly evangelical. He never loses sight of Christ. In regard of pardon and holiness, he offers a present salvation. His address is lively, animated, and very encouraging to the seekers of salvation. In respect to the unawakened, it may indeed be said that he obeys that precept, 'Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet.' His words flow spontaneously from the heart; his views enlarge as he proceeds; and he brings to the mind a torrent of things new and old. While he is preaching one can seldom cast an eye on the audience without perceiving a melting unction resting upon them. His speech 'distills as the dew,' and 'as the small rain upon the tender herb.' He generally preaches from some part of the lesson for the day, and on the Sabbath morning from the Gospel for the day. This method confers an abundant variety on his ministry."

The end and aim of every sermon with him was to do good there and then. One day, as he entered the vestry at City Road after preaching, a friend remarked, "What an admirable sermon you have preached to us this morning, sir!" "Brother," he replied, "Satan whispered that to me as I left the pulpit. But I told him that by the mischief alone which it did to *his* kingdom God would judge it. I am afraid of any other good sermons than those. It is solemn work to stand up between the living and the dead!"

In style and manner, Mr. Clarke's discourses derived no advantage from artificial rhetoric, the mellifluous charms of elocution, or the little embellishments on which the artist in public speaking depends so much for his popularity.

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The harmony of cadences or the æsthetic grace with which the orator loves to group his thoughts and words so as to win the ear, and charm the sense of music in the soul, were things quite out of his line. We are not sure whether he was endowed with that kind of talent more than in a mediocre degree; but we know that he cared nothing about using it. Yet the absence of these circumstantials in no way interfered with the universally acknowledged grandeur of his ministry. The Divine Spirit has endowed the teachers of the world with a variety of gifts. He who wrought powerfully in St. Peter to convince the Jew, conferred on St. Paul the ability to persuade the Greek. Among the great preachers of the early Church, the men whose ministry shed sunlight on the ages in which they lived, we see gifts many, but all emanating from one Spirit. It was grace that sanctified their natural endowments, and made itself visible in "the serious and careful perspicuity of Athanasius," in Basil's refined and graceful sweetness, in the eloquence which flowed from the lips of Chrysostom like streams of liquid gold, in the self-possessed dignity of Cyprian, the power with which Hilary could drape his thoughts in tragic pomp and glory, or the vivid meditations with which Ambrosius could pierce the soul, "as with arrows dipped in honey-dew." So, in more modern times, the thunder-storm of Luther, and the placid vigor of Melancthon, and (why not say it?) the ornate clarity of Massillon, the penetrating unction of Fenelon, and the imposing grandeur of Bossuet, all betoken his still merciful presence. In the mighty bursts of truth from Whitefield's lips, or the tranquil, sincere, and soul-commanding evangelisms of Wesley, we hear his awakening voice. Did not he who clothes the lilies with their beauty, and spans the heavens with the rainbow, give to Chalmers the imagination by which he brought visions of truth before men's minds like a gorgeous panorama; and enable Robert Hall to show us the river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb? Thus,

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too, in the pulpits of Methodism, the exuberant pathos of Bradburn, the searching fire of Benson, Richard Watson's majesty of mind, Robert Newton's bland and evangelic grace, and Jabez Bunting's unaffected but beautiful and potent oratory, all display the operations of that same Spirit who,

> "Plenteous of grace, descends from high,
> Rich in his sevenfold energy,"

to distribute his celestial gifts according to the counsel of his own will.

The servants of God, having these faculties differing one from another, cannot be expected every one to resemble his fellow; and though Adam Clarke may not be said to have possessed the peculiar character of any of the men we have named, yet was his pulpit-ministry distinguished by attributes which set him, in point of effectiveness, on a level with any of them, the apostles excepted. As an able critic* says of Augustine, in comparison with some other of the fathers, "he had less of beauty, but more of power, than they." In Dr. Clarke's preaching there was such a breadth and depth of information, such strength of feeling and fixedness of solemn purpose to save men's souls from death, that all who heard him knew within themselves that they were face to face with a messenger from God; and while the learned and the illiterate were alike brought under the same spell, and earnestly attended to the words spoken by him, he so rightly divided and faithfully applied the word of the Lord, that the conscience of the sinner was awakened, and the contrite heart comforted, by its efficacy working in the soul.

His preaching had all the more heart in it from the experience which he himself enjoyed of the saving power of the truth. Why did the hearers feel so? It was because the preacher had felt first. He came before them full-dressed in the mantle of salvation, with his lamp burning. He told them of a mercy which he had found, and which

* British Quarterly Review.

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they must seek, or perish. He told them of a Saviour who would be presently their Judge.

> "Before him came, in dread array,
> The pomp of that tremendous day
> When Christ with clouds shall come;"

and, with the awful light of these revelations on his soul, he persuaded men as well by the terrors as by the compassions of the Lord. He delighted, as we have said, to set forth the mercy of God; but it was done in such a way that the whole sermon was at once a warning to the wicked, and a voice of consolation to the repentant. And preaching as he did under the conviction that this life is the only span of opportunity for the evil and hell-condemned to obtain remission and renewal—that, in respect to some of his hearers, life was verging on its latest hour, and that on the very moment then present hung eternity itself—he so preached that the truth came from his own to the hearer's heart; that attention was arrested, feeling excited; the dreamer awoke from his abstractions, the worldling felt the power of another life, the infidel insensibly believed; of the reprobate, hovering angels said: "Behold, he prayeth;" at Christ's omniscient glance, poor backsliding Peter again wept bitterly; and, ravished at the sight of a Saviour who was dead and is alive again, another Thomas exclaimed, "My Lord and my God!" Thus the Gospel came not in word only, but in power and assurance, and with signs of salvation. Moses struck the rock.

In presence of these substantial and heart-satisfying powers, the auditors of Clarke forgot the want of artistic accomplishments which have contributed to make the modern pulpit sometimes attractive. A comparatively homely manner, and a voice not tuned at all times to melodious cadences, were not once thought of. He was not a mere orator. He brought strong thoughts, and clothed them in honest words, as a means to an end. He had a purpose, and one in which you, as his hearer, had an everlasting interest. He wanted to make you a better man; he wanted

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to save your soul; and to do this, he sought to lay hold on you by the conscience. The ear with him was only the avenue to the heart. Unless a man has this purpose and aim, it is in vain that he draws the bow. The arrow from his hand will never find its way to the mark; or, should it chance to do so, will fall without effect, like the shaft that Homer tells of, so uselessly launched by Priam against the shield of the Grecian hero:

> "This said, his feeble hand a javelin threw,
> Which, fluttering, seem'd to loiter as it flew;
> Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,
> And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield."

But Clarke drew not the bow at a venture, and seldom without success, in one degree or another. A multitude of sinners were converted under his ministry; and among them not a few who have themselves been made instruments of salvation to others.

And these works and services were sustained by him for half a century of time, and over a great extent of area in the social world. Some excellent ministers are all their lives restricted to a circumscribed and narrow locality. They pass their days, by the ordination of Providence, in comparative obscurity, witnessing the truth but to a few persons, and shining as lights in dark and unthought of places. But this man's career was more like that of the sun when he comes forth in his strength to bathe a hemisphere in light. He went literally through the length and breadth of the land. From the Norman Isles to the *ultima Thule* of the storm-beaten Zetlands, he revealed the glorious Gospel of the grace of God. The English nation, one might say, knew and revered him. Men in high places, and men of low degree, in crowded cities and sequestered hamlets, alike waited for his coming, and welcomed the sound of his voice. "How beautiful upon the mountains were the feet of him that brought good tidings, that published peace; that brought good tidings of good, that published salvation; that said unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!"

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One great charm, that rendered his ministry so attractive, was found in the well-known qualities of his own upright and holy life. It gives one a sacred and edifying satisfaction, to remember how finely the precepts of the Gospel which he preached harmonized with his personal character. He lived the Gospel. His doctrine and life, coincident, proved him to be at once a great and good man. His life recommended religion; and was itself a ceaseless homily of things profitable to man, and pleasing unto God. It was a life not only unblemished by glaring inconsistencies, but adorned by practical excellence; and I believe that no man could have used the words of St. Paul with less of impropriety than he: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. Those things, which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do; and the God of peace shall be with you." In this respect it will be our wisdom to imitate him, considering the end of his conversation, Jesus the First and the Last. *Christum pectore, Christum ore, Christum opere. spirabat.*

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CHAPTER II.

THE PASTOR.

The vocation of the Christian minister binds him not only to labor to win souls by preaching, but also to watch over them in the services of that pastoral office which the Lord by an everlasting ordinance has established in his Church. In the discharge of this solemn duty it was Mr. Clarke's earnest endeavor to approve himself faithful. His care was to feed the Church of God, to build up believers in their holy faith, to strengthen such as did stand, to comfort and help the weak-hearted, to raise up the fallen, and to restore the wanderer. As a Methodist pastor, he conscientiously administered the discipline of which both himself and the members of his flock had alike pledged their acceptance. He considered that discipline to be perfectly Scriptural in its character, and directly conducive to the edification and perpetuity of the Church. In the circuits in which he presided as superintendent, the peculiar institutions of Methodism were upheld in their vigor and integrity. Class-meeting, for example, which has afforded to so many myriads of Christ's disciples a delightful means of brotherly fellowship, mutual improvement, comfort in trouble, and timely help in necessity, he would never see neglected without inquiry, and, if needful, remonstrance or exhortation. The value he set on this means of grace appears in the fact, that in several of the places in which he was stationed, in addition to those official visitations of the classes which devolved on him as a minister, he would have his name on some class-book as a private member, and meet as such, as often as opportunity served. He urged the Methodist people to make much of this peculiar advantage of their com-

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munion, and sometimes in writing a letter to a friend would throw in a memento bearing on the duty, if it were only in the simple words appended as a postscript: "Mind your class." So, in a letter to a captain in the navy, a Methodist, with whom he had formed an intimacy at Liverpool, as a member of the Philological Society in that town, he says: "May I ask how you get on in your CLASS-ical, philological, and princely connections? Do not neglect the two former, by any means; and let the first have the first claim. We live, my friend, in a miserable world; but we may live well in it, if we look to God. I know you will be faithful to the trust reposed in you by his majesty; but O! be also faithful to the light and influence of the Spirit of God. Use every means of grace, and glorify God in all things. I long after my class, and doubt whether any one will let me in here. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the people yet to raise one like that in Liverpool." This last remark refers to his success in forming a class in Liverpool of entirely new members. At the close of the first meeting, he laid down his penny (the weekly contribution) on the table with, "There, thank God, I am once more in class."

Thus, to another friend: "What a mercy it is that you and I are now in his fold! May God keep us both steady! Abide in him, my dear friend, that when he shall appear you may see him as he is. Pray much in private. No soul that prays much in private ever falls. Read the blessed Book; let his testimonies be your counselors, and the subject of them be your song in the night. Keep closely united to God's people. Do not omit one class-meeting even in the year, if you can possibly avoid it. I have been now a traveling preacher upward of twenty-four years, and yet I feel class-meeting as necessary now as I did when I began. You may think it strange to hear that I meet regularly once a week, and have done so for years. I find it a great privilege to forget that I am a preacher, and come with a simple heart to receive instruction from my leader."

Again, further on in life, to a brother minister: "From

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long experience I know the propriety of Mr. Wesley's advice: 'Establish class-meetings and form societies wherever you preach and have attentive hearers; for, wherever we have preached without doing so, the word has been like seed by the way-side.' It was by this means we have been enabled to establish permanent and holy Churches over the world. Mr. Wesley saw the necessity of this from the beginning. Mr. Whitefield, when he separated from Mr. Wesley, did not follow it. What was the consequence? The fruit of Mr. Whitefield's labor died with himself. Mr. Wesley's remains and multiplies. Did Mr. Whitefield see his error? He did, but not till it was too late; his people, being long unused to it, would not come under this discipline. Have I authority to say so? I have; and you shall have it. Forty years ago I traveled in the Bradford (Wilts.) circuit, with Mr. John Pool. Himself told me this. Mr. P. was well known to Mr. Whitefield, who, having met him one day, accosted him in the following manner:

"*Whitefield.* Well, John, art thou still a Wesleyan?

"*Pool.* Yes, sir. I thank God I have the privilege of being in connection with Mr. Wesley, and one of his preachers.

"*W.* John, thou art in thy right place. My brother Wesley acted wisely; the souls that were awakened under his ministry he joined in class, and thus preserved the fruits of his labor. This I neglected, and my people are a rope of sand."

In cases of habitual neglect of meeting in class, Mr. Clarke hesitated at the quarterly visitation to give the accustomed ticket as the token of membership. During his residence in Manchester he met a class one day, when a wealthy member who never came sent a guinea as his quarterly contribution. Mr. Clarke, on looking over the class-paper, and seeing how the case stood, refused the money, desiring the leader to take it back again, and requested the gentleman to give him, Mr. Clarke, an interview.

As a superintendent, he *superintended.* In a family, a church, a kingdom, there must be a head. The proper administration of the affairs of the circuit he considered a moral

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duty on his part; and a cheerful, enlightened acquiescence in every constitutional arrangement of the Church, the moral duty of members, leaders, local preachers, and the other members of the official staff of a circuit. In one place the local preachers demurred to his exclusive authority to make the plan, and fix their appointments. To show them by a practical experiment that it was best for the superintendent to have that power, he even let them for a time or two arrange their own appointments. "Take and make out a plan for yourselves," said he, "and bring it to me, and I will incorporate the traveling preachers with it." They did so, after much altercation among themselves; for they could not agree. "We soon had loud complaints from different parts of the circuit; for those who were the least fit for certain places would go there. The next plan I gave them as before, and with great difficulty they planned themselves again; and then the complaints from the circuit became louder and louder. The most pious and sensible of the local preachers saw and heard this. With the third plan they refused to have anything to do, and confidence was restored."

Mr. Clarke wished to see the various offices of the Church filled by men whose religious qualifications would uphold their moral influence, and effectively carry out the purposes for which they had been established. A steward in a certain town had a commercial partner, who had acted in a dishonorable manner. This conduct became a topic of conversation at the leaders' meeting, at which Mr. Clarke presided. The officer, by some remarks, intimated that he sided with his partner in what he had done. "Then," said Mr. Clarke, "give up thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward." Reflection led this gentleman to see that he had been wrong, and that his pastor had acted rightly. He had greatness of mind enough to acknowledge it, and was at once reinstated.

Our worthy pastor inculcated the most inflexible principles on the subject of commercial integrity. In preaching one

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Sunday morning at the old chapel at Spitalfields, on the fifteenth Psalm, he laid great stress on the relative duties there laid down for the guidance of men of business. An eminent merchant who had heard the sermon overtook him on the way home, and observed: "Mr. Clarke, if what you have said to-day in the pulpit be necessary between man and man, I fear few commercial men will be saved." "I cannot help that, sir," replied he; "I may not bring down the requirements of infinite justice to suit the selfish chicanery of any set of men whatever. It is God's law, and by it he will himself judge man at the last day."

But while thus resolute and unbending in maintaining the high moralities of Christian discipline in the Church, he was full of tenderness for the weak and afflicted, whether in body or mind, and knew how to blend the gravity of the pastor with the gentle love of a father and a friend. Here is a glimpse of him in the class-room, as given us by his daughter in one of her piously recorded recollections: "My father had been preaching at Chandler-street, (now Hinde-street,) and after service had a class to meet. I accompanied him on that occasion, and was permitted to sit by him. Addressing one present, he said: 'You, my sister, can speak good of the Lord. You have long known that he is gracious.' She burst into tears, and said, 'O yes, sir; but I have been most unfaithful, and my mind has been brought into great heaviness; during my daughter's late illness, I would not give her up.' 'And did your daughter die?' 'No, sir; she was spared to me.' 'Look up, my sister, and learn this lesson: God never wastes his grace by giving more than is needed. Had he purposed to take your daughter, he would have bestowed upon you the gift of resignation to meet the trial.'"*

To another, who was in affliction, he said: "The cloud will be dispersed by and by; though affliction endureth for a night, joy cometh in the morning. God will not always afflict: remember his son Jesus Christ, and fear not. In all your afflictions he was afflicted; and he still sympathizes

* MS. memorandum by Mrs. R. Smith.

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with you. Often have I preached this doctrine to you; and now that you need it most, receive it heartily. He is the same God, willing to help, mighty to save. Put his friendship to the test, and you will find him all you want, and all you wish."

In the department of pastoral duty which relates to visiting from house to house, Mr. Clarke could not fully gratify the wishes of his heart. This, indeed, is true of the great majority of his brethren. There may be from a thousand to two thousand members under the care of two or three ministers, who are constantly engaged in the public duties they owe to a number of congregations spread over an area of many miles. Then, again, the connectional interests of the body make large demands on their time, involving, in cities and large towns, frequent attendance on committees, whose activity is necessary to the effective working, and even the existence, of several institutions of charity and religion; while the pecuniary support of those institutions frequently requires them to give up two or three days together in journeys to other circuits to preach and speak at public meetings. There is also a necessity, in order to keep pace with the enlightenment of the age, and to maintain the confidence and respect of the public in the office of a teacher, that the minister should spend some few hours a day in his own study. Then it must be remembered, that social visits are to be accomplished either by day or in the evening. But in the hours of the day, while the people are engaged in their business or labor, a visit becomes an intrusion; and, on the other hand, in the evening, when families have more leisure to receive visits, the minister is at work in his circuit; for most of us preach or hold meetings every evening in the week. It is not with us, as with the parochial clergyman or the Dissenting minister, that, time being secured for the Sunday sermons and the one week-day lecture, several evenings in the week may be made available for visiting. We are so employed that it becomes physically impossible for us to gratify, according to our earnest desire, the social

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tendencies. Yet it must not be supposed, on these grounds, that the Methodist people are without pastoral care; on the contrary, no religious communion is so richly supplied with the means for the enjoyment of that privilege. Not to speak of society meetings, in which the flock and the shepherd unite for intercourse and prayer—or of the weekly class-meeting, in which the concerns of the soul occupy the solemn transactions of the hour—in the visitation of the classes by the ministers at the renewal of the tickets, we believe there is more direct communication between the pastor and the member on the interests of the spiritual life, than would be had in twenty occasions in which, from the presence of other persons, (some of whom it may be, are opposed or indifferent to religious things,) the conversation takes a more general character. In a word, so far as mere gossiping visits are concerned, the preachers have, or ought to have, but very little time. Some of them very properly avail themselves of the hour of "tea-time" to exchange words of friendship with a family, and to offer such instruction as the opportunity may afford; but Mr. Clarke had (as we think, unfortunately) disqualified himself for this social enjoyment, by renouncing the use of tea, partly from a notion that the leaf itself was injurious to health, but more especially for the sake of employing the time which others spent at the tea-table in the prosecution of his studies.*

* But here let him speak for himself. In his well-known "Letter to a Preacher" he thus writes: "Shun tea-drinking parties; these in general murder time, and can answer no good purpose, either to your body or soul. If you go out in this way at any time, let it be only where you have reason to believe your visit is likely to be useful to the souls of the people; but it is not very likely to be so where there is a large party. Several years ago I met with Mr. Wesley's Letter on Tea, read it, and resolved from that hour to drink no more of the juice of that herb, till I could answer his arguments and objections. I have seen the tract but once since, yet from that day till now I have not taken a cup of tea or coffee; for these things I have mostly found a substitute at the breakfast table, and in the afternoon I take nothing. By this line of conduct I can demonstrate that I have actually saved several years of time, which otherwise must have been irrecoverably lost."

Not altogether lost. We cannot admit that. It may be remarked that

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And this reminds us that, in Mr. Clarke's case, it must be taken into account that he was called of God to a life at once more public, and yet more sequestered in many of its hours, than that of many of his brethren. It was his vocation not only to teach with the living voice, but through the medium of the press; and the hours spent by him in earnest, laborious, and life-consuming studies, have given forth their results in those voluminous and imperishable works by which, though dead, he yet speaks, and will continue to be the instructor of distant generations. When we survey the massive labors of his pen, and call to mind the active and energetic character of his oral ministry, the wonder is how he could accomplish all this; and that wonder increases when we see that in the general routine of pastoral business he would not permit himself to be behind his colleagues.

Though he had no relish for gossip, and was intolerant of the waste of time, yet in visiting the sick and afflicted of his flock he was among the foremost. He adhered to the letter of the "Twelve Rules" to which, as a preacher, he had pledged his obedience, desiring "never to be unemployed," and "always to go to those who wanted him most." Had he then time for some visits? He would hasten to the house of mourning rather than to that of festivity, and with the poor and the needy he would share his last sixpence. It was his care to do good as well to the body as to the soul. His knowledge of medicine enabled him to give gratuitous relief to many a sufferer. While in Dublin he attended the lectures on Anatomy and Materia Medica, which supplemented a large amount of knowledge he had acquired of the healing art by extensive reading and observation; and all this he turned to account in many a chamber where disease and poverty were the joint inmates. In cases, however, of a critical nature, he sought aid for the sick poor from professional men, of whom there were many in the cir-

Mr. Wesley saw the nullity of his own scruples, and returned to the use of tea. But Mr. Clarke, implicit disciple as he was of Mr. Wesley, did not follow his example here.

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cle of his own friends. At Manchester and other places he became acquainted in this way with most of the faculty. In the former city Dr. Eason was much attached to him. He told Mr. Clarke that he liked to attend the Methodist people in their last hours; "they died so peacefully." From what I have read in manuscript letters, written in later years by the subject of our memoir, that eminent physician himself found unspeakable benefit to his own soul from the intercourse to which allusion has just been made.

Mr. Clarke was once sent for by a person in dying circumstances, who proved to be a gentleman who had been awakened under a sermon of his some time before, and who, though then in much penitential trouble, had not yet found rest for his soul. The minister heard the recital of his anxieties, and formed so good an opinion of his case as to wonder that he had not already received some comforting token of the Lord's forgiving grace. In giving such counsel as he thought to be required, he intimated to the gentleman a surmise that there was some important act of duty from him to God or man which he was knowingly neglecting. Whereupon the dying man related that, in sailing some years before from a foreign port to England, he had by way of frolic secreted a small bag of dollars which had been committed to the captain's care, but which had been carelessly allowed to lie day after day upon the locker. At the end of the voyage, the captain making no inquiries for the bag, it was still detained, and several months elapsed before anything was heard concerning it. At length the parties for whom the money was designed, having received notice of the fact, applied to the captain, who candidly acknowledged that he took it on board, but added that he could give no further account of it. By this time the person in whose hands it was became alarmed, and was ashamed to confess, lest his character should suffer; and so he hid the property. The poor captain was sued for the amount, and, having nothing to pay, was thrown into prison, where, after languishing for two years, he died. The guilty person

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now strove to banish all thought of the misery which he had occasioned, and to drown the voice of conscience by business and amusement. But it was all in vain; and, especially from the time when he heard Mr. Clarke preach, he had suffered great disquietude of mind. He had agonized at the throne of mercy for pardon, but he could obtain no answer, and he feared he must go down to the grave unpardoned, unsaved. The minister inculcated the necessity of restitution. The sum, with compound interest, was paid to the widow of the captain. The poor man thereupon found tranquility of mind, and expired at length in the enjoyment of the mercy of God.

Wherever Mr. Clarke found genuine piety, it had an attractive charm, which drew his steps again and again to the humblest abode. He had, in fact, some of his chief favorites among the truly religious poor. In visiting the simple-hearted members of his flock Mr. Clarke made himself at home with them, entered into their affairs, and showed them that he could not only understand their joys and sorrows, but feel with them. He liked also to eat a mouthful of their food, as a token of friendship. "I always eat with people," said he, "either breaking a piece from off a biscuit or cutting a crust from a loaf, to show them that I am disposed to feel at home among them; for, even if they are very poor, there are many ways of returning the kindness without wounding the feelings of the party by whom the hospitable disposition is manifested." So he has been known to eat two or three potatoes in a cottage, and give a shilling pleasantly for each one of them. His visits were designedly short. He was aware that a lengthened stay might inconvenience the family, and spoil the good effect of the interview. He did not, therefore, as he once termed it, "make a dose of himself where he went," or turn what he wished to be an agreeable visit into a disagreeable visitation.

But in the genial friend he never forgot the pastor, but reproved, exhorted, gave counsel, and offered consolation, as

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the case demanded; while among intelligent young people he would bring out of the stores of his classical and eastern reading an example, an anecdote, or an illustration, which gave additional interest and force to the precept he wished to inculcate. Thus:

THE DIVINE MERCY OUR ONLY REFUGE.

It was once demanded of the fourth calif, Aalee: "If the canopy of heaven were a bow, and the earth were the cord thereof; if calamities were arrows, and mankind were the mark for them; and if Almighty God, the tremendous and glorious, were the unerring archer; to whom could the sons of Adam flee for protection?" The calif answered saying, "The sons of Adam must flee unto the Lord."

THE HASTY SHOULD GIVE THEMSELVES TIME.

The philosopher Athenodorus, who had long resided in the court of Augustus, petitioned the emperor to allow him at length to retire to some quiet retreat, where he might end his days in solitude and peace. The request was granted, and on taking leave of the emperor he ventured to give his sovereign the following precept: "Cæsar! I have an advice to give thee: Whensoever thou art angry, take heed that thou never say or do anything until thou hast distinctly repeated to thyself the twenty-five letters of the alphabet." "Athenodorus!" exclaimed the emperor, seizing his hand, "thou must not leave me; I have still need of thee."

CORRUPTING BOOKS.

Reference being made to a work, the general tendency of which was bad, though it contained many well written and brilliant passages, and one of these being quoted with admiration, Mr. Clarke said: "The Persian poet Hafiz borrowed the first couplet of his Divan from an Arabic poet of disreputable morals. His friends wondered at it, and some remonstrated. Hafiz vindicated himself by saying that the lines contained a fine sentiment; to which one of

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the objectors replied: 'The lion would disgrace himself were he to snatch a bone from the mouth of a dog!'"

Mr. Clarke urged upon his people the necessity of a thorough conversion, and a constant effort for moral improvement; of all that is implied in working out our salvation, while God works within to will and to do. "Remember," he would say, "that the power that cleanses is needed to keep us clean. It is by Christ dwelling in our hearts by faith that we are preserved in holiness; and he dwells in the heart of those only who are lovingly obedient to his voice. Obedience to the will of God is the very element in which the Christian should live. Seek out his commandments till you find none left; seek to do them at all times, and in all places. How blessed to do this!" "You tell me," said he to one, "that God has opened your eyes; can you tell me that he is keeping them open?" So, not only as when present, but when absent also, he bore in mind those whom he had once served in the Gospel. Some of his letters are thoroughly pastoral. Here is an extract from one, written to a lady who was mourning the loss of her husband:

"I am well aware that grief like yours can be alleviated by God alone; but it must increase the distress of your situation to find a former friend careless or unaffected. God condescended to make me a messenger of peace to your dear husband; and how much I loved him, you, and every branch of your family, it is impossible for me to tell. My love was such that your joys overjoyed me, and all your troubles deeply affected me. . . . If it be now impossible for me to comfort you, it is as much so for me not to sympathize with you. . . . But the good, the merciful God needs no entreaty to come in to your assistance. He is the Fountain of endless love. He knows what he has called you to pass through; and, as he has ordained the trial, so has he the measure of strength necessary to support you under it. Yes, my dear sister, he loves you, and

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will never leave you, no, never forsake you. . . . He spared your dear husband, that he might know his name and receive his salvation; and then, perceiving the evil that was in his way, and perhaps would have proved his ruin, he has taken him to himself from the evil to come. This we are always authorized to say in such cases, as we are fully assured God does all things well, and never willingly afflicts the children of men. . . . And what a wonderful and encouraging saying is this: 'Thy Maker is thy husband!' and he is thy husband's God. Then, my sister, if you cannot as yet rejoice, you can submit to his will, and confide in his mercy, knowing that this also, distressing as it is, will work for your good. . . .

"A few days ago I was called to visit a family in distress. One child was dead, the father was just put into his coffin, and the mother expired a few moments after I went in. Things are never so ill, but they might be worse. May your father's God, and the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, be your comfort and support, and save you and yours unto eternal life!"

In his Commentary on the New Testament, we often meet with sentiments and precepts relating to the pastoral office, which were evidently transcribed from an imprint which the Divine hand made on his own heart, and which it was the study of his life to carry out into practice. "Here," writes he, "is the difference between the hireling and the good shepherd. The hireling counts the sheep his own no longer than they are profitable to him; the good shepherd looks upon them as his, so long as he can be profitable to them." "A good shepherd conducts his flock where good pasturage is to be found, watches over them while there, brings them back again, and secures them in the fold. So he that is called and taught of God feeds the flock of Christ with those truths of his words which nourish them unto eternal life, and God blesses together both the shepherd and the flock; so that, going out and coming in, they find pasture."

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We will now resume our narrative. Mr. Clarke was about to enter upon a vast field of ministerial labor in the metropolis. He went into it trusting alone in God, whose present Spirit could be his only sufficiency. To save one soul from hell, or to guide one man from earth to heaven, is a task to which no mere human wisdom or work is adequate. But he who hears the voice which says, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world," will go about it in the strength of the Lord, making mention of his righteousness, even his only. Such was the frame of mind in which this single-hearted and faithful servant of the Lord endeavored to discharge the trust conferred by Him who in his providence had led him to the work, and by his grace had endowed him with those heavenly gifts which qualified him to do it—

> "A prophet's inspiration from above,
> A teacher's knowledge, and a Saviour's love."

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CHAPTER III.

THE PREACHER AND PASTOR—CONTINUED.

At the present time the Methodist communion has nine metropolitan circuits; but in the year 1795, when Mr. Clarke received his appointment from the Manchester Conference, the whole of London, and much of the surrounding country, formed but one vast circuit. It extended, in fact, from Woolwich to Twickenham, and from Edmonton to Dorking, with occasional visits to various outlying places, as Barking, St. Alban's, etc. There were about four thousand members in society. The Superintendent was Mr. Pawson; and Mr. Clarke's other colleagues were Messrs. Wrigley, West, Griffith, and Reece. His residence in John-street, Spitalfields, adjoined the chapel. Here he resumed, with greater intenseness than ever, the labors of his devoted life; for, in addition to the great physical and intellectual efforts demanded by his pulpit and pastoral work, his mind was now beginning to put forth its strength in those literary toils which in their results have given him an abiding name. All his past studies had been but preparatory, and from the stores he had been accumulating, he felt it a law of God in his conscience to "bring forth out of his treasury things new and old," for the increase of learning, and the promotion of truth and piety among men. And more especially were his energies concentrated, in the study, on the elaboration of a Commentary on the Holy Scriptures, to which he applied all the leisure time he could command; and this, from the very nature of his public engagements, could be only found in the early part of the day. One of Mendelssohn's works has the title of "Morning Hours;"* and we are sure that Adam Clarke might have given a sim-

*Morgenstunden.

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ilar designation to the goodly array of volumes with which he has enriched our religious literature. We have in them the first fresh thinkings of his mind—dew-drops glittering in the orient sun, or manna gathered in the prime. He knew that, unless the early time of the day were redeemed, his life would yield but little fruit in the field of literature. He became, therefore, a companion of the morning star. Later in the day he had to meet the calls of one duty after another, till it was time to take his accustomed journey for the pulpit and class work of the evening. His duties in this last respect took him to various parts of the town, and places in the suburbs lying miles away from home. He either could not or would not avail himself of any means of conveyance; but usually performed his journeys on foot, except when appointed to Dorking. In this way, during his three years' stay in the circuit, he walked more than seven thousand miles. In these perambulations, he had an almost constant companion in Mr. Buttress, one of the leading Methodists of the Spitalfields chapel, whose name, as maintained by his descendants to the present day, is honorably cherished in the communion to which they have been steadfast. Wherever Mr. Clarke was seen in the pulpit, Mr. Buttress was to be found in the pew. He, of all men, would be prepared to give an opinion as to the monotony or manifoldness of his friend's ministrations, and his testimony goes to affirm that Mr. Clarke's preaching was remarkable for its endless variety. To one who asked him whether he did not become tired with hearing the same discourses so often, he gave the reply, that he had never heard the same discourse twice, except on one occasion, when it was repeated at his own request. "Well," returned the inquirer, "if you did not hear the same text, did he not take the same subject?" "No," said Mr. Buttress, "not anything beyond the broad Gospel of Jesus Christ." *

* A biographer should not hesitate to relate circumstances which at times may appear too trivial to merit a record. Dr. Ferdinando Warner boasted that he had written his compiled "System of Divinity," in five

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The results of these well sustained exertions can only be unfolded in the final day. In the case of a Methodist minister, who co-operates with so many others in the same pulpit, it becomes peculiarly difficult to pronounce upon the measure of good effected by the ministry of one alone. No doubt each of those good men, who labored so cordially in word and doctrine, had seals to his own ministry; and all of them enjoyed the solemn gratification of witnessing the progress of the work of God in their circuit at large. Mr. Clarke did not long prosecute his work in London before he was cheered by the tokens of the Holy Spirit's presence and grace in the gathering in of some who were the first-fruits of a more extensive harvest. Among these were two, whose conversion to God was productive of consequences of everlasting benefit to many more.

Mr. Joseph Butterworth, an opulent law-publisher in London, had married Miss Anne Cooke, the sister of Mrs. Adam Clarke. Mr. Butterworth, though the son of a Baptist minister, (author of a well known Concordance to the Holy Scriptures,) was not, at that time, a decidedly religious man, nor under any influences which would prepossess him in favor of Methodism. Still, as Mr. Clarke was his brother-in-law, though personally unknown to him, he felt a sort of curiosity to hear him. The effect the sermon had upon him led Mr. Butterworth to hasten the fulfillment of a purpose to call on him, and to seek a personal acquaintance. He accordingly went the next day with his lady to Spitalfields. Mrs. Butterworth had not seen her sister for years, as, from the disinclination Mrs. Cooke had entertained for her daughter's marriage with Mr. Clarke, but little intercourse had obtained between the families. These old things, however, were now passing away, and the two sisters were enabled to renew the friendship of their earlier days

volumes, with one pen; and Mr. Clarke used to tell how he performed those seven thousand miles of walking with one pair of shoes, "made at Altrincham, in Cheshire, and only a fortnight old when he entered the city. They were often mended, but served the purpose!"

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under the sanctifying benedictions of religion. Learning that Mr. Clarke was going to preach that evening at Leytonstone, Mr. Butterworth offered to accompany him.

On the road Mr. Clarke soon perceived that the mind of his brother-in-law was awakened to serious inquiry about the way of salvation; and the little journey passed rapidly in animated conversation on the things of God. In fact the "vital spark of heavenly flame" had been kindled in Mr. Butterworth's heart, and on the way homeward he disclosed to Mr. Clarke, that, while hearing him preach on the preceding Sunday, he had received impressions of the truth which had moved him to seek the grace of repentance unto life; that a sense of guilt and depravity had arisen in his conscience, and that it was his great desire and determination to find the mercy which alone could save him. Right gladly did Mr. Clarke point out to him the way to the attainment of peace with God, through Jesus Christ; and when, after supper, the visitors having gone home, Mr. Clarke related to his wife the conversation which had taken place between himself and her brother-in-law, his gratification was greatly enhanced by learning that the sisters had spent the evening in converse on the same theme. Mrs. Butterworth had participated with her husband in the Divine influence which attended the discourse on Sunday, and acknowledged that she had come for the purpose of conferring with her sister about the things belonging to her eternal peace. Equally remarkable it is, that both these inquirers after the pardoning mercy of God found the grace they were seeking while hearing another sermon from Mr. Clarke. The friendship established under these auspicious circumstances received an eternal seal. Joined to the Lord in one spirit, and in one hope of their calling, they spent their remaining days in the service of their redeeming God; and, being gathered "into the ark of Christ's Church," "steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted in charity," so passed "the waves of this troublesome world," as to come together "to the land of everlasting life." The

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Butterworths, having given their hearts to the Lord, gave their hands at once to his cause, and as members of the Methodist communion adorned the doctrine of their Saviour in a life fragrant with devotion and beneficence. In the Church, Mr. Butterworth long sustained most influential offices; and in the world, whether as a mercantile man, as a patron and manager of various philanthropic institutions, or as a diligent and effective member of Parliament, he stood for many years conspicuous among the best men of his time.

In the London Circuit, at large, Mr. Clarke and his excellent colleagues had the great encouragement of witnessing the tokens of divine mercy in those signs and wonders of salvation by which much people were turned to the Lord. In writing to a friend at Liverpool, he describes this work as an outpouring of the Spirit of God such as he had never seen before. "Every part of the city seemed to partake of it. The preachings were well attended, and a gracious influence rested on the people. After the regular service we have a prayer-meeting, in which much good is done. The first movement took place in our Sunday schools; and in Spitalfields, New Chapel, West-street, and Snow's-fields, simultaneously. Several sheets of paper would not suffice to give you even a general idea of what is going on. Last night we had our love-feast. For about half an hour the people spoke; when all was ended in that way, we exhorted and prayed with many who were in great mental distress. We remained four hours in these exercises. You might have seen small parties praying in separate parts of the chapel at the same time. The mourning was like that of Hadad-rimmon; every family seemed to mourn apart. We who prayed circulated through the whole chapel, above and below, adapting our prayers and exhortations to the circumstances of the mourners. Many were pardoned; to others strong hope was vouchsafed, and then was the advice given by each to his neighbor to believe in Jesus: 'He has pardoned me! O, do not doubt, seeing he has had

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mercy upon me, the vilest of sinners!' One scene particularly affected me. A young man, recently married to an unconverted young woman, persuaded her to kneel down with two others who were in deep distress. Presently she was cut to the heart; I visited them backward and forward, at least a score times. After they had been about three hours in this state, the young woman found peace, and in a short time the other two entered into liberty. When the young fellow found his wife praising God for his mercy, he was almost transported with joy; he sung, prayed, and praised; and great indeed was their mutual glorying, and so was ours on their behalf. Well, thus we continued, until at a late hour I prevailed on the people, with some difficulty, to go home. We are trying to get these meetings shortened. If friends Russell, Robinson, etc., were here, they would be in their element."

The population in that part of London where Mr. Clarke resided has always comprised large masses of the poor and destitute; and in seasons of commercial depression the poor of Spitalfields have been subjected to great distress. This was the case during his sojourn in that neighborhood; and it well accorded with the disposition of his heart, aching so often at the sight of so much misery, to be associated with a number of the Society of Friends, who had formed themselves into a union for distributing bread and soup to the famishing. For that respectable body he then formed an esteem which he cherished through life, and which, on their part, was strongly reciprocated.

From the severe toil of the circuit, and the constant tension of his mind, as well for the pulpit as the press, his health became now so disordered as to compel him to obey the requirement of his medical advisers, to retire for a short time into the country. He spent, therefore, a little while at the seaside in Kent, where he was greatly revived by the pleasant air and scenery of the coast; and then took a short tour into Warwickshire, where the ruins of Kenilworth, and the baronial halls of Warwick Castle, afforded

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him a delight which he has vividly described in his letters to his family at home. At Coventry he formed an acquaintance with the venerable Mr. Butterworth, the father of his brother-in-law, and had the pleasure of occupying the aged minister's pulpit. Though this effort did not contribute to augment his slowly returning strength it was attended by the satisfaction of knowing that it was not made in vain. "Yesterday," he writes, "I had indeed sore work. I preached three times, and at least an hour each time. I was much at liberty, and really believe much good was done. The old gentleman and all his flock seem highly pleased. The people are absolutely (*pro tempore*) turning Methodists, without knowing it. Several of Mr. Butterworth's disaffected members, who have not been in his chapel for many months, came twice yesterday, and are likely to continue." And in another letter: "On Friday evening I preached at our own place, and had the house full. Most of Mr. Butterworth's family were there, and the principal members of his church. Never did such death-like attention occupy an assembly during the hour that I insisted on Matt. vii, 7, 'Ask, and ye shall receive,' etc. The good old man got almost into the seventh heaven; had it not been that I made the full salvation of God too easy to be attained, he might have walked that evening into paradise. I believe a general quickening took place among all, and I need not tell you how our Joseph and his wife* were affected." And again: "This morning we were to have set off for Birmingham; but I found myself so much indisposed that I did not like the thought of setting off in such a tempest. Weary as I am, I must preach to night at our own place, and tomorrow night at Mr. Butterworth's; after which I am to take coach for London and ride all night. If this be not the way to wear out, it is certainly not the way to rust out."

With somewhat recruited health, Mr. Clarke resumed his engagements in London, and completed the third year of

*Mr. and Mrs. Butterworth, who were then visiting at Coventry.

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labor in that circuit. He seems to have worked in perfect harmony with his colleagues, except about one difficulty which occurred in the case of Dr. Whitehead, who having been ejected from the office of local preacher by the late superintendent, Mr. Rogers, on account of what was deemed a dishonorable use of certain papers in preparing his biography of Mr. Wesley, was now making strenuous efforts for reinstatement on the Plan. In this he was seconded by many of the trustees, and had also the concurrence of Mr. Pawson and others of the preachers. Mr. Clarke, however, felt compelled to oppose the wishes of his excellent superintendent; nor, though Dr. Whitehead was subsequently reinstated, could he ever modify the opinion he had formed on that subject. This little ruffle, however, soon passed away, and the current of friendship rolled on, with a deeper sense of esteem from the knowledge that each minister had of the others' integrity; and the year, which had thus commenced under somewhat unpropitious influences, passed away in peace. And this was the case with the Connection at large, which within the last three years had been severely tried by the hostile movements of Mr. Kilham and his partisans. Into the details of that wretched controversy we have no inclination to enter. Its rise and progress are matters of Methodistic history; and time the great prover of all things, has given such a verdict on the relative merits of the "Old" and the "New Connection," as the friends of the former are most thankful to accept. One tempest has broken its force upon it after another, but Wesleyan Methodism was never so strong as it is to-day.

At the end of his third year Mr. Clarke attended the Conference of 1798 at Bristol, which was held under the presidency of Mr. Benson. While there he wrote to Mrs. Clarke from time to time some of the "Conference news." "Notwithstanding our great losses by the Kilhamites, we have had," says he, "a considerable increase this year. We are now, glory to the God of heaven, not less than 100,756 in Great Britain and Ireland. Strange to tell, all

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the Irish collections have increased. Mr. Mather, Mr. Benson, and others have been at me in private to go to Cornwall, and be general superintendent for the whole county. I am not very fond of ruling, yet I think it is possible I may be sent there. . . . The characters of the preachers examined—all gone through; and, among upward of three hundred traveling preachers, not one charge of immorality brought against any soul; and yet everything was sifted to the heart. O what thanks do we owe to God for thus preserving us from the corruptions of the world! A solemn exhortation was then given by Messrs. Benson, Mather, and Pawson, to all the brethren, that they should keep themselves pure." He adds, pleasantly: "A few preachers were found guilty of long sleeves cropped heads,* and stringed shoes," (the buckles cast away!) "and severely reprimanded. After all, never was there a body of men in the world who winked less at any appearance of evil than these; and I solemnly believe no body of Christian ministers, since the world began, so large was ever found more blameless."

At this Conference Mr. Clarke was a good deal busied in settling on a legal basis the Preachers' Annuitant Society, to which he became for a time both treasurer and secretary. In the prosperity of this institution he ever took a lively interest, from his sympathy for the aged and disabled laborers in a field in which he himself was fast wearing out strength and health, as well as on account of the modicum of comfort its scanty resources would afford to the widow and orphan. Among some papers before me there is a memorandum by Mrs. R. Smith, relating to this point, which I shall do well to insert: "My father was remarkable for the zealous care he manifested over any trust committed to him, though he undertook a charge of that nature very unwillingly. At one pariod it was his duty to receive the dividends of the Preachers' Annuitant Society. Having casually learned that the broker who transacted the business of the dividends had involved himself in speculations, he

* Long hair was the orthodox style.

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determined to apply for the money as soon as it could be received from the bank, and, requesting me to accompany him, entered the counting-house of the gentleman in question, who, seated at his desk, received this unexpected visit not very graciously. 'I am come, sir, for the dividend on the Preachers' Annuitant Society.' 'I am very busy, sir, and cannot attend to it now,' was the reply. 'I am very sorry to inconvenience you, sir; and as I myself am in a hurry, will only trouble you to hand it to me, and not intrude any further on your time.' I cannot give it to you now, sir, having much more important business here before me.' 'Why, it will not take you long to hand it to me, and then I will leave you to your business, and go away on my own.' The gentleman, displeased at seeing him so determined, said, 'I cannot be interrupted, Mr. Clarke, nor possibly give it to you now:' upon which my father said, in a voice of resolute firmness: 'Sir, I stand here on behalf of the widows and orphans of God's Church, and claim for them the money you hold which that Church has raised for their support. They speak by my mouth, and I will not leave till you put the money into my hand. The money, sir, and I am gone.' The money was paid; and my father took his leave, satisfied that he had performed a just though pain ful duty." Mr. Clarke's connection with this legalized fund extended over several years.

The close of the Conference left him appointed for the second time to Bristol, under the superintendency of that truly good man, Mr. Walter Griffith. They found the society but slowly recovering from the shattering effects of the storm of controversy which had assailed it from opposite quarters: from the anti-sacramental bigotry of the trustees and their partisans, on the one extreme, and the ultra democracy of the new Kilhamite school on the other. It seems, however, to have been the determination of the new preachers to know nothing among those quarrelsome people save Jesus and him crucified; well knowing that, if Christ came, he would bring peace with him. The spirit

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with which Adam Clarke went to work, and the encouragements which sustained him, become apparent in a letter dated about a month after his arrival in the circuit: "Through mercy, we are all well. Last Sunday was my turn at Kingswood and Wick. I had a large congregation in the morning, and such a sense of the presence of God rested on us all as some of the oldest members said they had never felt before. I took that glorious subject: 'How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God!' etc. My own soul was greatly watered, and the Lord sent a plentiful rain on his inheritance. Though the place was thronged there was not a sound in it save that of my own voice; till, describing how God gave to those who turned to him to 'drink of the river of his pleasure'—to be filled with the very thing which made God himself happy—I raised my voice, and inquired in the name of the living God, 'Who was miserable? Who was willing to be saved? to be made happy? Who was athirst?' A wretched being, who had long hardened his heart by a course of uncommon wickedness, roared out: 'I am, Lord! I am! I am!' In a moment there was a general commotion. I seized the instant and told them to compose themselves and listen, for I had something more to tell them—something for every soul, a great, an eternal good. I am just going to open to you another stream of 'the river of his pleasure.' They were immediately composed; and in a very few moments such a flood of tears streamed down all cheeks as you have perhaps never seen; and all was silence but the sighings which escaped, and the noise made by the poor fellow who was still crying to God for mercy. In about half an hour we ended one of the most solemn and blessed meetings I ever ministered in. I was then obliged to set off for Wick, a place several miles farther. Here I had a good congregation.

"You will wish to know what became of the poor man, and I am glad I can tell you. I had it yesterday from one of the leaders at Kingswood. When he left the chapel he set off for the first prayer-meeting he could find, thinking

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God would never forgive his sins till he made confession unreservedly of all his iniquities. He began in the simplicity of his soul, and, with an agonized heart, and streaming eyes, made known the evils of his life. They prayed with him, and God gradually brought him into the liberty of his children."

In the following month Mr. Clarke was called to mourn the death of his father, who had been declining in health for some time, and latterly so much so as to excite a strong desire in the mind of his son to go down to Lancashire to see him, and receive his blessing. But the unavoidable business which pressed upon him on entering his new circuit at the ticket-time, and his own domestic circumstances, obliged him still to delay, till to his great grief, the opportunity had forever passed. He had written, however, "to an old and very intimate friend, John Berwick, Esq., of Manchester, entreating him to watch over his father, and to minister to his comfort." Mr. Berwick fulfilled the request, and attended the invalid to the last. "When I arrived this forenoon," he writes to Mr. Clarke, announcing the solemn event of his parent's decease, "I found him much altered indeed. . . . He was seated in his chair, but wanted to be removed into bed. I wished to have your desire of 'a line from his own hand.' I therefore put a table before him, and paper, and put the pen in his hand. He faintly said, 'I only wish to send my blessing.' He was very happy, and willing to die. After he had written the few words he was got into bed, and appeared better. I thought he might survive a few hours, and therefore took my leave of him, and told him I would return. He asked God to bless me, very loud. At my return I found he had just gone to glory, without a groan. I had spoken to him respecting you. I told him I thought it well you had not been sent for, as you could have done him no good. He said he was perfectly satisfied; for, if you had suffered from the effects of the journey, he should have been very unhappy. He added that he had no pain, and that one moment in eternity would compensate for all he had suffered here."

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On the same sheet of paper is the last benediction:

"May the blessing of God, and a dying father's blessing, ever be upon you all, my children. I die full of hope and happy. JOHN CLARKE.

"God bless you all. Adam=Mary,
William*=Mary,
Tracy—all—all. Amen."

Under this sacred record are to be seen the following lines: "These words my precious father wrote an hour and a half before he went to glory. ADAM CLARKE."

Mr. Clarke was deeply affected by this event. He expressed himself "as if the bands of life were loosened from around him, and his mental and physical powers almost brought down together to the sides of the grave." He sent immediately for his widowed mother, who came and resided with him till he left Bristol, when she went to live with her daughter, Mrs. Exley, who was then settled in that city. Mr. Clarke, senior, was buried in Ardwick churchyard, Manchester. His tombstone, which is inscribed, "To JOHN CLARKE, M. A.," states that he died in the sixty-second year of his age. So rested this learned, honest, and laborious man from the toils and disappointments of mortality. Ever afterward his son Adam, passing that churchyard, either on foot or riding, uncovered his head the whole length of the cemetery; a token of the reverence and love which all through life he cherished for his father's memory.

This was not the only circumstance which threw a shadow over the present year. It was a time of universal gloom. The thunder-clouds of war darkened the political sky; commercial adversity shut up the warehouse of the merchant; and want, approaching to famine itself, reigned in the cottage. "These," writes he, "are troublous times; and we need to watch and pray always, that we may be accounted worthy to escape the things which are apparently coming upon us, and to stand before the Son of Man." A member of his family, reverting to those days, observes:

* His son-in-law, the Rev. Dr. Johnson.

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"This year, and the succeeding one, were marked by circumstances of unusual scarcity. All ranks felt and acknowledged the distress as a judgment; the rich voluntarily ceased from a consumption of flour in the way of elegant indulgences; the middle classes found it difficult to support their families, through the scarceness of all provisions; and the poor sought from door to door a handful of food to save them from dying. Alas! they could not always meet with even this, and numbers of them perished from mere starvation. From the effects of this distress Mr. and Mrs. Clarke and their infant family suffered in common with others; but they concealed their necessities, in order not to draw upon the sympathies of their friends, and frequently denied themselves a sufficiency of food, to save a part of each day's allotment of provisions to share with the wretched applicants who were in still greater need than themselves. Mr. Clarke would often talk to his little ones on the subject, and show them their starving fellow-creatures, who, in cold, nakedness, and famine, sought relief; and each would put by a bit of the breakfast or supper for the poor. At its distribution they were all present, and thus were taught to see and feel the blessings which follow self-denial, in the happiness it yielded to others. Thus did he early train his little flock to feel for others, and to love them as their brethren."

Mr. Clarke probably referred to this trying time, when, many years after, on a visit to Bristol, he casually met with an old time-piece which had formerly belonged to him. "That clock," said he, "I sold in this city, for the mere purpose of buying bread for my children."

But, in the midst of these depressions, his mental activity never flagged. He had entered the arena of literary life, and was fast rising into notice as an author. To the works of Dr. Clarke we will devote an exclusive chapter further on, and be content at present with observing that, after throwing off some occasional pieces in the Arminian Magazine, (among which was a curious paper on Judicial Astrology, condensed, apparently, from Barclay's "Argenis,") he pub-

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lished in 1797 his "Dissertation on the Use and Abuse of Tobacco." These slight efforts were now followed up by a Translation of Sturm's "Reflections," and the advancement of a work in Bibliography, which afterward appeared in the form of a Dictionary, which has long had a high place in the esteem of men of letters, together with two smaller publications—an Account of the Polyglot Bibles, and a Catalogue Raisonne of the principal Editions of the Greek Testament. To these latter works, which evince prodigious reading, scholarship, and indefatigable industry, we shall have occasion ere long to revert. We name them here, to show in what incessant efforts he must have been filling up his measured days. Nor should it be omitted, that all the while he was diligently engaged with the Commentary on the New Testament; of which he had now finished the Notes on the first two Gospels, and some other parts of the sacred volume. It is with Mr. Clarke as a preacher and pastor that the present stage of our recollections has to do. Let us hear him speak on these matters for himself:

"Last Sabbath I was at Kingswood. The thronging together of the people was truly astonishing. The chapel was thronged, and the grave is not more silent than was that crowd of listening people. While preaching I felt a strong persuasion that God would visit them. I told them so, and it had a good effect on all; they heard for eternity, and I could not help joining in the prayer of one of them 'O God, save all, save all!'

"I had a sore day last Sabbath fortnight. Rode twenty-four miles, gave tickets in three places, preached three times, and had not a morsel either of flesh, fish, or fowl, or good red herring, all day; neither wine, nor strong drink; only about half-past twelve got a few potatoes, and as much as I pleased of bad small-beer." (He sometimes fared thus meagerly, from his inveterate dislike to bacon and pork. His brethren who had no such antipathies made a hearty dinner when our friend could eat only the potatoes.) "The work of God goes on nobly at Kingswood. There is a new place taken

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in, the worst in all the wood; it is called Cock-road. As the inhabitants were all sons of Belial, no person dared to go into the place for fear of being knocked on the head. There are thirty of these miserable sinners now joined in class, and several of them have found peace with God. The devil has sustained a heavy loss in that quarter."

Referring to this neighborhood afterward, he says: "The work still goes on gloriously at Cock-road. One man, the vilest of the vile, hearing that several of his companions were converted, and that they prayed publicly, said, 'So Tom prays, and Jack prays; what can *they* say? I'll go and hear;' and away he went, and got to a prayer-meeting, where every soul seemed engaged with God but himself. At last the power of God seized upon the wretch's heart, and he exclaimed, 'One prays and another prays: I'LL PRAY;' and down he fell, and began in his way to cry to God for the salvation of his soul. This human fiend who could scarcely utter a word without an oath, is now transformed into a saint, and is walking in all meekness and gentleness and uprightness before God. What could effect this change but the Almighty power of the grace of Christ?

"We had a genuine love-feast yesterday at Kingswood. How little, how unutterably little, did all the partisans of infidelity and their opinions appear in the business of that day! We had some very affecting testimonies, and some uncommon ones. I began at first to take notes of them; but soon found that, if I continued them, I should lose the spirit and good of them to my own soul. A young man delivered a speech of at least twenty minutes in length concerning his conversion. He was a collier; it was impressive beyond description; and so great was the *whole*, that to me the *parts* are uncollectible. Some very great ideas were produced by those plain unlettered men. One of them, recently brought to God, endeavored at first to get rid of his convictions; but such was the agony of his soul, and such its continuance, that nature was exhausted. 'On awaking one morning,' he said, 'I felt ashamed to look at

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the daylight, much more to look at God. I roared for the disquietude of my soul. I called mightily for mercy. No answer. At last I tumbled me out of bed, and prayed with all my soul. I then drew out my three little children, told them to kneel down, and say their prayers for their father.' It is needless to add, that his own prayers, and those of his three little innocents to God, brought a speedy answer of peace to his spirit; in which salvation he continues to walk in a most exemplary way."

Christian! does not your heart melt at these recitals? Let not the men of rituals and formulas tell us of the scandal of these transgressions of ecclesiastical routine. He who understands the true spirit of the apostolic constitutions knows that these proceedings both fulfill the purpose for which the apostles labored, and harmonize with every canon they ordained for the increase and stability of the Christian Church.

Intense study, writing eight or ten hours a day, and the full work of a Methodist preacher's life, had already made sad inroads on Mr. Clarke's health. Toward the close of his time in Bristol, he says: "I was once a young man both without and within; but the outward young man is gone, though the inward still continues. I have only to say, that if my natural force be abated, my eye grown dim and my hair grey, long before the ordinary time of life,* Satan cannot boast that these preternatural failures have taken place in his service, or were ever, either directly or indirectly, occasioned by it. Blessed be God!"

A journey now and then served to withdraw his attention from study, and invigorate mind and body for further labor. Thus, in January, 1799, he goes to London. From some characteristic letters to Mrs. Clarke, written while on that visit, we set down a few sentences: "Yesterday morning I preached at City Road. Though the people had not got much notice, yet there was a large congregation. I preached on Rom. xv, 4–6. It was an uncommon subject, and I

* He was then about thirty-nine.

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found considerable liberty. Almost all my old Mercuries were there, and I think most of the trustees. Many were ready to half-eat me. I went thence to Mr. Bulmer's to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Sundius, Mr. and Mrs. Butterworth, and Mr. Edward. I then went to Spitalfields, and preached at three; here was a large congregation, and by the time I had done my strength was finished. I then went to see Mr. Johnson, thence to Mr. Fisher's, thence to Mr. Williams's, thence to W., where our dinner-party supped together with Mr. and Mrs. Buttress. They departed at eleven, and I stayed all night. This morning, after breakfast, I set off again; for Mr. Sundius had given me two guineas to give to the poor of my acquaintance. I gave both to——, and it was a time of need, as they are much in debt for the necessaries of life. I gave him also a guinea to pay for me at the Widow's Relief. Thence to Mr. Williams's. They are both very low, having lost both their children; thence to Mr. Cressall's, thence to Mr. Reece's; thence to the soup-house, where I got a very good and highly acceptable bason. I met with Mr. Bevan, who was very glad to see me, and took me to his house in Ploughcourt. He has got up the residue of the yearly epistles. I called in at Mr. Baynes's at one o'clock. They were going to dinner. I sat down and ate with them. I hope to sup this evening at Mr. Middleton's. I have not had a quarter of a night's sleep since I left. To-morrow I serve at the soup-house."

More than a year afterward (March, 1801) he takes another excursion into Cornwall. From the kind of epistolary journal sent by several posts to Mrs. Clarke, on this excursion, we will also take a few passages:

"My most excellent and beloved Mary: We left Bristol about five minutes before six o'clock, and came on safely and slowly eighteen miles to a place called Cross, where we got breakfast at nine o'clock. I had some cold beef, and made a breakfast like an ancient Briton. We soon got under weigh; in all, eight passengers. Through Bridge-

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water we came to Taunton, where a dinner was provided of roast swine and boiled swine, with a miserable knuckle of veal. I asked for a bit of cold meat, and got some of a very miserable quality. They charged us each four shillings and ninepence. Once more off. The road most jolty, especially from Collumpton. Arrived at Exeter at a quarter to nine." Leaving the city in a chaise, "through a bad road indeed, got to Crockerton a little after twelve. The good folks were gone to bed, and the landlady rose with her child of fourteen months old, which I lugged about while she lighted a fire and got us a comfortable supper. We again set off. Dark and rainy was the night; but we got over a rugged hop-jump way to Okehampton at half-past three this morning. At half-past four proceeded, and, very much fatigued, got to Launceston at eight, where I now write. Thus God has conducted us in perfect safety to within sixteen miles of Camelford. Here we have just had breakfast, and are in expectation of horses, which Mr. Mabyn ordered to meet us. Well now, you see that the Lord cares for your queer odd, good-for-little husband. I dare say you have been praying for me. Pray on, Mary! I have not taken this journey from any rambling disposition; I have felt reluctant to it, but think duty has compelled me, and I wait to see the issue. I shall not venture down into the west, as I am sure a month would not suffice to go to all the places I must visit, if I visited any one. . . . Tell John here is a very beautiful ancient castle, which I will tell him all about when I return."

"CAMELFORD, *March* 13, 1801.

"After waiting a long time in a most uncomfortable inn at Launceston, we ordered a chaise to set forward to Camelford; and, just as we were going to step into it, our horses came. Having fed them, we took the chaise for eleven miles, and made the servant follow us with his two *Rosinantes*. It was well we did; for we had a tempest all the way. When we came to the inn, I borrowed a large coat

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from the landlord, who is an acquaintance of Mr. Mabyn's, mounted my tit, and hobbled off for Camelford. After many stumbles and blunders I got safely to Mr. Mabyn's at three o'clock, where we found dinner waiting. In the journey from Launceston to Camelford I passed by Tregear, once the residence of my old affectionate friend, T. Baron, Esq. He went safely to heaven some years ago; and his nephew, who was a young lad at school when I was formerly in these parts, became heir to his uncle's estate, and, if possible, more than supplied his place. He turned early to God. Married to a young lady like-minded, they enjoyed in their family all that earth can afford of felicity, and all that Satan could envy. God also lived in them, and they lived in God. Affliction is the lot of all. Death made an inroad in their little family by removing a beloved child; and the same dart that pierced the child passed through the father's heart as well. He followed his child *to* the grave, and in five days went *into* it. The ways of God are in the great deep.

"March 14.—After dinner I went to Michaelstow, to see my old afflicted friend Miss Hocken, whom an unaccountable nervous disorder has confined for thirty years mostly to her room. One of the finest and most sensible women in Cornwall. She was exceedingly glad to see me, and I spent more than an hour in profitable conversation with a woman who obliged me to leave the surface and go to the bottom of the different subjects we discussed. Tell John and Theo. that in this journey I observed several things which strongly indicated that the country hereabout has suffered much from some natural violence. I observed one place where a mountain seems to have been rent in twain; the corresponding parts on either side are nearly half a mile from each other. There is a deep valley between them, at the bottom of which a river has found its readiest course. . . . On my return Rough Tor, the highest mountain in Cornwall, rose on my right hand. On its top two peaks, or rather, large rocks. On the western point there is, I am in-

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formed, a very fine Druidic monument—an altar, with an immense stone poised on the top of another, and so equally balanced in the center that a person can move it. Round about are large basins scooped out of the rock, which communicate by little conduits with each other, and which appear to have been used for libations, or to receive the blood of the sacrifices. . . . Last evening I had a pleasing visit from Mr. Pearse, the Duke of Bedford's steward, and several others. Mr. P., who is one of the excellent of the earth, I joined to the society seventeen years ago.

"March 16.—I am, thank God, as well as you could expect me to be on Monday, after such a day's work. Yesterday morning I preached a long and (for me) good sermon on the purpose and design of the Lord's Supper; after which I administered that sacred ordinance to the society. Many were in tears all the time; and several, I believe, took the *sacramentum*, or military oath, to be the faithful followers of Christ forever. As I had been speaking from half past ten to nearly one, I felt great reluctance to preach again at two, especially as one of their own preachers was present; but they would take no denial; even Mr. Mabyn himself seemed to have no pity, and I was obliged to work once more. I see what would have been my fate had I gone to the west. I am afraid our people never imagine that speaking, as they call it, can hurt a man; but this also must be borne with. We had now a very lively meeting, with a multitude of elephantine Amens. By the evening the news had spread far and wide, and we had many from four to ten miles round, and I suppose at least two-thirds of the inhabitants of Camelford. All that the chapel could possibly hold came in, and the rest stood without, cold and uncomfortable as the night was. I worked nearly from six to eight. On my concluding, they struck up a prayer-meeting, and continued it till nine, at which almost all that were in the house during the preaching continued. When I got home, I was supremely wearied.

"I am now preparing to set off for Port Isaac, about ten

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miles. [Here follow some antiquarian descriptions.] I have had a pleasing interview with a young gentleman from India; he reads Persian and Arabic with the true accent, and they come out of his mouth like oil. He is quite a man of science, and has joined the society here, and met yesterday in class the first time. . . . I hope to reach Plymouth toward the end of this week, and spend the Lord's day there. The longer I stay away, the more earnestly I desire to return."

These letters, of which there is quite a packet, abound with picturesque descriptions of the country, and some curious information on the archæological remains in that part of Cornwall; the substance of which, with enlargements, the reader may find in the doctor's Miscellaneous Works. He appears to have enriched the letters with these topics for the instruction of his children, who were now reaching the years when the mind begins to hunger after knowledge. Happy the young people who could value and improve the advantage of having a father who was able to nourish their minds, as well as their bodies, with food convenient for them!

Mr. Clarke returned to Bristol to fill up the remaining months of his period there in those duties which tended, by the divine blessing, to the enlargement and upbuilding of the congregations of the circuit, both in town and country. Neither he nor his colleagues were permitted to spend their strength for naught. Large multitudes were drawn, from week to week, to hear words whereby they might be saved. The impenitent were awakened and made thoughtful; the seeker found; the more advanced in the spiritual life were led further heavenward; and God in all things was glorified.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE PREACHER AND PASTOR — CONTINUED.

By the Conference of 1801 Mr. Clarke was appointed for the second time to the Liverpool Circuit. A Methodist minister is called to suffer more than many other men, from the breaking up of that friendly intercourse with congenial minds which yields so much consolation to our life. In Bristol, during the last three years, old friendships had been more strongly confirmed, and new ones, both in the circles of religion and of literature, contracted, which contributed to render this new exodus the more inconvenient to his personal feelings. In the present case, however, he had the advantage of coming among a people who were not unknown to him; by whom indeed, for his work's sake in days that were past, he was welcomed now as a heartily trusted friend, and by not a few of them revered as a messenger of the Lord.

He entered on these renewed engagements with an intellect amplified by the studies and trials of the intervening years, and a heart more richly than ever replete with the graces which the Holy Spirit makes perfect in the faithful; but with a physical constitution too greatly enfeebled by exhaustion to grapple with the obligations of the Methodist itinerancy. He was often now taken suddenly ill, so as to be in an instant deprived of sensation; and on one occasion the seizure was so ominous, that his friends anticipated the most distressing results. He staggered on, however, with his work, both in the study and the circuit, till in the following April he was obliged to be taken to London for the best medical advice. It is then that he announces to Mrs. Clarke the very serious view which an eminent practitioner took of his case: "I went this morning with Mr. Butterworth to con-

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sult Mr. Pearson, who said: 'You must totally cease from all mental and bodily exertion, except such as you may take in cultivating a garden, or riding on horseback. I know not whether your disease be not too far advanced to be cured. The ventricles of your heart are in a state of disease; and if you do not totally and absolutely abstain from reading, writing, preaching, etc., you will die speedily, and you will die suddenly. Did I not believe you to be in such a state of mind as not to be hurt at this declaration, I would have suppressed it; but, as matters are, I deem it my duty to be thus explicit, and assure you that, if you do not wholly abstain for at least twelve months, you are a dead man!' Now, my dear Mary, you must not believe all this; but we will talk the business over when I see you. If I find I cannot do my work, I will give it up. I will not feed myself to starve the Church of God. I will seek out some other way of maintaining my wife and my children." With this alternative, he was compelled to give some remission to his habitual efforts; and with such good effect, that at the following Conference he was enabled to contemplate the resumption of labor as not altogether unwarrantable, though with some hesitation about the locality, as Mrs. Clarke's health was at that time in a precarious state. We have his views on both these subjects in a letter from the Bristol Conference in July, 1802:

"My very dear Mary,—My good brother Gibson's letter this morning has brought no small pain to my mind, and my anxious uncertainty at times is almost unbearable. Unless a more favorable account come soon, I must set off for Liverpool. Those shiverings continued alarm me to the extreme. Mr. Gibson complains that few people call to see you; but of this I am heartily glad. In staying away they will show more kindness than by coming to see you. I know not what to say or do in my appointment. If I thought Liverpool prejudicial to your health, I would have you removed immediately; for myself I feel no man-

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ner of anxiety. I cannot realize my own danger if I am in any. It is hidden from me. God prepare me for the worst! My brethren think there is little or nothing the matter with me; and I am determined to take up my whole work, and perform it, or die. This is my resolution, and from it I shall not move, God being my helper. Therefore I return to begin my work, as if I never had felt a pang of distress. You know my resolutions are not yea and nay. But I must add, that when, having tried my strength to the uttermost, I feel I cannot do the whole of my work, I will not starve the work of God to feed myself; but get some other employment, by which I can support my family without burdening the cause of God."

They who wait upon the Lord renew their vigor. So found this brave servant of Christ. He went in the strength of the Lord God, making mention of his righteousness; and help came with every hour of duty. "The afflictions of this present" had the tendency to awaken him to more vivid perceptions of the things that are eternal; and the solemn review of life hitherto spent, and the ordeal to which, by the word of the Lord, he subjected the motives of his conduct, enabled him to thank God and take courage. "I came into the work," says he, "with the purest motives, and now, probably standing on the brink of eternity, can say, no motive or end which I cannot acknowledge before God has ever influenced me for an hour. Notwithstanding my ignorance, which none could feel so much as myself, I have gotten wonderfully through, and have had as much favor in the sight of God's people as was necessary for me to go on with some degree of success and comfort. The blessed God saw that he had sown a seed of uprightness in my soul, which the weeds of sinister design or by-ends had never been permitted to impede the growth of, much less to choke. He has, therefore, preserved and blessed me for his own name's sake, and for the sake of that which, in eternal kindness, he had wrought and maintained in my heart."

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As a means of edification to several intelligent Christian friends, and of assistance in the pursuit of knowledge in its higher branches to young men of intellectual aspirations, Mr. Clarke formed in Liverpool this year a literary and scientific association, which took the title of a "Philological Society." This he regularly organized; and, among other helps to development, supplied it with a long series of questions and theses for examination. Of these, I give a few as specimens: "No. 3. What is an essay? and are there any rules by which this species of composition should be regulated? 12. Which of the arts and sciences can be proved to be most useful to mankind? 13. In what arts and sciences do the moderns excel the ancients? and *vice versa.* 9. Which is the most effectual way of disseminating useful knowledge among the lower ranks of society? 22. What is the difference between the will and the affections? and how may we distinguish the operations of the one from those of the other? 21. What is conscience? 38. What is the difference between heathen virtue and Christian morality? 4. What is the best method of bringing up children, so as to preserve their health, promote their growth, and improve their understanding? 23. What is the best method of treating domestics? 24. What is the best method of managing the thoughts? 28. What are those arguments for Divine revelation which, all Christians assert, have not been and can never be refuted? What is an idea? Genius? Common sense? Enthusiasm? Sympathy? A gentleman? To what causes can the diversity of dialects in a living language be attributed? 159. Required, an essay on the antiquity, genius, perfections, and utility of each of the following languages: Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, German, and English; with an account of the most classical and important philological works in each. 160. Required, a grammar of each of the above languages, that, in quantity of matter and simplicity of expression, shall be brought within the reach of the capacity of children, 161. Required, short, plain, comprehensive treatises on the

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elements of arithmetic, geography, astronomy, geometry, etc., for the use of the rising generation, and especially adapted to the circumstances of the children of the poor. 171. Required, an essay on the superiority of the civil institutions of Moses to those of Menu, Solon, and Lycurgus. 146. Required, a short Scriptural and rational essay on the Providence of God. 69. What further improvements are necessary in the government of parish work-houses? 169. Required, an essay on the Pythagoric doctrine of numbers, and the uses to which the Pythagoreans and Platonists applied the five regular solids, since termed Platonic bodies." On this last subject Mr. Clarke wrote a dissertation, which may be found in his Miscellaneous Works. It will be seen that these questions do not, all of them, come under the denomination of strict philology; but the wide sense in which he used that term he indicates in an address to the society, where he observes, that "philology, in the modern acceptation of the word, is not so properly a science as an assemblage of several. It includes grammar, criticism, etymology, the interpretation of ancient authors, poetry, rhetoric, history, and antiquites: in a word, everything relating to ancient manners, laws, religion, government, and language."

The society met for conversation, discussion, and the consideration of written essays on the various themes of their studies. After some time Mr. Clarke found he could state that the scheme worked well, that interesting and excellent papers were produced; and that good would be done to the minds and hearts of the members.

As to himself, he was working hard at the Bibliographical Dictionary, (the first volume of which he brought out at Liverpool,) and at the Notes upon the Holy Scriptures. In addition to these more weighty undertakings, he translated the Dissertation of Monsieur A. L. Millin on the Silver Disc which bears the name of "Scipio's Buckler." This was subsequently incorporated in his Miscellaneous Works.

Generations pass away, and the son follows the parent.

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As in his last circuit Mr. Clarke had been called to mourn the decease of his father, so now another bereaving providence overtook him in the removal of his only brother, who died at Maghull, in his forty-fifth year. A biographic notice of this beloved relative, from the pen of Dr. Clarke, states that, after having been brought up in childhood by his uncle, the clergyman after whom he was named, and instructed in the classics by his father, he was introduced to the medical profession, studying, after his apprenticeship, at Trinity, Dublin. He went out as surgeon in "a Guinea ship," and in two voyages became a witness of the complicated cruelty and villainy of the African slave-trade, of which he has left in his journals some graphic details. "Filled with horror at this inhuman traffic, surgeon Clarke abandoned it after his second voyage: he married, and established himself at Maghull, eight miles from Liverpool," in a wide neighborhood, at that time but ill-supplied with medical practitioners, where he had great success, winning the confidence of the people by his skillful treatment, his personal urbanity, and Christian rectitude of life. But his professional labors multiplied beyond his strength. At a time when in a delicate state of health, he was called out night after night in cold and tempestuous weather, till his remaining strength broke suddenly down, and he sank into a consumption. In his last days he was consoled by the affectionate attentions of his brother, from whose holy counsels and earnest prayers he found most timely help in passing through the dark vale of death. In a pocket-book of Dr. Clarke's there are the following memoranda:

"Sept. 6th, 1803. I went to see my dying brother. He is in a very happy state of mind.

"Sept. 15th. Went to Maghull, and gave the sacrament to my dying brother. He is in great pain of body, but steadfast in his confidence in the Lord.

"Sept. 16th. Preached at Aintree, from Isaiah liv, 13, 14. My blessed brother died this evening at nine o'clock.

"Sept. 17th. I went over to see my dear brother's re

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mains. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*" Changed indeed. But from the sight would not the minister of Christ feel fresh motive to work while it was yet with himself called to-day, in making known to dying men the truth and grace of that adorable Redeemer who is our refuge, our resurrection, and our life?

After two years' residence at Liverpool, Mr. Clarke was reappointed to Manchester, where a multitude of Christians, who had long learned to value his ministry, gave him a most grateful welcome. The opening sermon at Oldham-street was attended by a vast concourse, and, from what he then saw and felt, he had confidence that God would be with them.

Some few details come out in a letter to one of his Liverpool friends, a little while after his resettlement in Manchester: "I have a very good garret for my study: poets, you know, and poor authors, generally live in such places. I have had shelves put up for my books, and have most of them unpacked and carried up to this sublime region; but it has been severe work, and has fatigued me sadly. The books and other things have been much injured in the carriage; upwards of twenty of my boxes were broken, though they came by His Grace's flats" (the Duke of Bridgewater's canal-boats.) "I am now quite of poor Richard's mind, that three such flittings would be equal to one burning. . . .

"I have heard Mr. Hearnshaw, the young preacher. He bids fair, I think, to make a luminous star in the Church of Christ. He has a very pleasing voice, a neat delivery, and very decent language; his matter is solid, and his doctrine sound. Mr. Jenkins you know; the other is Mr. Pipe. He" (Mr. Pipe) "is full of life and zeal, and I should not wonder if he be esteemed the first man among us. I like a good shaking, and long hearty Amens among the people; but, between you and me, there seems too much of it here; and many, I am afraid, do not distinguish between sense and sound—between the tornadoes of natural passion and the meltings of religious affection. But I must leave this with God, the only wise and good. May he keep us right!"

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In Manchester, as in other places, Mr. Clarke showed the value he set on class-meeting as a means of great help and encouragement in the Christian life, by entering himself as a private member in one of the classes. In Liverpool he had raised a class of his own; but now, under the leadership of "a plain, simple-hearted, good man," Mr. Clarke found, as often as his duties would allow him to meet, that he could derive great profit, and reflect it again in his ministry, from communion with these lowly ones in the flock of the Lord.

To the Strangers' Friend Society, which, with Mr. Bradburn, he had been the means of establishing in the town, he turned his renewed attention, strengthening and extending its truly beneficent agencies.

Steady also to his purpose in combining moral and intellectual culture, in making men strong in whatever is good, he opened his study on stated mornings in the week for young men who were desirous of instruction in the original languages of the Bible, and founded a society, like that already in operation at Liverpool, for the promotion of literary, scientific, and Christian studies; "to bring forward," as he said, "and improve latent talent, and to prompt the few, who were aiding and influencing each other, to act upon the million." Many men who have lived not in vain received good impulses and helps in these intellectual fellowships; and among them we may name that eminent scholar, diligent author, and excellent minister of Christ, the late Dr. James Townley.* The success attending this institute was always a subject of great thankfulness to the founder; and we may here mention that, when the time came for him to leave Manchester, the members offered him a token of their esteem, not only in a verbal tribute, but by the presentation of two massive silver cups, beautifully ornamented with a border of oak-leaves round

* Died in 1833; President of the Conference in 1829; many years one of the General Secretaries for the Methodist Missions. His antiquarian and bibliographical works have a permanent reputation.

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the outer rim, and bearing the inscription: "Ex DONO SOCIETATIS PHILOLOGICÆ MANCUNIENSIS REVERENDO ADAMO CLARKE, PRÆSIDI DILECTISSIMO ET DILIGENTISSIMO, IN AMICITIÆ GRATIQUE ANIMI PLURIMIS PRO MERITIS TESTIMONIUM."

In his own literary career Mr. Clarke gave another token of great activity, in the publication of the remaining volumes of the Bibliographical Dictionary (the preface of the sixth volume bearing date, "Manchester, July 1, 1804;") and also a new and improved edition of Claude Fleury's "Manners of the Ancient Israelites," a work which found much acceptance with the public.

As in Bristol and Liverpool, so now in Manchester, the silence of the study was broken upon by the voice of the knell. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke had to sustain the affliction of seeing their beautiful little daughter Agnes fade and die like a flower. This child had become an object of intense affection to her father; and the stroke which bereaved him was so much the more afflictive. "Agnes," says he, "was a most interesting and promising child. Few of her years ever possessed a finer understanding, or a more amiable disposition. She was led to remember her Creator in the days of her youth; she truly feared God, and dreaded nothing so much as that by which he would be offended, and his good Spirit grieved. Young as she was, it was evident that she possessed a pious heart. She loved prayer, attended public worship with delight, and had such a firmness and constancy of resolution, that nothing could make her change a purpose which she had formed, when convinced that it was right. . . . God saw it best to take her; and, having sowed in her heart the good seed of his kingdom, took her to heaven, where it should bring forth all its fruits in their native soil."

Twenty years afterward I find another reference, which shows how lasting was this love: "I had a daughter called Agnes; never was my soul so wrapped up in a child. God took her. . . . I had suffered so much in her sufferings, that

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the good Dr. Agnew said, if she had lived one week longer it must have killed me. Agnes is still dear to me, though it is more than twenty years since I lost that lovely child."

The circumstance that two of their children, Adam and Agnes, lay buried at Manchester, created a melancholy tie between the hearts of the parents and that place; but, while nature dictated that mournful sympathy, faith, with its solemn assurances, strengthened in their souls a more elevated sense of union with the heavenly world, whither their beloved ones had gone before them, and where, henceforth exempt from death, the families of the saved are reunited in the full possession of the inheritance which is incorruptible, and eternally their own.

Having completed his term of service in the Manchester Circuit, Mr. Clarke, amid the regrets of multitudes, removed from that city to resume his labors in London, being once more appointed to the metropolis by the Conference of 1805. As the superintendent of the circuit, he went into residence at the Methodist parsonage adjoining the chapel in City Road. Here, with the Rev. Messrs. Bogie, Entwisle, J. Stanley, and others for his colleagues, a wide sphere of engagements opened to him. London was still but one circuit; and since his last appointment the duties had become yet more numerous by the establishment of various other preaching-places, the building of several new chapels, and the increase of pastoral duties consequent on the formation and increase of the societies connected with them. And if, at present, each of the superintendents of the nine circuits into which the metropolis is divided finds that the multifarious business of his charge demands an incessant care, we may easily conceive that Adam Clarke, as the sole superintendent of the Methodist work in London, would be called to a life of almost sleepless labor. Yet his strength was as his day. By redeeming the early hours of the morning, he carried on the studies which were yielding plenteous fruitage in his literary works; and by resolute dili-

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gence he made full proof of his ministry as a preacher and pastor, maintained the financial resources of the circuit in full vigor, and developed the various capabilities of the Methodist system for the promotion of the spiritual and temporal comfort of the multitudes over whom, by the agency of Sunday-school teachers, prayer-leaders, class-leaders, visitors of the sick, tract distributers, exhorters, and local preachers, it exerts its benefic influence. Yet more, in addition to all these calls upon his time and care, we find him taking a prominent position in some of the greatest philanthropic movements of the age. Among these the British and Foreign Bible Society, then recently formed, awoke a joyful enthusiasm in his soul, which expressed itself in services to that noble institution as lasting as his life. At the instance of Mr. Butterworth, who was one of its earliest members, he was invited to take part in its great work, upon which he entered, as we may say, *con amore*, with the relish of the scholar for the philologic criticism involved in the undertaking to send forth the Bible in the various languages of mankind, and with the faith of the Christian in the power of divine truth, so conveyed, to renew the world in righteousness. Of the ability and zeal with which he co-operated in this great design we shall have to give some examples in the subsequent records. Suffice it here to observe, that from his extensive oriental learning, his acquaintance with the verbal criticism of the sacred text, and his sound judgment as a catholic theologian, the committee of the Bible Society found in Adam Clarke the man they wanted. Let the reader mark here what great consequences follow the decisions of our early life. When the friendless youth at Kingswood bought the Hebrew Grammar with the piece of coin found in the garden, the world itself was to be the better for the event.

In his own library at City Road, long before the broad mass of London life had begun to stir itself in a morning, Mr. Clarke was now diligently engaged in perfecting for

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the press the first parts of his Commentary, and in supplementing the six volumes of the Bibliographical Dictionary by two others, comprising a variety of topics connected with those studies, to which he gave the title of "The Bibliographic Miscellany." This work bears date, "November 1, 1806." Besides these, he lent powerful aid to the editor of the Eclectic Review, in some articles on the Septuagint, and the study of the Eastern languages.

At this time Mr. Clarke felt very strong convictions on the necessity of some effective measures for the training of men of piety and promise for the work of the ministry in the Methodist body; which, with the continual increase of its members and influence in the country, partook as well the educational advantages by which the English intellect has been so greatly elevated in the present age. He saw that an illiterate ministry would be inadequate to the wants of the times; and that, if the pulpits of Methodism were to attract the people, they must be filled by men who were, at least on a par with their hearers in mental cultivation. With these impressions, he took an early opportunity of bringing the subject under the consideration of the preachers then stationed in London; and the result of their conversation he details to Mr. Butterworth:

"We have now a subject of the deepest concern before us. We want some kind of seminary for educating workmen for the vineyard of the Lord. I introduced a conversation this morning upon the subject, and the preachers were unanimously of opinion that some efforts should be made without delay to get such a place established either here or at Bristol, where young men who may be deemed fit for the work may have previous instruction in theology, in vital godliness, in practical religion, and in the rudiments of general knowledge. No person to be permitted to go out into the work who is not known to be blameless in his conversation, thoroughly converted to God, alive through the indwelling Spirit, and sound in the faith. Mr. Benson said he would unite his whole soul in it, if I would take the

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supeintendence of it. What can we do to set this matter on foot? The people are getting wiser on all sides; Socinianism, and other isms equally bad, are gaining strength and boldness. . . . Every circuit cries out, 'Send us acceptable preachers;' and we are obliged to take what offers, and depend upon the recommendation of those who can scarcely judge, but from the apparent fervor of a man's spirit. My dear brother, the time is coming, and now is, when illiterate piety can do no more for the interest and permanency of the work of God than lettered irreligion did formerly. The Dissenters are going to establish a grammar-school, and have sent about to all our people, as to their own, for countenance and support. Would not God have our charity in this respect to begin at home? Are there not many of our people who would subscribe largely to such an institution? If we could raise enough for the first year for the instruction of only six or ten persons, would it not be a glorious thing? Perhaps about twenty would be the utmost we should ever need to have at once under tuition, as this is the greatest average number we should take out in a year. Speak speedily to all your friends, and let us get a plan organized immediately; let us have something that we can lay, matured, before the Conference. God, I hope, is in the proposal; and we should not promise our strength or influence to others, till we find either that we can do nothing for ourselves, or that nothing is requisite."

This desirable project could not at that time be accomplished. The Conference was burdened with increasing pecuniary difficulties, and the resources of the Connection were not adequate to the task. At a later day, however, (1833,) the scheme was carried into full effect, to the great satisfaction of all enlightened and impartial men in the Methodist communion. A Theological Institution was founded, one branch of which is situated at Richmond, Surrey, and the other at Didsbury, near Manchester. Already, in those sequestered shades, hundreds of pious young men,

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called of God to the work of the Gospel, have been soundly trained for the Christian ministry, of which they are making worthy proof in various parts of the world. The divinity tutors have hitherto been the Rev. Professor Jackson, for Richmond, and the Rev. Dr. Hannah, for Didsbury.

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CHAPTER V.

THE PRESIDENT.

In these incessant engagements the year had passed away, and Mr. Clarke attended the annual assembly of the preachers at Leeds, in 1806. On this memorable occasion he was invested with the highest honor his brethren in the ministry could confer upon him, in being elected President of the Conference. It will be most pleasant to read such notices of those days as we find in his own letters to Mrs. Clarke.

One from Sheffield, on the way, acquaints us that his fellow-travelers were twenty-two in number. "I was one of three on the box, with the coachman; Messrs. Bradford, Cole, and Goodwin were behind me; Mr. and Mrs. Benson, inside. . . . From every quarter I find it is the unanimous design of the preachers to put me in the chair. Perhaps you will be surprised when I tell you that I am absolutely determined not to go into it. This purpose I believe none can shake. I have neither a state of mind nor nerves for such a work, and I would not take a handful of guineas to be obliged to preach the president's sermon. Dr. Coke is here."

"Leeds, July 25. We have got almost through our stationing work, and have much order and good-will among us. . . . When at Sheffield, I read over the Plan for the education of the young preachers, before Mr. Holy and some other of the principal friends, who all highly approved of it. This day I got Mr. Moore to read it, from whom I expected considerable opposition; but I was disappointed, by receiving from him the following note on the back of the cover:

'A very admirable letter. It answers almost all my ob-

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jections, or rather my fears. If we were such ministers as we should be, the pious who are well informed and even learned would be glad to join themselves to us.' He means that many pious, well-informed, and even learned men among our societies, and who are local preachers, would be glad to become traveling preachers; but he contends that the preachers have no proper Scriptural authority, [all this having been] already given up; so that the most vulgar and illiterate in a Leaders' or Quarterly Meeting can, by the number of heads, or show of hands, carry any point of discipline or doctrine against the preachers. This is certainly true, and is a sore and increasing evil."*

"July 27. This morning, according to appointment, I rode out to Armley, and preached at ten o'clock. The good people would have sent me back on horseback, but I excused myself, and walked home in company with Messrs. Bunting, Collier, and Button. Brother Garrett we left behind, to follow the blow. I have to preach this evening again at the new chapel. This will be sore work. Mr. Bradburn preached this morning on Old Methodism, and acquitted himself, I hear, very well. How I shall get on, God knows; but I am pledged, and cannot recede.

"The people are coming in, I am informed, from twenty miles' distance and upward. The following will show you, in some measure, their spirit and temper. A Quaker, airing himself in the street by his own house about six in the morning, saw a plain-looking countryman covered with dust, carrying a very large great coat, and sweating at every pore. He accosted him; 'Friend, whither art thou come? Thou appearest much fatigued.' 'I am coming to th' Methodist Conference,' says Bluntspurs; 'I am coom forty miles, and ha' walked all t' night.' The Quaker, struck with his

* In the dissensions which lately afflicted the Methodist body, some of the antagonists of the Conference intimated that, had Dr. Clarke lived, he would have approved of the attempts then made to deprive the ministers of the few remaining powers which are inherent in their office, and necessary to the discharge of their pastoral duty. How far these surmises were correct, may be learned from the Doctor's own words.

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appearance and honest bluntness, said, 'Friend, I like thy spirit; thee seemest sincere and zealous in this way; turn in hither, and refresh thyself; thou shalt be welcome to what the place can afford.' Poor Gruff turned in, and found a hearty welcome. How valuable is this simplicity of spirit! and how much more happiness do these people enjoy, who are taking God at his word, than those who are disputing with their Maker himself every particle of his revelation! Scaliger, who understood thirteen languages, seeing the comparative happiness of the simple and ignorant, cried out once, 'O that I had never known my alphabet!' But it is probable that from these as many sources of comfort are sealed up, as there are causes of distress to those whose minds are cultivated. I shall leave this till after preaching. . . .

"I am now returned from preaching to some thousands; thousands within, and hundreds without. To relieve the excessive press, a preacher was obliged to stand up without, while I wrought an hour and fifteen minutes within. At the last prayer we had an uncommon shaking, and some acts of solemn self-dedication took place, never, never, I hope, to be forgotten."

"July 28. This morning our Conference began, and the whole time before breakfast was employed in filling up the Deed, etc. After breakfast, as I had heard from all quarters that they designed to put me in the chair, I addressed the Conference, and having told them what I had understood, proceeded to give reasons why I could not go into the chair, and begged that no brother would lose a vote for me, as my mind was fully made up on the business. This produced a conversation I little expected. All the old preachers insisted on it that I was at present the proper person, and entreated me not to refuse. I insisted upon it that I would not, and solemnly charged every one who intended to vote for me to give his suffrage to some other. I then wrote [mine] for Mr. Barber, and showed my paper to those about me, who all followed my example. I trembled

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till this business was concluded: and what was the result? I was chosen by a majority of one half beyond the highest! I was called to the chair in the name of the Conference, and refused, begging that the next in number of vote might take it. We were thrown into a temporary confusion, during which Mr. T. Taylor and J. Bradford lifted me up by mere force out of my seat, and set me upon the table! I was confounded and distressed beyond measure, and, against all my resolutions, was obliged to take the seat. After recovering from my embarrassment, I began business, and have conducted it hitherto with order, and, I believe, much to the satisfaction of the brethren. Dr. Coke was chosen secretary, and between him and Mr. Benson there was a close run. We are now at the characters, and have got through seventy-nine circuits. There are two or three knotty cases in reference to charges of false doctrine, which will soon come before us. . . . I do not see any sentence in ——'s book which is capable of bearing an evil construction. It is a poor milksop production, and the time and expense are thrown away upon it. —— is too high; he has learned to bear no cross for Christ's sake; perhaps he may now be schooled a little in this necessary science. . . . Pray, pray hard for me. I am far from being comfortable in my mind. The thought of having to preach next Lord's day before the Conference, and to admit those who have traveled four years quite absorbs my spirits."

"July 29. Having a few moments, (sitting on the Conference board, the preachers beginning to assemble,) I devote them to you. We have gone on well. When we came to the Wakefield Circuit, Mr. Marsden produced a letter from Mr. Pawson, containing his dying advice to the Conference. This was read, and a motion succeeded that it should be printed. . . . I have just now got the number of the preachers present; they amount to two hundred and three. I have long walks, and sleep, or rather watch, in a front room in the noisiest street in Leeds, in which there is scarcely a silent hour in the night. I have not had one night's rest."

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"July 30. We have now got through all the characters, except ——'s for Pelagianism, and ——'s for denying the direct witness of the Spirit. Mr. —— has had the questions proposed to him which were sent to Mr. ——, and has answered all to the perfect satisfaction of the Conference. Mr. ——, who was under the same accusation, has had the same questions put to him, and has not answered to their satisfaction. . . . The brethren are so incensed against evasive answers on this subject that every man has Argus eyes. The question which I sent to Mr. —— was my own; but to-day it has been adopted without variation, to be used as the test on which the Pelagain heretics should be tried. There is the utmost need to take heed to our doctrines. . . . I write this while the rest of their brethren are at their tea. I am nearly worn out with excessive exertions."

"Aug. 3. This morning I went to the new chapel, where the doctor (Coke) was to preach. Long before the time it was more than full. Many hundreds were standing in the street when I got up to it. However, I squeezed in; and as it was more than half an hour before the time, and the doctor was not come, I got a Prayer Book, went into the desk, and began to read prayers. This quieted the people. As the press was great at the door and in the street, four preachers stood up in different parts, and began to preach. Thus, instead of one, we had five congregations. When we had finished the sacrament [of the Lord's Supper, which was administered] to perhaps eight hundred people, we could scarcely get out, for the afternoon congregation was waiting to get in. I came home, and, having got a morsel of dinner, am come to scribe you a few lines, and to look for a text for this evening. A sore work lieth before me, and how I am to get through it I know not. I will leave this unconcluded till I return. . . .

"I have just returned. An amazing congregation; thousands, without and within. There was reason to fear some lives would be lost, the press was so great. I got on middlingly. Nearly all the preachers [were present.] I am

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now weary enough, and my cold still bad. There is no morning that I am not in the chapel, (though nearly a mile from my lodging) before five o'clock. What is the use of lying in bed? I cannot sleep; my eyes are like those of a ferret. I know not when I shall be able to sleep again. . . . It is said that there are upward of twenty thousand strangers come into town. It is like a county town in the time of election. The inns and private houses are overflowed, and the streets everywhere full."

"Aug. 6. This has been a day of very great fatigue. I have been a good part of the afternoon examining the young men. I had each doctrine to define and explain. Though it almost totally exhausted me, I got through with precision. . . . I have in about half an hour to go and admit them all, in the presence of an immense congregation, crowds of which were rushing into the chapel before I left the Conference board. We are still in great harmony. I have nearly as much authority as I could wish; and when I choose to exert it, all I can desire. The brethren behave exceedingly well. I let them feel only that power with which they have invested me, and they properly respect it.

"Finding the chapel already full, a half an hour before the time, I immediately began." He then describes the ordination service, as practised at that time among the Methodists, and adds: "I then addressed them in a short speech and pronounced the formal words of reception, in the name of God, whose mercy and love they were to proclaim; of Jesus Christ, whose atonement they were to witness; of the Holy Ghost, by whose influence they had been thus far fitted for the ministry, and by whose unction they were to alarm, convince, convert, and in holiness build up the souls of men; also in the name of the Methodist Conference, by whose authority I acted; and in the name of the many thousands which constitute the Church connected with them. Mr. Moore then prayed, and I pronounced the dismissal."

"Aug. 7. [As to the station for next year] I am returned for London; and may now give up, as at the highest

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pitch of honor Methodism can bestow upon me: President of the Conference, Superintendent of London, and Chairman of the London District, all at the same time. . . . The Lord knows I never sought it. Well, I would rather have one smile from my Maker than all this honor, and all the world could confer beside.

"I own I should feel home very waste if you were not there to receive me when I come; and yet I wish you by all means to go and see your mother. If I possibly can after resting a few days at home, I shall rejoice to accompany you and Mr. Butterworth to Trowbridge."

The duties of the president, including extensive journeys in Scotland and Ireland, incessant correspondence, and a formidable amount of connectional business, render it necessary that an additional preacher be stationed with him, as a helper in the ordinary labors of the circuit. Among the young men who appeared at the Leeds Conference for ordination was the Rev. David M'Nicoll, who preached at one of the services, and whose discourse gave the president such an idea of his capacity and character, as to determine his choice of an assistant for the coming year. "I have heard Mr. M'Nicoll," says he, in a letter to Mrs. Clarke, "this morning at five. He is a wonderful fellow. Though a Scotchman, he has excellent language, and such a flow of words as you have seldom heard. He will infallibly bear the bell in London. Your husband can, I believe, dig much deeper; but he certainly cannot fly so high." And again, speaking of the men received into full connection: "David M'Nicoll, who is coming to London, was one of them; and in a very neat lively and elegant manner, he testified of the hope that was in him." Nor was the president disappointed in this high estimate. Mr. M'Nicoll gave early indications of a genius which, cultivated in after years by a most extensive acquaintance with the best literature in the English language, made him one of the first preachers of the day. The blandness of his natural disposition, his vivid, yet well-governed imagination, his fascinating musical talent, his

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wealth of information, and the artless simplicity of his manners, rendered him one of the most amiable companions; while the moral virtues of his heart and life, and the power which attended his pulpit ministrations, commanded homage as well as affection.*

After the exertions of the Conference, Mr. Clarke availed himself of a few days relaxation, making one of a family party in a tour into Wiltshire. In a series of well written letters to his son Theodoret, he describes the most remarkable scenes and objects which attracted their attention. Mr. Butterworth, who was chief mover in the affair, had provided two carriages; and they set out for Devizes, from thence over Salisbury Plain, where the sight of shepherds, with their flocks and dogs gave him huge delight. They visited Stonehenge; and then Wilton House, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke, with its rare collections of coins and antique sculptures, and, without, its romantic vistas, temples, groves, and gardens; a spot which altogether won, as he says, his warm attachment. "We returned," he writes, "to our inn, and partook of a most comfortable dinner. We were all as hungry as Greenland bears. I have seldom needed a meal so much, and have not been often more thankful to God for one." On the road to Wilton they passed by the church where, as he says, "that blessed man of God Mr. Herbert (the poet) formerly preached. It is entirely surrounded with very fine tall yew-trees, and the mere sight of the place impressed my mind with solemnity and reverence."

The next place was Wardour Castle, the seat of the Earl of Arundel. The paintings here riveted his attention; one of them especially, "The Saviour after Death," by Spagnoletto. "He (the Saviour) is represented as just taken down from the cross; the countenance indescribably expres-

* After a splendid ministerial career, Mr. M'Nicoll died suddenly at Liverpool, in 1836. A noble tribute to the virtues of his intellectual and Christian character has been given in a discourse preached and published on the occasion by his friend and colleague, the Rev. Dr. James Dixon. His Works, with a biography, have been edited by his son, Dr. M'Nicoll.

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sive of death, and yet highly dignified; fully verifying the words, 'No man taketh my life from me:' 'I give up my life for the sheep:' for though he groaned and gave up the ghost, after he had cried with a loud voice, yet it could not be said of him—

Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.

No; you could see that he was 'free among the dead,' free —at liberty to resume his life whenever he pleased, as he had given it up according to his own good pleasure. . . . . The family chapel is one of the most solemn little buildings I ever saw. It is laid out in the Romish taste; two lamps perpetually burning before the altar on which is placed a costly crucifix. Through a window of stained glass a sufficient measure of light makes every object visible enough in conjunction with the lamps; indeed the mixture of these two lights produces a sort of illumination which partakes at once of the cheerfulness of day and the solemnity of night. . . . He who can enter a place dedicated to the worship of God as he does into his own habitation or that of his horses, has (in my opinion) no proper notion of religious worship, and is never likely to derive much edification from his attendance on the ordinances of God. . . . Another thing impressed us—the number of religious books which we saw in every apartment; such as the History of the people of God, the Imitation of Christ, etc., and all these books seemed as if they were in frequent use."

In the progress of their tour they came to the village of Amesbury. "It is situated among the hills, in a chalky soil, and is neat, dry, and clean; there is one inn, the George, which, much to our satisfaction, afforded us a tolerable supper and beds. Almost our first inquiry was, 'Are there any religious people here?'" The waiter, who was "an intelligent man," directed them to some whom he considered such, and to one, as the leader of the rest, a baker, named Edwards. "Determined to find this ecclesiastical baker, we sallied out. It was a fine moonlight evening. I rapped

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at his door, and asked to see Mr. Edwards. He came, and invited us in. We entered, and told him we were strangers in the country, and that, on inquiring whether there were any religious people in the village, we had been directed to him. As soon as we sat down, I asked him to what class of religious people he belonged. He replied, 'To Mr. Wesley's people.'" After some conversation, "we were so pleased with the worthy couple, that we invited them to sup with us at our inn, where we spent a comfortable hour together." The Sabbath was spent by the tourists in Bradford, where Mr. Clarke preached in the morning to a large and deeply attentive congregation. Some of the old people had heard him years before, when he came to their circuit in his novitiate.

Refreshed and strengthened in mind and body by this pleasant excursion, Mr. Clarke resumed his duties in London with renewed vigor. "In labors" he was "more abundant," and his influence became greater every day. We read that "to him that hath shall be given;" and the subject of our memoir, in being faithful to the talents confided to him, became more and more enriched with those heavenly gifts which rendered him in the pulpit an apostle indeed; in the study an instructor not of the ignorant only, but of the learned too; and in life "an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." Not only in his own communion was he regarded with affectionate reverence and homage, but in the Church at large; and among the highest literary circles his character had begun to be known and admired. Some of the most distinguished men of the day, as Roscoe, Porson, Lord Teignmouth, Charles Butler, and Morrison of China, found pleasure and profit in his conversation and correspondence. A sermon on some public occasion would gather round his pulpit one of the most choice congregations in London; and a new work from his pen was welcomed with thankful respect by the good and by the great. Of this universal sentiment of esteem the senate of the university of Aberdeen only gave a suitable expression when they conferred upon

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him, in January, 1807, the diploma of Master of Arts; and, thirteen months afterward, created him Doctor of Civil and Canon Law. These honors had been already merited; but the university knew that the man who was now invested with them gave pledges of yet greater things, which would more abundantly vindicate their judgment of him, and contribute to the honor of the learned body who had enrolled him among their associates.

One of the verifications of these prognostics made its appearance in the following September, in the "Concise View of Sacred Literature"—a work in which the learned author gives an analytical account of the great masterpieces of religious teaching, from the earliest times down to the middle of the fourth century; with the intention of resuming and completing the course in a subsequent volume: a purpose which, in process of time, was carried out with ability by his son, the Rev. J. B. B. Clarke. A treatise on the Christian Eucharist, and an edition of Harmer's Observations on the Scriptures, were also at this time in progress; but Dr. Clarke's main efforts turned on the great labor of his literary life, his own Commentary on the Bible.

At the Liverpool Conference, in 1807, Dr. Clarke was thankful to surrender the presidential seal into the hands of the Rev. John Barber, his successor in office, and to receive from his brethren the cordial expression of their approval of the spirit and manner in which he had fulfilled his duties. Anxious to promote the temporal as well as the spiritual interests of his fathers and brethren in the ministry, he introduced to the attention of the Conference at this session a measure which he had closely meditated, and the adoption of which would, as he conceived, be the means of affording substantial consolation to many of the preachers who in future years should be found in age and decay without the means of temporal support. The plan, indeed, was not adopted; but it has a record here, to illustrate the large and liberal thoughts of him who devised it. We will give the paper as it proceeded from his own pen:

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"BISMILLAHI ARAHMANI ARRAHEEMI!*

"Taking into consideration the very desolate state of the superannuated preachers and widows in the Methodist Connection, and well knowing that the provisions made by the Preachers' Annuitant Society must in every case fall very far short of even providing them with the necessaries of life, it is proposed—

"1. That an asylum or college be erected with as much speed as possible for the reception of superannuated preachers, and the widows of those who have died in our Lord's work.

"2. That the asylum be erected in the vicinity of some large town, in a healthy situation, where the necessaries of life may be found cheap.

"3. That the asylum consist of——houses, each containing a sitting-room, two lodging-rooms, a study, a small kitchen, and a garden,——feet long, and the breadth of the house.

"4. That the building enclose a large square of——feet; and that a commodious chapel, for the use of the institution and the vicinity, be built in the center or one end of the square.

"5. That the place itself be taken in by the traveling preachers, as one of the regular places of the circuit where it is situated; and that all the residents in the asylum shall meet regularly is class, and be subject to all the rules, regulations, etc., common to the Methodist Societies.

"6. That no person shall be entitled to a place in this college who has not been a regular traveling preacher for the space of twenty years, and who has not been declared superannuated by the Conference merely on account of such bodily infirmities as render it impossible for him to continue in his work.

"7. That no widow be admitted who has not been the wife of a traveling preacher for at least twenty years, or

* "In the Name of God, the Most Merciful, the Most Compassionate!"

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has not traveled with her husband during that time, or has not maintained an unblemished character.

"8. That if any of the widows re-marry with one of the superannuated preachers, she shall go to the apartments of her husband; but should she marry with a person who is not a resident in the asylum, she shall leave it.

"9. That each family have the house free of rent and taxes, and a certain sum be allowed annually for coals and candles.

"10. That the superannuated preachers and widows resident in the asylum have the whole of the annuity which they can legally claim from the preachers' fund, independent of of all the privileges and advantages arising from their residence.

"11. That no preacher or widow be obliged to enter this institution, or be entitled to its privileges, not being resident in it, unless there be no room for any proper claimant, and the funds be in such a state as to enable the managers to grant a certain portion of help to such persons.

"12. That the principal friends throughout the Connection be solicited for subscriptions to purchase freehold premises, on which to erect the necessary buildings."

This programme was supplemented with the following postscript: "The preceding plan was laid before the Conference by Brother Clarke; and he was required by the Conference to write an Address to the members and friends of the Societies, accompanied with the plan, soliciting subscriptions for the above laudable purpose; and the Conference order that the Address and Plan be printed in the Minutes and Magazine.

"J. Barber, *President.*
"T. Coke, *Secretary.*"

At this Conference Dr. Clarke was appointed, in conjunction with Dr. Coke and Mr. Benson, to draw up a compend of Methodist doctrines, confirmed by Scripture, and illus-

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trated from the writings of Mr. Wesley. This was accordingly compiled, and a copy sent to the chairman of every district for the consideration of the preachers.

As the time drew on when, according to the usages of Methodism, Dr. Clarke would have to leave the metropolis, the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society expressed their sense of the value of his services to that great institution by an official request to the Conference, that the general custom might in his case be pretermitted. To this unusual application, so honorable to each of the parties, the Conference, from an earnest desire to promote the interests of the Bible Society, gave their full consent. In the course of the year Dr. Clarke removed from City Road, and took up his residence at the Surrey Institution, to the librarianship of which he had allowed himself to be nominated under the circumstances disclosed in the following extract from a correspondence on the subject with Mr. Butterworth:

"Whether I propose myself for librarian to the Surrey Institution, or permit another to do so, is nearly the same thing. It is a fixed principle with me never to be a candidate for a public office, either in Church or State; and from this I have never swerved. My heart is in every literary institution: I believe they are all ordered in the Divine providence. Perhaps I am as well qualified, in many respects, for the office, as I am for any of those I now fill. I must contine in London another year." In short, he left the matter with the authorities of the Institution, and they elected him.

Invested with the office, he confronted its duties with his usual decision. "Mark," says he, "I have all the books in both libraries to provide: I have to travel from shop to shop, to examine books, to compare prices before I purchase, I have lectures, and the plan of lectures, and even their mat ter, to arrange: I have to construct the whole machine, and to give it proper momentum and direction; to be incessant in labor, and to employ all my bibliographical and philosophical knowledge in those things; and, as I

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have taken them in hand, I shall do them, if God spare my life."

Among the smaller pieces which Dr. Clarke published at this time, was a memoir of the last hours of that distinguished scholar, Professor Porson; a notice which details some literary conversation which the writer had with the illustrious Grecian, on some points relating to the archæology of his favorite language. Another biographical sketch was written for the Wesleyan Magazine. It refers to a man as eminent for the sanctity of his life as the subject of the former memoir was remarkable for his attainments in Greek scholarship—the Rev. John Pawson. This little piece will be always read with refreshment and edification by those who know anything of the power of religion in the soul. It presents a graphic portraiture of "a man of irreproachable integrity, of unspotted life, and of very extensive usefulness. As he honored God with his body, soul, and substance, so God honored him by giving him the highest affection and confidence of his Church and people; with an unction and baptism of the Holy Ghost, and with such a victory and triumph over sin, death, and the grave, as would have been glorious even in the apostolic times."

The labors of Dr. Clarke in the field of English history, in accomplishing the redaction of a great portion of Rymer's *Fœdera*, will claim a more particular review in another chapter. I only refer to the subject here to notice a transaction in which he was engaged about this time, in the purchase of the diplomatic and private papers of Sir Andrew Mitchell, English ambassador to the court of Berlin during the seven years' war. It was judged that documents which immediately related to a period so eventful should not be allowed to perish; and Dr. Clarke was requested to negotiate for their purchase, on behalf of the trustees of the Cottonian Library at the British Museum. He obtained the papers for £400; and, on his delivering them personally at the Museum, they were sealed up for thirty years, (according to the usual agreement in such cases,) to obviate injuri-

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ous results to private or public parties who might be involved in the secrets of the transactions recorded in them. I may add here, from the family memorandum, that at the termination of this business Sir William Forbes, at whose instance it had been undertaken, inquired of a friend of the doctor, what compensation he should make to him for his trouble; but he was assured by that friend (Robert Eden Scott, Esq.) that Dr. Clarke would be found above receiving remuneration for acts of that kind. Sir William therefore contented himself with presenting to the doctor a copy of the *Nova Reperta Inscriptionum Antiquarum*, with a record on the fly-leaf expressive of the donor's regard.

The same characteristic of disinterestedness shows itself in the manner in which he fulfilled the duties of librarian at the Surrey Institution. Finding that they were really incompatible with the momentous undertakings, ministerial and literary, in which his whole existence should be absorbed, he, at the end of ten months' service, relinquished the situation, and refused to receive the salary. The council of the Institution attested their admiration of his important and generous services, by installing him as permanent honorary librarian to the Society. Dr. Clarke now removed his residence to Harpur-street, Bloomsbury.

In the department of Biblical literature, in addition to some extensive engagements on behalf of the Bible Society, he took a zealous part in the measures adopted by the late Rev. Josiah Pratt, B.D., for a new edition of the London Polyglot. At the request of Lord Teignmouth, Dr. Burgess, bishop of St. David's,* and some other friends of this

* "I had on Monday between two and three hours' conversation with Lord Teignmouth and the bishop of St. David's. It was indeed very interesting, and the bishop was mightily pleased; so was Lord Teignmouth. The bishop is to lay the project before the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Durham, and the Bishop of Salisbury. Lord Teignmouth is to lay it before Lord Granville, Earl Spencer, and several others. Never did a project seem to have a fairer prospect. Mr. Pratt and I were deputed to draw up a short account, with a specimen, and get

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undertaking, he furnished a specimen sheet in royal folio, and another in octavo. This, under the title of "A Plan and Specimen of *Biblia Polyglotta Britannica;* or, an enlarged and improved Edition of the London Polyglot Bible, with Castel's Heptaglot Lexicon," was printed and circulated among the literati at home and abroad. But this noble and much needed enterprise came to nothing, for want of adequate patronage. A copy of the prospectus may be found in the British Museum.

But the time had now come in which Dr. Clarke's long preparatory labors enabled him to present to the world the first part of his own edition of the English Bible, with the Commentary which has given him a lasting name among the great Biblical teachers of the Church. In the early part of the year he put forth a prospectus of the work, which excited general attention, and not the less on account of a controversial paper from the Rev. Thomas Scott, (himself one of the most valuable of the English annotators on the Bible,) who, in "The Christian Observer," impugned the statement that Dr. Clarke had made in the prospectus, that the Septuagint was the version to which our Lord and his apostles had constant recourse, and from which they made all their quotations. The animadversions of this respected clergyman were answered by Dr. Clarke, through the medium of the same journal, in a paper which has been reprinted in his Miscellaneous Works. In the month of July following, the first portion of the Commentary made its appearance, and was soon in the hands not only of the reading people in the doctor's own religious communion, (among whom it received an enthusiastic welcome,) but of a multitude of the eminent and pious in every branch of the Christian Church.

All this while the Methodist preacher was not merged and lost in the man of letters, and the companion of peers

it printed. We have it already at the press. There is little doubt of our having His Majesty as patron, and the weightiest part of the bench of bishops, and the lords temporal." (Letter to Mrs. Clarke, May, 1810.)

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and prelates. In this respect Dr. Clarke was evermore the same man; he dwelt among his own people, and with heart and hand labored with his brethren for the promotion of the cause of Christ in the conversion of sinners, and the edification of the Church redeemed by his precious blood; in the advancement of which both he and they found their peace, and glory, and joy. We have, indeed, but few documents relating to his circuit-work at this period; but here and there in a letter we catch a glimpse of his manner of life. "I was up this morning about four, and fagged till about a quarter past five, and then had to walk to City Road to attend the meeting at six." So far were the interests of Methodism from being slighted by Dr. Clarke, they were advanced by the steps of his own progress. His pulpit ministry was now in its effulgent meridian, and the growing influence of his name attracted many to the chapels in the metropolis who might otherwise have been strangers to them all their days.

So, wherever he went, in his occasional journeys, crowds assembled round the pulpit where he was to preach even a passing sermon. Thus at St. Austell, in a tour which he took into the west in the autumn: "Short as the notice was, we had the chapel quite full, and several of the principal gentry made part of the congregation. I preached on Ephesians iii, 13, etc.; and though very weak, and quite fagged out, spoke an hour and twenty minutes. I met here many of my old friends, but the greater number are dead.

"We got to Camelford late in the evening, and were followed by some of the principal of our St. Austell friends, among whom are Mrs. Flamank and Mr. S. Drew. Many more were to set off to-day, to be present at the preaching to-morrow; but the incessant rain must render it impracticable. The floods wash the sides of the room where I am now writing, and are so high in the streets, that [the communication between] the upper and lower parts of the town is cut off. I am to preach here twice to-morrow, and on

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Monday morning to leave for Launceston, Exeter, etc. Should I stay here any longer, I should have invitations from every part of Cornwall. If eating and drinking could make us happy, it would be enjoyed here in perfection; the finest salmon in the world for sixpence per pound; whitings, several pounds' weight, for twopence each; large rabbits a shilling a couple; and so of other things. Here a man may maintain a large family with a small income. Will you come, and let your poor husband get out of that world to live in which he was never calculated? I corrected a revise this morning, and sent off by post. There are a few memoranda in it directed to Theo. I do not get much sleep at night, and this does not agree with me. I am seldom contented when from home, which prevents me from getting much benefit when abroad. The man lives ill at home who rejoices to go abroad and returns to his family with reluctance. So it never was with me. I have been obliged to get the shoes, soled by Mr. —— before I came away, resoled. The soles put on by him were not worth twopence."

We are not fastidious enough to reject these little details. The critic well says, that "biography is useless which is not true to life. Even the weaknesses of character must be preserved, however insignificant or humbling. The jest-book of Tacitus, the medicated drinks of Bacon, the preparatory violin of Bourdaloue, and the fancy-lighting damsons of Dryden, have their place and value. They are the errata of genius, and clear up the text. A French mathematician had doubts about the animal wants of Newton, and was disposed to regard him as an intellectual being in whom the mind's flame had absorbed each grosser particle. It is certainly a precipitous fall from dividing a ray of light, or writing Comus, to weariness and dinner. But biography admonishes pride, when it displays Salmasius shivering under the eyes of his wife, or bids us stand at the door of Milton's academy and hear the work of the ferule up-stairs. It steals on the poet and the premier in their undress—Cow-

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ley, in dressing-gown and slippers; Cecil, with his treasurer's robe on the chair;" and, as we may add, on Adam Clarke, looking ruefully on the unstable foundation of his shoes.

"Camelford. I have finished my Sunday's work. Preached this morning, and gave the sacrament. Mr. Drew preached in the afternoon, and I again at night. I assure you those were high times. The day was very fine, and the people flocked together from all quarters. At the evening service Mr. Butterworth and Mr. Johnson were so affected, that they were almost on the eve of making a glorious noise; and the latter was just going to break out in prayer, when prevented by the blessing being pronounced. This visit has done many great good. It is strange, but the chief members, in almost all the societies round about, were convinced and brought to God under my ministry. . . . Our whole journey has been one of mercy. God has especially owned the word; many have been blessed. We had a crowd about us when we set off, and yesterday was a high day indeed."

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CHAPTER VI.

ITINERANCY.

A FEW months later we find Dr. Clarke performing an extensive tour in Ireland, whither he had gone on some researches relative to the State Record Commission with which he had now been entrusted by the government, and to meet the Irish preachers at their annual Conference. His letters homeward detail some particulars of this expedition, which give us his revived impressions of years now receding into the immeasurable past.

"Holyhead, May 30. I wrote to you from Shrewsbury, my very dear Mary, on Tuesday. Having slept there, we set off between five and six in the morning; and after traveling through the wildest, most uncultivated and uncultivatable country I ever saw, vast mountains, sudden and tremendous precipices, huge overhanging rocks, rivers tumbling over the mountains; a country which exhibits all the disruptions which nature could have suffered by every sort of violence, . . . we got safe, eighty-five miles on the whole, a little before ten, to Bangor Ferry. A good supper, and went to bed; slept till just before five; crossed the ferry, breakfasted at the house where you and I and John had the bottle of fine cider twenty-two years ago, and then reached Holyhead. . . . The very sight of some of the precipices would have drunk up your soul."

"Dublin, 31. Having got a little breakfast, I set out to deliver my credentials to Mr. Mason, the secretary. Did not find him at home. Met him on returning, and appointed to meet him within two hours. Went to visit the preachers, and none of them at home. N. B. The old breakfasting-out system still lasts. I entered the house where we had suf-

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fered so many calamities, not without strong emotions. The school is now held in the parlor on the right, as you go in. I then called on Mr. ——, and found him embalming his already demi-mummized body with nicotian fumes. Called to see John Jones and his wife. Mad with joy to see me. Then to Mr. and Mrs. P. Then to H.-street, to see my cousin Boyd. They have a fine tall daughter, whom they call Eve. The father's name you know is Adam. He knows the genealogy of our family most nobly, and tells me he can trace it up through seventeen Irish kings. Now, go to: could you have thought you were allied to one who can trace the pure current of his blood through seventeen monarchs? I hope you will now begin to think much of yourself. Leaving them, proceeded to the secretary's, and examined with him different MS. indexes. He showed me uncommon kindness, and furnished me with letters to Trinity College. I posted thither, and met Dr. Barrett coming down his own stairs and going into the hall on an examination. He has appointed to meet me to-morrow at eleven. Returned to my lodging completely wearied, having walked over Dublin from one end to the other. . . . Tell John to see that nothing exceptionable in the natural history of the Defense of the Nachash be permitted to pass."*

When journeying in the provinces Dr. Clarke was careful to avail himself of opportunities for preaching the Gospel. Thus, at Charlemont: "Sunday morning. The people thronging together from all quarters, it was found impracticable to preach in the chapel. We sent therefore to the commander of the fort to permit us the use of one of the yards. He readily acceded, and came himself and several of his men. It was a very stormy morning, and I was obliged to stand exposed to the wind and rain. We had a very good time, and as soon as finished I drove off for Dungannon. Here the crowd was great, and we had scarcely hope to stow them into the chapel, which is by far the largest I have seen since we left

* Probably referring to a paper written for the Classical Journal, in reply to a critique on his theory of the Nachash in Gen. iii, 1.

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Dublin. As I now felt a touch of sore throat, I dared not venture in the open air a second time. We got to the chapel. Greatly crowded. Numbers without. Great grace rested upon all. Many of our old friends followed from Armagh and Charlemont, and others came from twenty miles around."

From Magherafelt he writes: "We proceeded from Dungannon to Cookstown, where I had been published to preach in the Dissenting meeting-house. . . . When I got to the place, could hardly articulate, owing to the severe cold caught on Sunday morning. There was no remedy. Into the pulpit. It was supposed that three thousand were present, from far and near and wide. I went in, found I could not preach, and gave it over as a lost case. I, however, thought of saying a few words by way of exhortation. The people were as still as death. I spoke for forty-five minutes, and with much freedom. All the principal people were there, and several of the clergy. Yesterday we came to this place. It is astonishing to think of the concourse of people. We have no chapel here. Got the Presbyterian meeting-house, and preached with glorious power—I believe, to every relative I have in the kingdom: they had heard of my coming, and to the sixth or eigth generation were gathered together. I am now just setting off for Maghera."

In another letter: "From Castle Dawson I proceeded toward Maghera, and stopped to view the place where I had spent the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth years of my checkered life. Half the house in which we lived, one of the best in that country, is pulled down. . . . I walked through the grounds where I had laughed and cried, sought birds' nests, looked for fairies' haunts, made good resolutions, and spent the most happy (and, perhaps, the most innocent) period of my life. Though I had left that place when about eight years of age, yet I remembered every hill and every hedge, where my brother and I used to see the fairies' nocturnal fires. The orchard, from which I had eaten often of the choicest fruit, no longer exists. Zion is plowed like a field. The emotions to which these scenes now gave birth cannot be de-

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scribed. . . . They connect the long interval between four years of age and fifty. . . . To the poor woman I gave three tenpenny pieces, who received them as from heaven, and, addressing the child, said, 'See, my dear, God has sent you a new coat by this gentleman; and may the blessing of God rest upon him and his family forever!' . . . We soon got to Maghera—looking over which before dinner, went to the *quondam* dwelling of Dr. Bernard, the Bishop of Limerick, celebrated in Boswell. This is also in a state of ruin; nothing like its former self, except the great beech-tree. Left the place with reflections not the most pleasant. . . .

"The next morning I set out to visit the Grove, and to look for my old dwelling, and the school-house in the wood; but could get no farther than the Grove."

From Coleraine: "Our preaching-house being too small in Derry, I was furnished with the Court-house, a large and elegant building, and in it preached on the Lord's day to crowded congregations. Yesterday I went out to Ballyaherton, where we formally resided; and when I came to the old habitation, I surveyed it with reverence. A poor woman was standing at the door. I said, 'Will you permit me to walk into your house?' 'She said, 'O sir, it is not a proper place for such a gentleman as you to enter.' I answered, 'I have had the privilege of living in it for several years.' . . . I gave the children each a tenpenny piece. Perambulating the neighborhood, I came to a place called Port-Stewart, where I had often held religious meetings. None knew me. But, after I had discovered myself to one, the news ran, and the people came in every direction about me. . . .

"Returned to Coleraine, where I had to preach. . . . Was not a little surprised to see Captain O'Neil's and Mr. Crombie's chariot-sociable, and all their family, who came to hear preaching, the first of the Methodist kind they had ever heard. . . . Preached, thank God, a glorious sermon, two hours. Everybody to hear; almost all, if not all, the

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gentry of the town, and some others from five or six miles distant. This day we went to the Giant's Causeway. . . . It fell short of my expectation. The pain of which I complained at home has continued with little intermission."

From Antrim, on the longest day: "Yesterday left Coleraine for Ballymena, a journey of twenty-two miles. Thirty-two years ago I walked this same road to a love-feast. Only one woman remains of those who were in society at that time. . . . On my arrival to-day, as our own chapel was utterly insufficient, the Rev. Mr. Babbington, the rector, kindly offered me the use of his church, which, on the tolling of the bell, was soon filled with a great concourse, to whom I found considerable liberty in showing what were the doctrines of the apostles, from Acts ii, 42. To-day we left for Antrim, and here we should have had another church; but the rector happened to be away, and our people had not applied in time. Preached in the Presbyterian chapel."

On the way to Antrim Dr. Clarke visited the Moravian settlement of Grace Hill. They pressed him to give them an address in the chapel. "We entered," he says, "and I was surprised to find a large congregation. I desired the minister to give out one of his own hymns. He did so, and they all accompanied the organ in good full chorus. The hymn gave me excellent scope to speak on for half an hour." They sang a parting hymn, and he commended them to God in prayer. The settlement contained at that time four hundred members. He preached again the same evening in Antrim, "a good deal to my hurt, as, my mental energy being greatly exhausted, I was obliged to exert the greater physical force; and this to me is ever unpleasant and hurtful."

Sunday, June 23. He preached twice in Belfast. Immense crowds. His voice failed in the evening; and again at Lisburn next day. On the Wednesday at Lurgan, out of doors "as nothing but a field would contain the thousands that gathered together. The day following it was agreed that I should rest: I go therefore to dine with Mr. Hamilton, and to-morrow preach at Portadown."

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From the latter place he writes: "Well, I am now returned from preaching to the largest congregation I ever addressed. I had almost all the town and all the country, peasantry, gentry, magistrates, preachers, and clergy. The grass does not cover the field more thickly than the people. . . . I found both strength and mind for the work, and trust God will not permit the word to have been spoken in vain."

In the same way the Doctor preached at Drogheda, making five times in the open air within the last eight days of the tour. On the 2d of July he arrived in Dublin.

"Mr. Butterworth and Joseph are well: they are both greatly improved by their journey; and I am conscious that I am much the worse every way. My clothes are worn out, and are not fit to appear in, even in the meanest congregation. I have had nothing but fatigue and suffering all the time. My love to everybody."

The Conference which now opened, and at which Dr. Clarke had come to preside, consisted of about a hundred preachers from all parts of Ireland. "I assure you they are all equal, man for man, with the English preachers. They are all walking with a clear sense of their acceptance with God; which is of infinite moment, not only to their own salvation, but to the prosperity of the work of God.

"Yesterday I went to dine with the Rev. Dr. ——. Several of the clergy were present, and a number of genteel persons of both sexes. The house was elegant, and the entertainment splendid. But what we were brought together for, unless merely to eat, I am to this hour at a loss to divine. No topic of conversation was started, and no person seemed to notice another. Whether this is to be attributed to self-sufficient confidence, or to a fear of each other, I do not pretend to say: but the repast ended, as it began, in comparative silence; and then I took French leave, heartily sorry I had lost so much time, or had, probably, been the means of preventing the company from enjoying theirs. . . . This day I dined at Major Sirr's, at the Castle; where, had I

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not been confined for time, I should have spent a pleasant and profitable evening."

The Conference ended on the 17th, leaving Dr. Clarke greatly exhausted. Toward the close of his stay in Dublin, he accompanied Mr. Butterworth on a visit to the college of Maynooth, where they were "very politely received by Father De la Hogue, one of the professors. It costs our government £9,000 per annum. Mr. Knox is the treasurer. Students, three hundred. I saw nothing very remarkable. Their library is a poor one, and their chapel not elegant. The only thing I saw worth observation was the following, written in large letters above the fire-place in the kitchen: 'Be clean, have taste, don't want, don't waste.' When coming away I offered my hand to Father De la Hogue; but he declined receiving it. He had received us with the utmost politeness. I was a heretic, and therefore he would not give me the right hand of fellowship. His politeness and courtesy were, therefore, put on. What an execrable system, which cramps and freezes all the charities of human life!

"I must now begin to do something for the Records the remaining part of this week." This latter employment now occupied him closely. "I am still driving from office to office, till nearly off my feet. . . . If it would do me any good I have honor here in great abundance. People whom I have never known, both among the clergy and nobility, call on me and leave their cards. Invitations to the city, to the suburbs, the country, are without end. Last Sunday evening, when I preached at the new Chapel, the street was filled with chariots, coaches, berlins, and jaunting-cars; and I had lords, ladies, knights, doctors, clergy, laity, in full score. I wish you had been with me. I have been obliged to go to the barracks and dine with the officers, who behaved with the utmost politeness and respect."*

On Dr. Clarke's return to England he had to encounter the grief occasioned by the decease of his mother. Her

* Of this tour in Ireland I have given the above notices from the Doctor's manuscript letters.

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health had been for some time rapidly declining. He had seen her at Bristol on his way to Ireland, and had found her in the full possession of her faculties, calmly waiting for her translation to the eternal mansions. On the subject of the coming change she spoke with a devout serenity; and, on parting with her son, she commended him with earnest prayer to the blessing of God. Yet, in the course of his ministerial tour, the Doctor seems to have expected still once again to visit this beloved parent. Her decease, however, transpired so closely on the eve of his return, that no news of it had reached him on the way. "But," says her grandaughter, "from the constrained manner and tearful eyes which but too eloquently replied to the almost first interrogation upon entering his house, 'Is all well?' the truth could not be concealed; upon which his countenance instantly grew pale, his lips quivered, he spoke not, but in the silence of the heart's agony, with upraised eyes and heaving chest, he retired to his study."

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness." We envy not the man who is not bowed down at the death of the mother who bare him, the guide of his youth, the moralist of his heart, and the encourager of every good feeling and worthy action; and such had been Mrs. Clarke to him who now mourned her departure. Her image was ever dear to his memory, and her earliest lessons had shaped the character and conduct of his life. Yet must his sorrow have been not without thankfulness for the grace shown both to himself and her, in sanctifying and saving them together; not without the full assurance of hope that they should alike have their perfect consummation and bliss in the everlasting kingdom of Him who had redeemed them.

The Rev. Thomas Roberts, the friend and neighbor of the departed matron, wrote to Dr. Clarke, on the occasion, a letter of condolence, in which he appropriately says: "You are justified in entertaining the best feelings when you reflect that good Mrs. Clarke was your mother. She lived just so long, and died so well, as to leave in the heart of her son

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nothing but acquiescence in the Divine will, and gratitude for that gracious dispensation of Heaven which could not have been manifested in a manner more consolatory to the feelings of the man, the son, and the Christian."

Dr. Clarke was speedily summoned from the indulgence of lonesome grief, to resume those life-absorbing efforts which Providence had ordained as the task of his existence, and in the fulfillment of which his own preparation for the rest that remaineth unto the people of God could be best carried on. In the stated work of the pulpit, in advancing the Commentary, and in discharging the duties resulting from his engagement with the Record Commission, the weeks and months passed rapidly away. These avocations called him to Cambridge, to Oxford, and again to Ireland. Connected with his sojourn at Cambridge in December, he makes a memorandum on the formation of a Bible Society in that town: "Lord Hardwicke," says he, "was in the chair, supported by Lord Francis Osborne, the dean of Carlisle, and several of the professors. The meeting lasted from eleven till four o'clock; and such speeches I never heard. Mr. Owen exceeded his former self; Mr. Dealtry spoke like an angel; and Dr. E. D. Clarke, the traveler, like a seraph. Everything was carried, and the meeting ended in a blaze of celestial light. Every man seemed to swear that he would carry the Bible to all who never knew it, so far as the providence of God should permit him to go. For myself, I did not laugh and cry alternately; I did both together, and completely wet my pocket-handkerchief with tears. Between two and three hundred young men of the University were the first movers in this business." In the following April he visited Cambridge again, and was hospitably entertained at Corpus Christi College. During this sojourn he had several hopeful conversations with some of the junior gownsmen, who greatly pleased him "by their disposition and manners." One of these, the Rev. Thomas Galland, M.A., became a distinguished ornament to the Methodist ministry.

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CHAPTER VII.

ITINERANCY.

In June Dr. Clarke resumed his travels in Ireland. "Left London," writes he, "at six A. M., in the Liverpool coach, having under my care a young lady, Miss O'Connor, a perfect stranger to me, but whom I was requested to protect to Dublin. I soon found that she was a Roman Catholic, but of an amiable disposition, and, in her own way, conscientiously religious. At the place of our last changing between Prescot and Warrington, Mr. Nuttall, Mr. Fisher, and their man and carriage were waiting, and took me and my little ward to their place, called Nut Grove, where they were distractingly glad to see me. On our journey I observed that my ward had a French work, called *Journal du Chretien*, (the Christian's Diary,) in which there is a prayer and what is called 'an act of devotion,' for the morning and evening of each day. Poor little thing, though she had no place of retirement to do these devotions, yet such is her fear of God, that she could not neglect them; and therefore, at the proper time, both morning and evening, she took out her book and read her little devotions. I rejoiced to show her that a heretic, so called, loves the same God."

"June 11. I preached in Liverpool to an immense crowd. I understand a Roman Catholic lady, who had long been seeking rest for her soul, came to the preaching. She was deeply convinced that the foundation of her hope must be alone in the death and merits of Christ. Her heart appeared as if broken under the word, and God showed her the way of salvation by faith through the blood of the cross." The doctor preached again on the 14th at Brunswick Chapel, on "the providence and mercy of God; who

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wrought for his own name, and I have reason to believe much good was done. We had a bad night at sea; one mast was split, and the wind was against us. Through mercy we reached Dublin in safety."

"A gentleman at the Custom House, seeing 'Dr. Clarke' on different boxes, (for it was on all Miss O'Connor's,) came out into the mob that surrounded us, and inquired for Dr. Clarke. I answered. He took me into the Custom House, instantly passed all the boxes, would take no money, saw us both into a jingle, and told the fellow to beware he took no more than his fare, which was six shillings and sixpence; and so we got safely to Mr. Keene's."

Dr. Clarke's health was again distressingly impaired. He suffered so much, that existence seemed at times a martyrdom. Through the grace given to him, his will bore up with an indomitable energy, and carried him through the labors of the pulpit, or preaching in the open air, the presidency of the Conference, and the researches of the State Record business, while many a man in like affliction would have been at home in his bed.

"We this day commence our operations on the Lodge Manuscripts, and I shall open my way with the chancellor of Christ Church, perhaps call on Dr. Barrett and others. Major Sirr's family fully expected me to lodge there; but our people and the preachers have taken fire at the proposal. I found here an affectionate letter from Mr. Averell, who is waiting to convey me to Cork, etc. But such a journey is now utterly out of my power. Another letter was in waiting from Mr. Mayne, of Drogheda, an extract from which will not displease you: 'Dear Doctor,—Our people anxiously desire to see you; and the public at large, to hear you once more. Pray do visit us. The last time you were here, God gave a Roman Catholic to your ministry. He is thoroughly steady, and his wife has since died in the Lord Jesus. Come, therefore; who knows but God may give you another?' I know what both you and Mr. Butterworth will say; and, please God, I shall obey you. There I shall

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go, God willing—I think Wednesday—preach to them on Thursday, and return on Friday, if this horrible seizure (of affliction) will give me so much respite. But it so thoroughly embitters every comfort, that I cannot rejoice in anything without trembling. For eight days I have swallowed nothing, cold or hot, solid or fluid, without great, often extreme pain. I am in constant pain, and often in agony indescribable."

"June 22. When in Liverpool, I preached two sermons; and it appears that God has owned them in a signal manner. They have produced a universal stir. A Roman Catholic lady was thoroughly converted under the first; she has since joined Miss Titherington's class, and given a wonderful testimony. The trustees waited on me formally to thank me for my visit, and to request that I would come to them next year. Yesterday preached at Wesley Chapel, and at Whitefriars'-street. High fever and utmost exhaustion. Cough most oppressive to-day."

"June 26. I am just this minute returned from Drogheda. Mr. Tobias, Mr. F., and John accompanied me. Yesterday morning they entertained us with a public breakfast; you know I not only do not like, but detest such meetings. However, as it was done to honor me, I endeavored to receive it in good part, and gave them a sort of sermon for about half an hour. [The interval to the evening was spent in an excursion to the scene of the battle of the Boyne, and some other remarkable spots.] . . . I went into all the hovels in this most miserable village, (Munsterboyce,) where Mr. Butterworth's bounty enabled me to leave a handful of silver last year. I found them in the same or worse misery; and, trusting in God, I opened my stock, and, according to their different necessities, divided with them at least as much as last year. . . . I got a torrent of most hearty prayers for me and mine. I was not a little tried when I found I must preach in the new market-place in the open air. . . . The hour came, and I went to the spot. There were about a thousand people; many

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Catholics, and among them two or three priests. There were also two clergymen. What good may have been done, I know not. If God have glory, my labor is not in vain."

"July 1. We began our Stationing Committee this morning, and have just got through forty circuits. To-morrow will finish that part of the work, and on Friday we enter on the regular work of the Conference."

The business of the Stationing Committee brought more vividly before Dr. Clarke's mind his own approaching change of circuit; a subject which, in his peculiar circumstances, excited some uneasiness. It is on this point that he here adds: "Now, my dear Mary, with respect to going to Liverpool; I am far from being happy in London. I feel uncomfortable in Harpur-street. I am maintained by the Society, and they have no adequate work for their money. I do not think I am acting with justice to take the maintenance of a preacher, while not doing one half of his work. Added to this, it is a considerable expense to Mr. B. to make up taxes and deficiencies. . . . You know I am not partial to Liverpool; yet here there seems to be an open door. Not only the Catholic lady was converted when I preached there on my way hither, but also a deist. Perhaps, by others, more accustomed to see God's hand in these matters, these would be considered tokens for good, and particular calls. What can I do? My own mind leads me to give up at once, because I cannot do the full work; and neither my judgment nor conscience will allow me to eat bread in this way, which I have not earned. Indeed, the business is come to a crisis with me. In my present way I shall go on no longer. I have suffered greatly in my mind last year on this account; and shall I commence another in the same circumstances? My day of digging is over; and as to begging, I never could do it. But I may still earn a little bread; though, from all appearances, not long. But that I must leave. I feel I am too much in the bustle of life, and to this there is no congeniality in my

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nature. My heart and soul have long said: 'O that I had in the wilderness the lodging-place of a wayfaring man!' But I am brought on the eve of Conference, without plan, arrangement, or prospect of being put in circumstances where my mind can be at ease. . . . My cough and oppression still continue unabated, and I am not able to take as much sleep as is necessary to support life."

We transcribe these sentences, however reluctantly, to show the honorable feelings of the writer, and to make them serve to explain some of the after-movements of his life. But, while we read them, let us bear in mind that he who was giving way to morbid self-accusations was all the while one of the most hard-working men among all his contemporaries in the Lord's vineyard. Let us hear him in the next letter:

"July 5. From six in the morning till four, in the Conference. Before I go in the morning, writing till within the few minutes it takes to trot to the chapel. As soon as I come home, up with the pen, and continue every minute till I go to bed, except the very short time I take to get a little food. I do not get half sleep. I have preached this morning at seven, at Gravel Walk. Before I went, hard at work. The congregation was vast, and the place very hot. Spent myself; but, as soon as I came home, to work again, and continued till half-past one. Then to Whitefriars, to preach to an immense congregation. Worked two hours. Home, and, except about half an hour for dinner, at the writing again; and now it is about eight o'clock, P.M., when I sit down to write to you. I received yours with the proof, and have hurried much to correct it. This morning I received a letter from the Speaker and Mr. Cayley, inquiring when I shall return, and requesting me to come to the Tower, and see what they are doing there for me; requesting me also to go to Oxford, and collate a copy of the *Boldon-Book*, in the Bodleian library. One day only is allowed me in the Tower before I go to Oxford. I must go straight to London, and then to Oxon even before Confer-

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ence. The above orders are made out to me in the form of respectful requests. You know I must either go on or stop. I am in a continual fever, and my breast gets no time to heal; the oppression and cough are grievous. Is there any such a fool as I am alive? My life is incessant labor and anxiety."

What follows shows a heart full of sympathy for the trials of his afflicted brethren: "Yesterday poor John Grace, one of our best preachers, was buried. He had set out for Conference, was taken ill on the road, and died at Mountrath. The circumstances of this case are distressing and horrible. Before leaving his circuit he had an inflammation in his chest; riding increased it. When he came to a friend's house at Mountrath, perceiving him to be very ill, they sent for a doctor named ——. This rascal ordered him to drink cold water, and pronounced aloud in the family that his disorder was a dangerous, malignant, and highly infectious fever. The people of the house took the alarm, and requested that he might be removed. No one would take him in. Poor Henry Deery, his colleague, ran away into the town, found an empty house, got a bed, etc., into it; and, just as they were going to hurry the dying messenger of Christ into it, the whole neighborhood rose, having heard of the vile quack's decision, and absolutely refused to let him be brought there. The family where he lay were in the utmost distress, the doctor insisting that, to preserve them from the infection, he must be removed within an hour. Poor Deery was at his wits' end. A waste shattered building contiguous to the house was pitched on as the only asylum. Deery went and got bundles of straw, and stopped up the breaches and crevices in the walls. Poor John Grace was then rolled up in the bed-clothes; the bed was got into this place, and he was lifted over a wall, to be stretched on that from which he never more removed. . . . He called out for some cold water. It was brought; and, having drunk it, he said: 'I shall soon drink of that river the streams of which make glad the city of God.' There

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was just time enough to send for his poor wife, who got to the wretched hovel in time to close the eyes of her husband, the father of her five children. Such was the end of John Grace, after having spent twenty-five years in the public ministry of the word. O God, how unsearchable are thy ways!"

"July 11. I am never happy from home, and even journeys of pleasure to me are journeys of pain. Company I do not love, no matter of what description; and I scarcely can ever find freedom in places where even good cheer, good breeding, good sense, and religion itself predominate." (A strange man, according to his own view of himself, just then.) "To many places of this kind I am invited in this city; great crowds of the best of the people are gathered together to do me honor. I wonder that such invitations are repeated, as I often sit like a person speechless, or one in whose mouth there are no reproofs. Those who are strangers to me must have, in every sense, a mean opinion of me; for, though I hope I in general conduct myself according to the rules of good-breeding, yet I cannot be polite, that is, pay compliments without rhyme or reason. I cannot be a pleasing companion to those who may think themselves entitled to this kind of entertainment; and, as I rarely speak in public company, I consequently neither please nor instruct by my conversation. In short, I never was made for the world."

It may have been true enough that the doctor, in common with many other eminent scholars, had occasionally these feelings of constraint in society; but that such feelings were so habitual as to become characteristic, is more than will be admitted by many persons, yet surviving, who remember, and can never forget, the genial glow of his conversation in the social circle.

"July 14. To-morrow, please God, I sail for England, as I shall finish the Conference with a forenoon's sitting. Their financial affairs here take up so much time. The business transacted at the district meetings in England is

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all done here in open Conference; a fearful waste of time. But for this we should have done three days ago."

"Chester, July 18. From Bangor Ferry to St. Asaph, and thence to Holywell and this city, where we arrived after one. Never have I felt myself so exhausted. In the last two stages I was nearly knocked up. My whole vital energy seems nearly gone; and I would sacrifice not a little to be in London, as I have seriously feared whether I shall not be laid up. I suppose it is the effect of fatigue and anxiety, and that a day or two of rest will restore me. But where should I get rest? Here I am among perfect strangers; and the cry is, *Preach, preach.* I have promised to preach to-morrow morning."

Seventeen days after the last date we find him again leaving London for Oxford, from which he writes:

"August 5. We reached Oxford between eight and nine. It being the race-week, we found it difficult to procure a lodging at the Angel, but succeeded at the Mitre. This morning Mr. Gabriel's friend procured us the lodgings in Broad-street, where I now write. I have waited on Mr. Gaisford, Regius Professor of Greek, with the Speaker's letter. He received us very politely, and invited us to dine in public hall in Christ Church. We have accordingly dined to-day in the first college of the first university in the world."

Writing August 8, he refers to this again: "It was no small gratification to me to sit on the same seat and eat at the same table where Charles Wesley sat and ate nearly one hundred years ago. At Christ Church the Speaker was educated. I believe he wrote strongly to his college to show me every respect; and they have done so.

"After my labor yesterday at the Bodleian, I went to visit several colleges, and, among the rest, Lincoln, of which Mr. John Wesley was fellow. One of the poorest-looking of the colleges; but it has been the parent, under God, of the greatest work of a spiritual and reforming nature that has appeared upon earth since the second century. How

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many millions have been saved since John and Charles Wesley first gave themselves to God in this place! And yet this city is like the coiners in our Mint; it has made the gold for others, and is not thereby enriched. I have been here four days, and have not seen the face of a Methodist. I am going this evening to look for some, that I may hear some kind of preaching to-morrow (Sunday) that will do me some good. Nobody that I meet knows anything of them. In this case, how like is Oxford to Jerusalem and Zion! The law proceeded from the latter, and the word (doctrine) of the Lord from the former; but how little did either Zion or Jerusalem retain of either! So this great work of God, which began in and proceeded from Oxford, has hallowed the whole nation, and yet Oxford has not profited by it. The lines of Virgil came to my mind; which Theo. may translate to you:—

'*Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes;*
Sic vos non vobis nidificati aves;
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves;
Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves.'*

"As far as Methodism is concerned, they may be applied to the ancient and learned city and university of Oxford."

Resuming his work in London, in the pulpit, the committee-room, (and especially that of the Bible Society,) in visiting the sick, and in carrying on an extensive correspondence, always answering letters as soon as he had received them, the departing year left him swallowed up in a complication of duties which tasked his strength to the utmost. In grappling with these obligations, days, weeks, and months were all too short. "You know," says he, writing to a friend, "that when I am at home I am never an hour

* "So you, ye bees, who every flower explore,
Not for yourselves amass the honey'd store.
So you, ye birds, of wondrous skill possest,
Not for yourselves construct the curious nest.
So you, ye sheep, who roam the verdant field,
Not for yourselves your snowy fleeces yield.
So you, ye patient kine inured to toil,
Not for yourselves subdue the stubborn soil."

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disengaged, being as mere a slave as any on this side the Pillars of Hercules. Every hour has its work, and such work as requires every minute of the sixty. Judge, then, how much of my London labor was behind, after an absence of five weeks. I was almost terrified to return, knowing what a chaos I should find to reduce to order. I have been laboring to bring up my lee-way, tugging at the oar for life. You may think that, during my excursion, I must have acquired a measure of additional health, and am the better able to ride out the storm. I gained no ground, but lost some. You shall judge. I traveled by mail two nights and a day to Liverpool; set off for Stockport, to preach for their schools: collection, £122. I then rode off for Manchester; preached the same evening for the schools: collection, £154. Without waiting to eat, took coach for Nut Grove, near St. Helen's, where I arrived about two o'clock on Monday morning. In the course of that week I preached again and again. The next Sabbath morning I had to preach before three hundred ministers. . . .two hours, enough to knock up or knock down a strong man for a fortnight. The next Sabbath, at Warrington, for a Sunday school. Friday, for Worcester, to open a new chapel: collection £211 4*s*. One hour out of the chapel, and I began again, a second sermon: collection, £100 0*s*. 9*d*. Without waiting to eat, set off on my way to Liverpool. At Penkridge I lay down about three hours and a half, bought a penny roll, rode again, and traveled eighty miles without stopping to take a morsel of food but my penny roll. After various excursions and fatigues, which my paper will not permit me to enumerate, I got back to London with a decrease both of mental and corporeal energy, to gird myself to new labors no less exhausting or depressing than those through which I have passed."

At the Conference of 1814, which was held in Bristol, Dr. Clarke was elected for the second time to the presidential chair, and, against his own inclinations, was desired to prolong his residence in London. The preceding year had been dis-

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tinguished in the annals of Methodism by the formation of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. In itself essentially a missionary institution, Methodism has always put forth an evangelizing energy which lives with its life and extends with its extent, "spreads undivided," and, we may safely add, yet "operates unspent." The Wesleys themselves labored as missionaries in Georgia; and while as yet the system in England had but comparatively "a little strength," it stretched its arm across the Atlantic, and turned vast regions of that continent from a moral wilderness into a fruitful field. In 1769 Messrs. Boardman and Pilmor went from the Conference, with fifty pounds, to America, and laid the foundation of what is now the Methodist Episcopal Church, with its universities, schools, Bible and Missionary Societies, its apostolic bishops, its thousands of ordained ministers, its thousands more of local preachers and exhorters, and a body of communicants greatly exceeding a million.

Among the men who took a prominent part in these great movements was one whose revered name is indissolubly joined with the cause of Christian missions, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Coke. This great evangelist carried the Gospel to myriads beyond the western sea, both on the continent and in the islands. The slave population of the West Indies heard from his lips the truth which was destined to set free; the truth which, as to civil liberty, trained them to receive it, and meanwhile made multitudes of them partakers of the more glorious liberty of the sons of God. In the prosecution of these blessed embassies the Doctor crossed the Atlantic Ocean eighteen times; and at length, at an advanced age, fulfilling the last wish of his heart—the establishment of a mission to India and the East—he died at sea on the 2d of May, 1815.

The West India missions had not only been originated, and hitherto superintended, by Dr. Coke, but, we may say, they had been supported by him; largely from his own private resources, and more adequately by his unwearied diligence in collecting for them, literally from door to door.

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The present writer well remembers him, as coming again and again to his father's house, book in hand, to receive the accustomed subscription. He may be also permitted to record his reminiscence of hearing the Doctor preach his last sermon in England, on the eve of his embarkation for the East; the text being the prophecy in the sixty-eighth Psalm: "Ethiopa shall soon stretch out her hands unto God."* It may be easily conceived that the loss of such a man would be felt as a heavy blow to the Methodist missions. But He whose ways are not as our ways willed that this very loss should tend rather to the furtherance of the Gospel. A new sense of obligation to take this great cause in hand more fully took possession of the minds both of ministers and people; and the result was the rapid organization of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, which, rising from small beginning, has taken a rank among the beneficent institutions of Christianity scarcely second to any. Its ordained agents, including those who have relation to the affiliated Conferences, are more than six hundred in number, besides some nine hundred salaried catechists, interpreters, exhorters, etc., and more than ten thousand unpaid agents. By its means the Gospel is preached in more than twenty languages at three thousand six hundred and fifty places in various parts of Europe, India, China, Southern and Western Africa, the West Indies, Australia, Canada, and Eastern British America. Within the forty years of its existence, immense multitudes, who are now with the dead, have heard by it the tidings of salvation; and myriads have been gathered into the Church, who, in life and death, have given good evidence that they found those tidings true; while at present 114,528 Church-members are under the care of the

* Dr. Coke was accompanied at that time by several newly ordained ministers, whom he was taking with him to Ceylon, which he intended to make the pivot of extensive operations in the East. Of this band of missionaries only two survive—the Rev. Messrs. Squance and Lynch, [Dr. Harvard, the historian of the mission, has departed since the preceding lines were written.]

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missionaries, with 94,500 children, who receive instruction in their schools.

Into this new development of Christian zeal Dr. Clarke entered with his whole soul. Henceforward a new claim on his time and strength, as an advocate of the missionary cause, was often enough made; but never, if it could be met, was it slighted or refused. At the first Missionary meeting held in City Road chapel, December, 1814, he presided, and delivered an inaugural discourse, which was afterward published under the title of "A short Account of the Introduction of the Gospel into the British Isles; and the Obligation of Britons to make known its Salvation to every Nation of the Earth."*

The Commentary, too, was now in rapid progress; and, in transmitting one of the parts to the Speaker of the House of Commons, the author accompanied it with a letter, an extract from which is here given, on account of the references made in it to that communion whose interests and honor the Doctor ever delighted to identify with his own:

"As the people with whom I am religiously connected are not only very numerous, but of considerable weight in the land, I have not hesitated to show them that those sacred oracles from which they derive the principles of their faith and practice are in perfect consonance with those of the British Constitution, and the doctrines of the Established Church: not that I doubted their loyalty or attachment to the State or the Church, but to manifest to them and future generations the absolute necessity of holding fast that 'form of sound words' which distinguishes our national Church, and ever connects the fear of God with honor to the king.

"Sir, it is with the most heartfelt pleasure that I can state

* The City Road meeting was not the first, (that at Leeds had the priority,) but the first for the metropolitan district. The Leeds meeting was an epoch in the history of the connection. Among the speakers on that occasion were the Rev. Messrs. Bunting, Morley, and Watson, who not only thus assisted at laying the foundation, but in after years, as General Secretaries of the Society, contributed invaluable service in upraising this colossal work of mercy.

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to you, that this immense body of people are, from conscience and affection, attached to the constitution both in Church and State; and the late decisions in behalf of religious toleration have powerfully served to rivet that attachment."

The duties of Dr. Clarke's second presidential year were largely augmented, as already intimated, by the formation of various Branch Missionary Societies in different parts of the kingdom; for which, and other religious interests, he undertook extensive journeys, in the course of which we find him preaching and holding public meetings in Bristol and Bath, in Exeter, Plymouth, and some parts of Cornwall; and then, northward, in Birmingham, Liverpool, and other places. Everywhere crowds hung upon his lips, and the word preached came with the saving power of grace to the hearts of many, while it stirred up the various Churches thus visited, by thoughts of "whatsoever things are true," and "honest," and "lovely," and "of good report," to give the greater diligence in making their own election sure, and promoting the cause of their Saviour in the world. At the Conference held in Manchester, he gave up the insignia of the office he had so well sustained into the hands of his successor, the Rev. John Barber, a venerable servant of Christ, who, as the event proved, was then within a few months of the termination of his earthly course.

With Dr. Clarke the time had now happily come when the same Providence which had dictated his longer residence in London, was about to open to him the doors of a more tranquil retreat, where he would be enabled, with greater freedom from interruption, to prosecute those theologic essays he was so anxious to complete before the arrival of the fast approaching time when he too should "cease at once to work and live." "I have made up my mind," says he, "if God will open me a way, to leave this distracting city, and get out of the way even of a turnpike-road, that I may get as much out of every passing hour as I can. I ought to have no work at present but the Commentary; for none can comprehend the trouble, and often anguish, which the writ-

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ing of these notes costs me; and what adds to the perplexity, is the multitude of little things to which almost incessantly my attention is demanded. Matters are come to this—if I do not at once get from many of my avocations, I shall soon be incapable of prosecuting any. I must hide my head in the country, or it will shortly be hidden in the grave."

This was a decision which, in regard to various philanthropic institutions in London, to which he had long given his gratuitous and effective aid, as well as to the feelings of a multitude who had greatly profited under his ministry, could only be unwelcome, except for the personal relief it would give to one so highly honored and esteemed, whose added years, it was well believed, would be fully consecrated to the same great objects which had commanded the days of the past.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE STUDENT AND SCHOLAR.

HITHERTO our narrative has turned mainly on those incidents of life, and traits of character, which relate to the subject of our memoir as a Christian minister; but a biography of Adam Clarke would be essentially defective, in which a respectful homage was not rendered to his memory as a scholar and a man of letters. Unhappily, the scanty limits of the present work will not allow of extensive disquisition on this topic, were the writer ever so well able to indulge in it. Necessity prescribes that our pages should teem with facts rather that fancies, and should treasure up materials which the thoughtful reader may make the subject of his own conclusions. For myself, I enter on this chapter with a mortifying sense of insufficiency. I am not going to affect the critic, or to sit in judgment on the intellect and learning of a man the lachet of whose shoes I should have been unworthy to unloose. On the other hand, I may be doing a pleasurable service to my readers by collecting and setting down such notices of his mental development as have been given, here and there, by Dr. Clarke himself, or by those who knew him intimately.

We are first led back to the village school in Ireland, where the child, under the indignant glance of his disappointed and anxious father, tried to learn, but could not. The circumstances under which this physical inability was overcome have been already detailed. His intellect seemed to undergo a sudden regeneration. The ability to learn was given him, as it were, in an instant of time. In his own words, "it was not acquired by slow degrees; there was no conquest over inaptitude and dullness by persevering and

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gradual conflict; the power seemed generated in a moment, and in a moment there was a transition from darkness to light, from mental imbecility to intellectual vigor; and no means nor excitements were brought into operation but those mentioned in the narrative.* The reproaches of his schoolfellow were the spark which fell on the gunpowder and inflamed it instantly. The inflammable material was there before, but the spark was wanting. This would be a proper subject for the discussion of those who write on the philosophy of the human mind."

Dr. Clarke always considered this incident as having an important bearing on his destiny, and often mentioned it as "a singular providence which gave a strong characteristic coloring to his subsequent life." He says that it may not be unworthy the consideration of the instructors of youth, but may teach the masters of the rod and ferula that those are not the instruments of instruction, though proper enough for the correction of the obstinate and indolent; that motives to emulation, and the prevention of disgrace, may be in some cases more effectual than any punishment inflicted on the flesh. "Let not the reader imagine from this detail," says he, "that Adam Clarke found no difficulty afterward in the acquisition of knowledge. He ever found an initial difficulty to comprehend anything; and till he could comprehend in some measure the reason of a thing, he could not acquire the principle itself. In this respect there was a great difference between him and his brother; the latter apprehended a subject at first sight, and knew as much of it in a short time as ever he knew after; the former was slow in apprehension, and proceeded with great caution till he was sure of his principles; he then went forward with vigor, in pushing them to their utmost legitimate consequences."

These two brothers had for some time but an interrupted school tuition, from the demand which the garden and fields made upon their labor. "Before and after school hours was the only time their father could do anything in his little

* See page 14, *supra*.

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farm; the rest of the toil, except in those times when several hands must be employed to plant and sow and gather in the fruits of the earth, was performed by his two sons. This cramped their education, but—*labor omnia vincit improbus;* the two brothers went 'day about' to school, and he who had the advantage of the day's instruction remembered all he could, and imparted on his return to him who continued in the farm all the knowledge he had acquired in the day. Thus they were alternately instructors and scholars, and each taught and learned for the other. This was making the best of their circumstances; and such a plan is much more judicious than that which studies to make one son a scholar while the others are the drudges of the family, whereby jealousies and feuds are often generated." *

No doubt this alternation of rustic exercise with school seclusion had a good effect in strengthening the child's physical constitution, and in contributing to insure him a healthy mind in a healthy body. Good air and exercise have a wondrous influence in giving tone to the intellect, as in after life Adam Clarke found, when, a wandering itinerant, he read many a book and thought out many a sermon *sub dio*, on the high road, or in the wayside field. So in his school days, in summer time, his lessons were often conned in the open air. "The school," he tells us, "was situated in the skirt of a wood on a gently rising eminence, behind which a hill, thickly covered with bushes of different kinds and growth, rose to a considerable height. In front of this there was a great variety of prospect both of hill and dale, where, in their seasons, all the operations of husbandry might be distinctly seen. The boys who could be trusted were permitted in the fine weather to go into the wood to study their lessons." On this pleasant slope, with the auburn and purple moorlands spread out before him, the sunlit sea in the distance, and the smoke from the cottage chimneys here and there rising into the quiet sky, the boy would find that the pages of Virgil had a charm which made

* Autobiography.

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the task of construing, a labor of love. "*Quid faciat lætas segetes*," etc., would have a commentary on the page of nature before him, as well as in the words of the annotator in the margin.

> "What makes a plenteous harvest; when to turn
> The fruitful soil, and when to sow the corn;
> The care of sheep, of oxen, and of kine;
> And how to raise on elms the teeming vine;
> The birth and genius of the frugal bee,
> I sing, Mæcenas, and I sing to thee.' *

"In this most advantageous situation," to quote his own words, "Adam read the Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil, where he had almost every scene described in those poems, exhibited in real life before his eyes. If ever he enjoyed real intellectual happiness, it was in that place and in that line of study. These living scenes were often finer comments on the Roman poet than all the labored notes and illustrations of the Delphin editors and the Variorum critics."

The glimpses which his school books gave into the bygone times of Greek and Roman history, awoke in his mind a strong desire to become more fully acquainted with them; and, among other methods which his scanty means allowed him, he procured "an old copy of Littleton's Dictionary, and made himself master of all the proper names, so that there was neither person nor place in the classic world of which he could not give an account. This made him of great consideration among his schoolfellows, and most of them in all the forms generally applied to him for information."

His love of reading had already become intense and unconquerable. "To gratify this passion, he would undergo any privations. The pence that he and his brother got, they carefully saved for the purchase of some book. . . . Theirs was but a little library, but to them right precious." He gives a list of some of the books; where, with Jack the

* Georgica, i.

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Giant-killer, we have Guy, Earl of Warwick, the Seven Wise Masters, the Nine Worthies of the World, the Seven Champions, Sir Francis Drake, Robinson Crusoe, and Montelion, or the Knight of the Oracle; the Gentle Shepherd, the Peruvian Tales, and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, with many others.

In those fanciful days he greatly delighted himself with whatever books he could get of a romantic kind, written in a metrical form; and, as he grew up, he became extensively read in the popular ballad literature, both of England and Ireland. In after years he used to boast that his library contained some of the choicest specimens of the old poetic romances. His mind, indeed, may not have been poetical; and the pleasure which in later days he found in that description of reading, resulted rather from the insight it gave him into the manners and feelings of past generations, than from any sympathy with the charms of the poem itself. In that respect he read only as an antiquarian. Thus, referring to the metrical ballads of Sir Walter Scott, he said: "I scarcely ever give myself the trouble to read the poetry; the notes are the most valuable part of the book to me, and these I can convert to my own purposes." Nor is it at all improbable that the first impulse of his mind to antiquarian studies was communicated by his converse, in childhood, with these versified traditions of the past.

Nor was he without some skill in those days in stringing rhymes together. A specimen which has come down to us, composed "one Saturday afternoon, at a time when he had not learned to write small hand, so that he was obliged to employ his brother to write down the verses from his lips," shows, if not a precocity of genius, yet an amount of talent which, if cultivated, would have given him a place, at least, among our second-rate poets.*

Along with his classical lessons at school, in Greek and Latin, he received some instruction in mathematics and

* It may be seen in his autobiography. Life by Mrs. Smith, vol. i, page 40.

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French; in which departments a good foundation was laid for the progressive attainments of coming life. One circumstance we should not omit: He tells us he found it much easier to learn after his conversion to God. "Though he could not well enter into the spirit of Lucian and Juvenal, which he then read, yet he was surprised to find how easy, in comparison of former times, learning appeared. The grace which he had received greatly illumined and improved his understanding, and learning now seemed to him little more than an exercise of memory. He has often said: 'After I found the peace of God, I may safely assert that I learned more in one day than I could formerly in a month. And no wonder; my soul began to rise out of the ruins of its fall, by the favor of the Eternal Spirit. I found that religion was the gate to true learning, and that they who went through their studies without it had double work to do.'"

In English reading, he was engaged at this time with some very good books, which were sanctified to his improvement both in mind and heart. Such were the works of Derham and Ray. He read them with Kersey's and Martin's Dictionaries by him for the explanation of technical words. Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest," and the Life of the devoted Brainerd, he perused with solemn and prayerful joy. These two latter books seem to have given him a great impulse toward the ministry; and this was probably what he meant when, expressing his obligations to Mrs. Rutherford, who had lent them to him, he said that it was she who had made him a preacher.

Such was the stage of mental culture he had attained, when entering, under the circumstances already related, on the life and labors of an itinerant Methodist preacher. On leaving Ireland for Kingswood, these treasures of the mind were his only patrimony. Even of books of his own he had scarcely any to take away. "I brought from home an English Bible, a Greek Testament, Prideaux's Connection, and Young's Night Thoughts, on the margin of which I had writ-

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ten a number of notes. It was a favorite with some of my children, and remained in the family when the others had gone. Young I twice recaptured; once from Anna, and once from Eliza; but where it now is I cannot tell."

In the first circuit some few attempts were made to keep up his classical reading, but with little effect, from the want of suitable books, and the necessity of preparation for the constant work of preaching, on which he had now fully entered. In the course of the year, as we have seen, he was induced by the influence of well-meant but barbarous advice to give up scholastic learning altogether. Yet it may be questioned whether the four years' recess from those particular studies, which followed his adoption of that advice, was really detrimental to his mental education, considered as a whole. A man requires something more than Greek and Latin to be a preacher of the Gospel. A mere classical scholar, whose mind is not stored with general knowledge, and whose reasoning faculties are suffered to lie dormant, is but poorly fitted for the grand labors of the Christian ministry; and Adam Clarke, while he left Homer and Virgil to their repose, was earnestly engaged in gathering in, and in giving forth to others, the precious fruits of that knowledge of the word and ways of God which makes the moral life of man strong, healthy, and beautiful. He began the study of the Hebrew Bible, read a good deal in French, and made his first essay in authorship itself, by translating some of the Abbé Maury's Discourse on Pulpit Eloquence for the Arminian Magazine. He, moreover, enlarged his acquaintance with the works of the great English theologians. He read widely and diligently, morning, noon, and night, not only in his different places of sojourn, but in walking and riding as well. Thus those years were by no means lost, but, probably, more substantially improved than they would have been by the bald word-studies he had been led for that time to abandon. However this be considered, the time came when he could conscientiously resume them. Mr. Wesley, to whom in 1786 he had sent the translation from Maury,

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in kindly acknowledging it, charged him "to cultivate his mind, as far as his circumstances would allow, and *not to forget anything he had ever learned.*" "This," says he, "was a word in season, and, next to the Divine oracles, of the highest authority with Mr. C. He began to reason with himself thus: 'What would he have me to do? He certainly means that I should not forget the Latin and Greek which I have learned; but then he does not know that by a solemn vow I have abjured the study of those languages forever. But was such a vow lawful? Is the study of Hebrew and Greek, the languages in which God has given the Old and New Testaments, sinful? It must have been laudable in some, else we should have had no translations. Is it likely that what must have been laudable in those who have translated the sacred writings, can be sinful in any, especially in ministers of God's holy word? I have made the vow, it is true; but who required it? What have I gained by it? I was told it was dangerous, and would fill me with pride, and pride would lead me to perdition: but who told me so? Could Mr. ——, at whose suggestions I abandoned all these studies, be considered as a competent judge? I fear I have been totally in error, and that my vow may rank with rash ones. Which, then, is the greater evil, to keep it, or to break it? I should beg pardon from God for having made it; and, if it were sinful to make, it is so to keep it.' So he kneeled down, and begged God to forgive the rash vow, and to undo any obligation which might remain. He arose satisfied that he had done wrong in making it, and that it was his duty now to cultivate his mind in every way, to be a workman needing not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

In resuming the classics, he found he had so far forgotten the grammatical forms, as to be obliged to begin almost *de novo.* But he now took care to lay the foundations strongly in acquiring the Greek and Latin accidences; and, going to work in good earnest, soon regained what had been lost, and thenceforth made steady advancements.

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From the time of his appointment to Bristol, after his return from the Channel Islands, he was unusually successful in gathering together in his library the best editions of the classical authors, and spread out his reading in all directions, till in the lapse of years, spent in persevering study, he had become familiar with the great authors of antiquity, from Homer and Herodotus down to the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria and the Byzantine annalists. In communion with these great minds he lived through the ages of the past: he saw, in the drama of the Iliad, Troy sink in flame and thunder; he wandered with Ulysses in his homeward way, and voyaged with the Argonauts through the gorgeous scenes portrayed by Appolonius. He sat with Theocritus among the wild thyme of the Sicilian hills; with Hannibal he gazed on Italy from the Alpine rocks; and stood with Scipio amid the ruins of Carthage. He heard Demosthenes on the Pnyx, Cicero at the bar, and Plato in the academic grove. And these sights and voices of times forever gone did not yield him pleasure only, they brought him profit; he read with a purpose, and made every acquisition subservient to the great design of his life, the elucidation of the Bible, and the advancement of religious truth among mankind. He had ascertained that all knowledge helped to promote this end; and wherever it was to be obtained, there was he. *Ubi mel, ibi apis;* and, like the bee, he gathered honey from every flower. This profiting appears to all who are acquainted with his works, and especially in the Commentary, in reading which we see how affluent was the author's erudition, and with what advantage he employs it in illustrating the sacred text, seeking to bring every imagination and thought of even heathen minds into subservience to the cause of Christ, and to make the heroes, historians, poets, and philosophers of the pagan world, so many Nethinim, to do such employment as they could in the courts of the one true God.

So, too, there are those yet living who remember with an unfading pleasure how richly the conversation of Dr. Clarke was pervaded with choice and useful allusions derived from

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classic literature; while, occasionally, an hour spent in listening to him yielded as much profit as a day's reading.

But, respectable as were his attainments in what is strictly classic erudition, Dr. Clarke stands out more prominently among the scholars of his time as a master of Oriental learning. In this respect his celebrity is, perhaps, not owing so much to a thorough and practical acquaintance with the languages of the East, as to the circumstance that the cultivation of them has met with but little patronage in our country, and has called forth the resolute energy requisite to excel in them from comparatively few of the scholars of England. It is true that life is short, and that knowledge is a boundless deep; that, where the whole of a man's years are devoted to study, he cannot learn everything; and that, in general, a serious application to the classics or mathematics, combined with professional duties, will not allow men to meddle with Hebrew or Persian. But what is a just matter of complaint is, that when men have been led to encounter such tasks, and have so far succeeded as to be able to promote this description of learning through the medium of the press, they have been almost uniformly called to suffer for it: so that what Solomon the king wrote, that "he who increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow," has been fulfilled in them. The greatest work in Oriental literature we English possess, next to the London Polyglot Bible, (itself elaborated with much anxiety, as well as toil,) is the Heptaglot Lexicon of Edmund Castel,* in the completion of which the author, instead of winning a fortune, spent one, and brought himself to the threshold of a jail. We have seen that to the laudable overtures of Dr. Clarke and the Rev.

* Dr. Castel labored at this work seventeen years, maintaining at his own cost seven Englishmen and seven foreign scholars, all of whom died before the work was finished. His own fortune of £12,000 was exhausted in the undertaking; he borrowed £1,800 more, and was then obliged to appeal to the mercy of Charles II. ("*ne carcer esset præmium tot laborum et sumptus*") lest a prison should be the reward of such labors and expense. His Majesty gave him, in answer to this appeal—a begging letter, to the bishops and nobility!

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Josiah Pratt for a new edition of the Polyglot, no response worth naming was given; a conclusion almost as impotent as what followed when another learned person published a prospectus for a new edition of Meninski's Thesaurus, and received in return the name of one subscriber, and that one, not an Englishman, but a Pole!

It may not excite great surprise that the dead languages of the Orient are so scantily cultivated in our schools of learning; but it is a marvel in the eyes of our continental neighbors, that England, with such extensive relations to the East, should be so indifferent to the knowledge of the living tongues of the people whom Providence has brought under her protection, or subjected to her rule. One would think her Indian and Asiatic interests would cause the study of Sanskrit, Hindustanee, Arabic, Armenian, and Persian to become almost as popular as German or French. France, which has no such interests to operate as a motive to the patronage of such studies, has for many years sustained the means of a gratuitous prosecution of them by all who desire such advantages. At Paris, where I have for months together enjoyed the privilege of lessons, without money or price, there are professors' chairs for the current languages of the East, free of access to all. Great patronage is also given in Germany, and even in Denmark, to the same pursuits. From the imperial press at Vienna editions of the most important works in Oriental learning are continually issuing, while the Russian government makes such studies imperative on large classes of its subjects. Every country which has commercial or diplomatic relations with Russia, has its linguistic representatives in the schools of St. Petersburg—Novo Tcherskask, Storopol, and Kazan—where the languages of Circassia, Tartary, Turkey, Persia, Arabia, India, and China, form a regular part of the education of young men, according to the department of public service to which they are destined.*

* An excellent advantage for men preparing for missionaries. Look at the Propaganda at Rome. They study there all the languages of the earth.

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In England some progress has been made of late years, but not enough; far from enough to answer to the scale of our advantages or our duties. In addition to what has been done in the establishment at Haileybury, greater effectiveness should be given to the study of the Oriental languages in our universities, by more stringent requirements and more generous rewards; and in the metropolis there should be, as in Paris, free schools—or if we cannot afford to go so far, then schools at an easy rate of payment—for the encouragement of hundreds of young men who would gratefully avail themselves of such a privilege.

To return to Dr. Clarke: The first bias of his mind toward this kind of learning seems to have been given at a very early time of life. He tells us that the reading of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" gave him that decided taste for Oriental history which proved so useful to him in his Biblical studies. He wished to acquaint himself more particularly with races of people whose customs and manners, both religious and civil, were so strange and curious; and he never lost sight of this till Divine Providence opened his way, and put the means in his power to gain some acquaintance with the principal languages of the East.

Under the circumstances already related, he began Hebrew at Trowbridge. He entered heartily upon it, and soon made himself master of as much as could be gathered from Bayley's Grammar. The excellence of this work consists in a variety of copious extracts from the Bible, with a translation and analysis; but, as a grammar, it fails to give a perspicuous exhibition of the forms of the language, and is now become obsolete. It is, however, a kind of amiable book; and a copy is worth having. Dr. Bayley, the author, after leaving Kingswood, obtained some church preferment in Manchester. Mr. Wesley in his Journal mentions being once his guest in that city, and expresses the pleasure with which he heard Miss Bayley read a Hebrew psalm at the time of family prayer.

The next book Mr. Clarke appears to have got at Ply-

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mouth was, Leigh's *Critica Sacra*, where he found the literal sense of every Greek and Hebrew word in the Old and New Testament, and the definitions enriched with theological and philological notes drawn from the best grammarians and critics. Just lately Dr. Kennicott had then published his edition of the Hebrew Bible. His sister, who resided at Plymouth Dock, lent Mr. Clarke a copy, the careful reading of which gave him his first practical knowledge of Biblical criticism.

He first saw the Polyglot Bible in the public library at St. Helier's, Jersey. When first settled in the islands, he had set to work on Grabe's Septuagint, with the desire to see how far it agreed with or differed from the Hebrew text, with which he had now become pretty familiar. He found that the Septuagint threw much light on the Hebrew; the translators, who had advantages we do not possess, having perpetuated the meaning of a multitude of Hebrew words, which would otherwise have passed away. He read on in the Septuagint to the end of the Psalms; noting down the most important differences in the margin of a quarto Bible in three volumes, which was afterward unfortunately lost. At this time his own stock of books was very small; and, having no living teacher, he had to contend with difficulties at every stage. But, when it was his turn to serve in Jersey, he made all the use he could of the public library which had been established in St. Helier's by the Rev. Mr. Falle, one of the ministers of the island, and its historian. Here, as before said, he had the use of Walton's Polyglot. In reading the Prolegomena to the first volume, he perceived the importance of the Oriental versions there described, and began to feel an intense desire to read them. His first attempt was with the Samaritan text of the Pentateuch. This was easy work, as the words are all Hebrew, only expressed in the ancient Samaritan character, which he very soon learned. This Samaritan *text* must be distinguished from the Samaritan *version* of the Pentateuch, which is a different work. The text is an invaluable relict. It gives, occasion-

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ally, accounts of transactions mentioned by Moses which are more full than those of the Hebrew text; it expresses the words, also, more fully; gives the essential vowels which are supplied in the Hebrew text by the Masoretic points; and contains as well some important variations in the chronology. The Samaritan *version* is a Targum, or paraphrase on the text, in a mongrel dialect, which, with an Aramaic basis, comprises a multitude of words, Cuthite, Arabic, and Hebrew.

"Having met with a copy of Walton's *Introductio ad Linguas Orientales*, he next applied himself to the study of the Syriac." From that little manual, however, he would get no further instruction in Syriac than what relates to the orthoepy of the language; and that not delivered in the plainest manner. He was, therefore, thankful for the additional help afforded him in the *Scholia Syriaca* of Leusden. By the time he had mastered this, he was able to consult any text in the Syriac version; so that the Polyglot became more and more available to him. "All the time he could spare from the duties of his office, he spent in the public library, reading and collating the texts in the Polyglot, especially the Hebrew, Samaritan, Chaldee, Syriac, Vulgate, and Septuagint. The Arabic, Persian, and Ethiopic he did not yet attempt, despairing to make any improvement in them without a preceptor." When obliged to leave the library, he cast a lingering look at the Polyglot, and sighed for one he could call his own. Providence gratified his desire, and in a way which he will best relate for himself: "Knowing that he could not always enjoy the benefit of the public library, he began earnestly to wish to have a copy of his own; but three pounds per quarter, and his food, (which was the whole of his income as a preacher,) could ill supply any sum for the purchase of books. . . . Yet he believed that God in the course of his providence would furnish him with this precious gift. He had a strong confidence that by some means or other he should get a Polyglot. One morning a preacher's wife who lodged in the

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same family said: 'Mr. Clarke, I had a strange dream last night.' 'What was it, Mrs. D.?'* said he. 'Why, I dreamed that some person had made you a present of a Polyglot Bible.' He answered, 'Then I shall get one soon, I have no doubt.' In the course of a day or two he received a letter containing a bank-note of £10 from a person from whom he never expected anything of the kind. He immediately said: 'Here is the Polyglot.' He wrote to a friend in London, who procured him a tolerably good copy, the price exactly ten pounds."

Mr. Clarke's appointment to Bristol afforded him yet greater facilities. He had access to some important libraries; and from the large collections of second-hand books he made continual accessions to his own. The Rev. Henry Moore, referring to this period of his life, says: "I met him in Bristol. I was glad to see a considerable alteration in his person, though still nothing approaching the clerical costume. I found he had been a hard student, and had made progress, especially in Oriental literature. His library alarmed me. He had among his other works a Polyglot Bible, and he seemed determined to master every tongue in it. I said, 'Brother Clarke, you have got a choice collection of books; but what will you do with them? As a Methodist preacher, you cannot give them that attention which they demand.' He smiled, and said, 'I will try.' I found he had been trying indeed. To an improvement in Latin, Greek, and French, he had added a considerable knowledge of Hebrew; and he showed me a Chaldee Grammar which he had himself written out, in order to be able to study the whole of the prophet Daniel. As he had not hitherto been appointed to circuits favorable to such studies, I was surprised at the advancement he had made. Our common work at that time was to travel two or three hundred miles in a month, preach generally fifteen times in a week, and attend to various other duties; and if Mr. Wesley heard of a very studious preacher, he was sure to keep him at that

* Mrs. De Queteville.

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work, lest he should forget or lightly esteem the great design of God to which [the preachers] were expressly called in that extraordinary day; which was, not to dispense knowledge but life, even life from the dead. Knowledge would follow of course, if life were attained; but zeal and tender love for souls might easily be lost. His concise charge, when he received them as his helpers, was: 'You have nothing to do but to save souls; therefore spend and be spent therein.'"

These reflections are good enough; but there was no need to make them in connection with Mr. Clarke's name, and that Mr. Moore knew very well. Indeed, he immediately adds: "But I found my friend had not neglected this high calling. His discourses seldom smelled of the lamp, and he was zealous for the Lord." Mr. Clarke fully entered into the spirit and design of his revered father in the Gospel, and the "Twelve Rules of a Helper," from which Mr. Moore quotes what he calls Mr. Wesley's charge, were never more heartily observed than by him. In his old copy of the "Large Minutes," I find his mark attached in the margin to the first of these Rules: "Be diligent; never be unemployed a moment; never be triflingly employed. Never while away time; neither spend any more time at any place than is strictly necessary." The observance of that rule was the secret of the "progress," which astonished not his friend Moore only, but many besides.

In another part of the same manual, his mark stands also in the margin opposite the following passage, on the employment of time, addressed by Mr. Wesley to his preachers: "We advise you, 1. As often as possible to rise at four. 2. From four to five in the morning, to meditate, pray, and read, partly the Scriptures with the Notes, partly the closely practical parts of what we have published. 3. From six in the morning till twelve, allowing an hour for breakfast, to read in order, with much prayer, the Christian Library, and the other books which we have published, in prose and verse."

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It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. Wesley never intended his preachers should be ignorant and illiterate men. Here are seven hours a day prescribed for study. Very few Methodist ministers in the present day can afford so much time for their books. The works recommended in the Minute were not of course, to be the exclusive reading of the preachers; for elsewhere Mr. Wesley gives another list of works, comprising some of the principal of the classics, arranged for four years' study; the going through which, he tells the preachers, would make a man a better scholar than many a graduate of the universities.

Two years later Messrs. Moore and Clarke met again, when the former "was astonished at the progress" the latter "had made; he seemed to have Oriental learning at his fingers' ends." While residing at Bristol, on his second appointment to that city in 1798, Mr. Clarke applied himself to learn Persian. He had now such an insight into the laws of languages, as to find assistance, rather than obstruction, in the simultaneous study of several of them. In one of his letters, written later in life to Mr. Hugh Stuart Boyd, who appears to have expressed a doubt as to the advisableness of such a course, he says: "I think it strange that you are of opinion that we cannot carry on consentaneously two or three languages at a time. If I could not do so, I think I should be tempted to run out into the street, and dash the place where the brains *should be*, against the first post I met." In fact, the more he learned, the more he found he could learn. To him who had, was given. In Bristol he had become acquainted with a man of kindred spirit, and learned how true it is, in these matters as well as in others, that "as iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend." The gentleman I allude to was the late Mr. Charles Fox, one who to many elegant attainments added a passionate love for Oriental, and especially for Persian poetry. Mr. Clarke and he became intimate, and each proved a help to the other. Clarke obtained a good deal of aid from Fox in the study of Persian; and Fox, by

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his converse and correspondence with his Methodist friend, became a devout believer, and exemplified in life and death the blessedness of the true Christian.

In Persian, Mr. Clarke commenced with the version of the Gospels in that language, found in the fifth volume of the London Polyglot; nor could he at that time have adopted a better text-book, as the subject was already familiar, and the language good idiomatic Persian.* The version itself was not made from the Greek text, but from the Syriac Peschito, the very words of which are sometimes retained with a Persian gloss; but the body of the work is good Persian. Henry Martyn found that the Persians at Shiraz liked it better than the more recent translations. "To my surprise," says he, "the old despised Polyglot version was not only spoken of as superior to the rest," (that is, the two by Sabat,) "but it was asked, 'What fault is found in this? This is the language we speak.'"†

The Grammar Mr. Clarke used was that of Sir William Jones—no doubt the best in existence. Of this elaborate work he wrote in after days a masterly description in the Eclectic Review, which may be seen, also, in his Miscellaneous Works. The perusal of the review (as well as of others, in the same volume, on Wilkins's Persian Dictionary, and Gilchrist's Theory of the Persian Verbs) will

* This translation was made in the fourteenth century by a Persian Jew who had embraced Christianity, and had become a resident at Kaffa, in the Crimea. We learn as much from the epigraph at the close of the work: "The four glorious Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, were finished in the city of Kaffa, inhabited by Christians, the second prayers being done, on the ninth of the month Tammuz, which in Latin is called July, in the year 1341 of Christ the Messiah; by the hand of the most weak of the people of God, Simon ben Josef ibn Abraham Altabrizi. The God of the pious in his mercy and providence be so gracious, that those who read or hear this Gospel may say a Paternoster and Ave Maria for the poor writer, that he also by the Divine mercy may be forgiven. Amen. It was moreover written by the command and counsel of his lord and king, the friend and brother of the holy Church, the prince Ibn Sahm Addaula ibn Sirana, surnamed Teflizi; to whom, and to whose parents may God be propitious!"

† Journals, vol. ii, p. 368.

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reveal abundant evidence that in the progress of years the writer had become an accomplished critic in the literature of that beautiful tongue.

It will not be supposed that a man of Mr. Clarke's tastes and impulses would remain satisfied without the knowledge of Arabic; a language which, for the purposes he had at heart, would have a higher claim upon his regard than that of the Persians. As a cognate of the Hebrew, it takes rank among the more strictly Biblical tongues; and some acquaintance with it will be helpful to the thorough study of the original text of the Old Testament. Dr. Clarke, however, was by no means disposed to attach that exaggerated importance to the knowledge of Arabic, in this respect, which has been claimed for it by some scholars. He gave it as his deliberate opinion, after much experience, that "a man may perfectly understand the whole phraseology of the Hebrew Bible who knows not a letter of the Arabic alphabet; and though we readily grant that a knowledge of that language may be of considerable service in supplying several deficient roots, whose derivatives alone remain in the Hebrew Bible; yet, as to the general understanding of the Hebrew Scriptures, we assert in our turn that a knowledge of Hellenistic Greek, and especially that of the Septuagint, will avail more toward a thorough understanding of the sacred text than all the Arabic in Hariri or the Koran. Of all the books in the Old Testament, the book of Job alone is that to which Arabic learning may be most successfully applied, from the number of Arabisms which it contains; yet even here it can do but little, as is evident from the excessive labors of Schultens and Chapelow on this book, both eminent Arabic scholars and critics, who, nevertheless, in the judgment of those best qualified to form a correct opinion, have contributed little toward the elucidation of the difficulties found in this ancient book."*

He entered, however, on the study with his wonted energy, and followed it up with such results as to become

* Works, vol. x, p. 266.

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one of the most respectable Arabic scholars in England. The enthusiasim he felt in this pursuit, in its earlier stages, discovers itself in the sacrifice he made to obtain what was then deemed, and rightly, the best lexicon to the language, the Thesaurus of Meninski. He had written to his bookseller to look out for a copy for him, and learned in reply that "one copy had been sold the day before, to a brother in the trade, for £30; that he had been to see what he would let it go for, and that he demanded forty guineas, saying he could make even more of it, but that he would keep it forty-eight hours for the answer." Mr. Clarke immediately wrote to a friend for the loan of the money, since "without the Thesaurus he was at a stand in the prosecution of his studies;" engaging that he would "faithfully repay it in three months." His friend, however, demurred to the greatness of the sum "for a book," and, instead of the forty guineas, sent him some dry advice on the necessity of learning the value of money, and of confining his wishes and wants within the limits of his circumstances. Nothing daunted, he went in person to another friend, and said, "Mr. Ewer, I want to borrow of you £40 for three months, at the end of which I will repay you. Will you lend me that sum?" To which the good man replied, "Yes, Mr. Clarke, twenty times that sum for twenty times as long, if you wish it; you may have it to-day." So Meninski was brought home, and became one of the choice companions of his life.*

* The high price of this work may be explained, not only from its intrinsic excellence, but from the circumstances of its history. Francois Menin was a native of Lorraine, in 1623; and, having completed his studies at Rome, obtained a situation in the Polish embassy at Constantinople, where he became familiar with Turkish as interpreter to the embassy, and was subsequently appointed embassador himself. In this connection with the Polish court, and naturalized as a Pole, he took the national termination to his name, and was henceforward known as Meninski. In his thirty-eighth year he entered the service of Austria as an interpreter of Oriental languages at Vienna, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and was made a knight of that order. When fifty-seven, he published the great work which had been the labor

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In Arabian literature, as well as Persian, Dr. Clarke from time to time enriched his library with the choicest authors, both printed and in manuscript. His collection of Oriental manuscripts became at length truly magnificent. In the course of his earlier studies he derived great advantage from the *Bibliothèque Orientale* of D'Herbelot, and cherished a strong wish to publish an English translation of it.†

Among his other researches, he had become master of enough of Ethiopic and Coptic to be able to read and pronounce the few scanty pieces we have in those languages. Connected with the latter was a little incident which deserves to be set down. On one of his visits to

of his life—the *Thesaurus Linguarum Orientalium*, in four volumes. (Vienna, 1680.) It is a lexicon of the Turkish, Arabic, and Persian languages, and partially of the Tartar; the definitions and explanations being given in Latin, German, Italian, French, and Polish. A new edition was published a hundred years later from the same press, with the same types, but on inferior paper. Copies, however, of both these editions are exceedingly scarce, from the destruction of most of those of the first, by fire, owing to the explosion of a bomb at the siege of Vienna by the Turks; and of the second, from an accident by water. Previously to the appearance of Richardson's Persian, Arabic, and English Dictionary, a good copy has sold for eighty, and sometimes for a hundred guineas. The copies are generally marked by the fire, and stained more or less by the water used to quench the flames. The fourth volume of the work was entirely destroyed, and cost the author seven years more of labor to replace it.

†"In my answer to Mr. Phillips, Paul's Church-yard, I told him I had projected the translation of a work of the greatest consequence. . . .Our extensive conquests in the East, and the commercial transactions with that great world, render everything relative to the history of those countries, the manners of the ancient and modern inhabitants, their arts and sciences, mythology, eminent men, etc., not only interesting to men of letters, but also to men of business.

"It is strange that such a work should have been upward of a hundred years published abroad, and yet never translated into English. I refer to the *Bib. Orient.* of D'Herbelot, with the supplement of Visdelou and Galand. This book cannot be translated by any man who has not a knowledge of the Arabic tongue, etc. I could add a thousand things to it, to make it what it should be. . . . You know I have perseverance capable of running even a four years' heat on one course; and I could scarcely hope to do this in less."—*Letter.*

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London, in 1803, he met one day with the secretary of the Royal Society of Antiquarians, Dr. Brandt, who invited him to go with him to the Society's Hall at Somerset House, to give an opinion upon a stone recently arrived from Egypt, with an inscription which had hitherto baffled all attempts to decipher it. The stone had been dug up by the French troops when at work in the trenches at Raschid, or Rosetta, in Lower Egypt. In the reverses of the war it fell into the hands of Sir Sydney Smith, and, greatly to the mortification of the savans, had been transmitted to England, and intrusted to the care of the Royal Society of Antiquarians. The block, somewhat mutilated, bore a triple inscription; one in Greek, a second in hieroglyphics, and the third in forms which had defied all the learning of London to unravel. I will now let Mr. Clarke tell his own story, in writing home:

"I have been very little out since I came here; but, through Mr. Baynes, I have had an interview with the secretary of the Royal Society of Antiquarians, who informed me that they had received from Egypt a curious stone with a threefold inscription; one, hieroglyphics; the other, Greek; and the third, utterly unknown. He offered to take me, and show it. 'All of the literati,' said he, 'have been; several members of the Asiatic Society, the famous Sanskrit scholar, Charles Wilkins, etc.; and not one of them can find out the matter of the stone, nor the third inscription. Sir, it pours contempt upon all modern learning, and is a language that is utterly lost. As the Greek inscription shows that it relates to the deification of one of the Ptolemies, it is evidently several hundred years older than the Christian era. However, if you choose, sir, you shall have the privilege of seeing it.' He seemed to treat me with such a more than *qaantum sufficit* of hauteur, that I really did not wish to lay myself under so much obligation. He then said: 'If you are conversant in Greek, I can repeat part of the last lines of the inscription to you.' I bowed and said nothing. He then began, and interpreted as he went.

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Among many things he said: 'The stone is so hard that no instrument we have can cut it; and the inscription itself points this out, for the decree is that it should be cut on a hard stone.' *A. C.* 'Sir, I do not think, whatever quality the stone may be of, that στερεὸν here signifies *hard.* Its ideal and proper meaning is *firm;* and it probably refers to the local establishment of the stone.' He was not willing to give up his own opinion, and the interview ended.

"On Saturday morning I called upon Mr. Baynes, and found the Doctor had been there again inquiring for me, and wishing me to meet him there at noon, and he would take me to Somerset House. . . . The Doctor came at the appointed time, and behaved with less stiffness. We entered the coach. The conversation was chiefly about the stone and its indescribable inscription, with the contempt it poured, and so forth. He talked about Persian, and assured me we had derived many English words from it, and mentioned some. I mentioned others. I soon had the ground to myself. Arrived at Somerset House, I was led to the apartment.

"*Doctor.* Here is the curious and ancient stone which Sir Sydney took from General Menou, which he valued so much, that the French Government endeavored to make the restoration of it a part of the treaty.

"I had only begun to look at the stone, when the member who is employed in making out the Greek inscription came in, I suppose by appointment. I viewed it silently for some time.

"*Doctor.* Well, sir, what do you think of it?

"*A. C.* Why, sir, it is certainly very curious.

"*Dr.* What do you think the stone is? Some suppose it to be porphyry, others granite; but none are agreed.

"*A. C.* Why, sir, it is neither porphyry nor granite; it is basaltes.

"*Dr.* Basaltes, think you?

"*A. C.* Yes, sir; I am certain it is nothing but basaltes,

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interspersed with mica and quartz. I pledge myself it will strike fire with flint."

"This produced some conversation, in which the other gentleman took a part; at last my opinion became current. I then measured the stone, and the Doctor took down the dimensions. Then the unknown inscription came into review.

"*A. C.* This inscription is Coptic,* and differs only from the printed Coptic in Wilkins's Testament, as printed Persian does from manuscript.

"Thus was delivered into their hands a key by which the whole may be made out."

From the treasures of Sanskrit and Hindoo literature, the Vedas, Shastras, Purânas, and other symbolic books of the old Indian religion, Dr. Clarke enriched his commonplace books with a great variety of remarkable extracts; and especially from the *Zend-Avesta*, and *Bagkavat-geeta*, which were afterward used with advantage in his commentaries on the Scriptures.† He made no pretensions to an acquaintance with the original languages of those books, but availed himself of the translations of them which had been so far accomplished at that time by M. Anquetil du Perron, Sir William Jones, Dr. Charles Wilkins, and various writers in the "Asiatic Researches," though I ought to observe, that subsequently (that is to say, in 1812, as I find by a memorandum of his own) he entered for himself on the study of Sanskrit; and I believe found no small help in pursuing it from the two Indian priests who, as we shall see, were shortly after domiciled a considerable time in his family. But so far back as 1798 he was eagerly employed with the translated works. "I have read over the *Ayeen Akbery*, and marked a number of curious things. I never met with

* More correctly, Egyptian in the enchorial character. They might have seen that such was the case from the words of the Greek inscription: "This document shall be engraved on a hard stone in Sacred, Enchorial, and Greek letters,"—*ἱεροῖς καὶ* ΈΓΧΩΡΙΟΙΣ *καὶ* Ἑλληνικοῖς *γράμμασιν.*

† As, for example, on Matt. xxv., and the first chapter of St. John.

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a better spirit than that of the author. It is a work of great labor and importance, and has more matter in it than four-score volumes. Will you be so kind as to inquire whether Mr. Wilkins, who translated the *Baghavat-geeta*, has finished the remainder? If this has been published, get it for me at any price. I have made large gleanings from the *Baghavat-geeta;* and I think the rest would afford me a copious harvest. . . . . Do not lose a moment about it. When I come to John's Gospel and Epistles I shall need to consult all the Oriental writings I can procure. It is from them alone that his peculiar phrases can be interpreted. [Query.] Keep your eye about you. May be God may throw in our way an *Ayeen Akbery*, etc. I have at considerable expense purchased the *Zend-Avesta*, attributed to Zoroaster, published by M. A. Du Perron."

And again, in 1799: "I thank you heartily. Before I knew anything of your design, I purposed to write to you concerning the *Hedaiyah;** but I almost despaired of getting it, because I thought, like the *Ayeen Akbery*, it was one of those phœnix books which are rarely to be seen. While purposing to write, I was agreeably surprised by the receipt of it. In the customs and manners alluded to in the Scriptures, all these books will be uncommonly useful. In this respect the *Ayeen Akbery*, *Baghavat-geeta*, Institutes of Menu, and the *Hedaiyah* are invaluable. I have read the three former, and have marked every place that suits my purpose. The *Hedaiyah* I am now beginning."

Once more, 1799: "Last week a bookseller came to me from Bath, with a lot of MSS. One is a large thick octavo, a Hindoo and Persian Dictionary; another, a small octavo, is a compilation from the *Mahâbhârata*, containing about six hundred pages; another is a very thick folio, containing about fifteen or sixteen hundred pages, and is either the whole or a very large part of the *Mahâbhârata* translated from the Sanskrit into Persian. The *Mahâbhârata* contains

* Hamilton's translation of the *Hedaiyah*, or Commentary on the Laws of Islam. Four volumes.

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one hundred and sixty thousand couplets in the original, and is the most invaluable work in the East. From it the *Geeta* was translated by Mr. Wilkins; a work next in dignity and importance to the Bible. [?] He left them with me to look at them, and marked the three for nine guineas, but has since sent me word that he must have four more. Mr. Stock, who saw the MSS. the evening they came, begged to purchase the great folio for his friend, A. C. Now, do you think I should give the £4 4s. more than he asked me? Mr. Fox will be glad to have the other two. If I send them back, I shall lose the *Mahâbhârata;* and this I should not like, as it comes to me in a providential way."

But, while making those wide excursions into the regions of foreign philology, Dr. Clarke was not unmindful of the claims of his own mother tongue. A fervent admirer of the English language, he made himself master of its vast capabilities by an intimate acquaintance with its structure, and with the sources of those various elements of which it is composed. He had carefully read the homely fathers of our English theology and history in their own Anglo-Saxon; and this, together with his knowledge of the Semitic and Indo-European tongues, (especially Persian and Sanskrit,) as well as the earlier Continental dialects, enabled him to arrive at the true *origines* of the English speech, and to explain its peculiar phenomena. Among his Anglo-Saxon treasures, he set particular value on a manuscript translation of the Bible, of which he has availed himself with advantage in many parts of the Commentary.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE STUDENT—CONTINUED.

WITH a mind devoutly intent on attaining the knowledge of the good, Mr. Clarke sought it out, not only in the fading pages of human literature, but in the enduring registries traced by the Creator himself on the immeasurable universe. For science, truly so called, he cherished an instinctive and ever-growing love. He believed with St. Paul that "the invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and divinity:" their immenseness showing his omnipotence; their vast variety and fitnesses, his omniscience and love; and their preservation, the reign of his everlasting providence. So that, as he expresses it in his notes on the first chapter to the Romans, "Creation and Providence form a two-fold demonstration of God." In those, too, on the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, he enters more largely on this subject, and condenses the rich results of broad and deep investigation.

From a child he had been moved by that "desire" which the inspired moralist speaks of, as impelling one who feels it to "separate himself," that he may "intermeddle with all knowledge." "I was always," said he, "a curious lad, and extremely inquisitive. If a stone was thrown up into the air, I wished to know why it came down with a greater force than it ascended; why some bodies were hard, and others soft; and what it was that united various bodies. I was intent in gazing at the stars, and in singling out one from another. I obtained the loan of an old spy-glass; and with it, often without hat, and bare-legged, I sallied out on a clear

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frosty night to make observations on the moon and stars. Since that period I have been constantly learning, and still know but little either of heaven or earth."

In those boyish days, in common with many who have to do with rural work, the atmosphere claimed a good deal of his attention, and, from incessant observation, he became a practical meteorologist. In a paper in the "Wesleyan Magazine," for 1824, entitled "A Fair and Foul Weather Prognosticator," he takes occasion to revert to those juvenile lessons received in the school of nature: "I do not remember the time in which I was unconcerned about the changes of the weather. From my childhood I was bred up on a little farm, which I was taught to care for ever since I was able to spring the rattle, use the whip, manage the sickle, or handle the spade; and, as I found that much of success depended on a proper knowledge of the weather, I was led to study it from eight years of age. Meteorology is a natural science, and one of the first to be studied. Every child in the country makes, untaught, some progress in it. I had learned by silent observation to form good conjectures about the coming weather, and on this head to teach wisdom among them that were perfect, but who had not been obliged, like me, to watch earnestly that what was so necessary to the family support should not be spoiled by the weather before it was housed. Many a time, even in tender youth, have I watched the heavens with anxiety, examined the different appearances of the morning and evening sun, the phases of the moon, the scintillation of the stars, the course and color of the clouds, the flight of the crow and the swallow, the gambols of the colt, the fluttering of the ducks, and the loud screams of the sea-mews; not forgetting even the hue and croaking of the frog. From the little knowledge derived from close observation, I often ventured to direct our agricultural operations in reference to the coming days, and was seldom much mistaken in the reckoning."

This weather-wise philosopher of the fields, who is so

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restless to know the great secret of nature that he must needs sally forth bare-headed, with naked feet, into the silent night, to send his questions to the moon and stars, grew up into adolescence in the same mind, and may next be seen bending a face which religion had now lit with a solemn intelligence over the pages of Derham and Ray. "As he was told by the highest authority that 'the heavens declare the glory of God,' and as mere inspection filled him with wonder without giving him the information he wanted, he wished to gain some acquaintance with astronomy. . . . About this time a friend lent him that incomparable work of Dr. Derham, the 'Astro-Theology,' which he read in union with the Bible at all spare times of day and night. Ray's 'Wisdom of God in the Creation' gave him still more knowledge, and directed him to the study of natural philosophy. All these things were the means of establishing his soul in the thorough belief of the truth; so that his faith stood not in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God."*

In his novitiate in the ministry, he read whatever he could get, in the department of natural science, with a never-flagging relish. Down in Cornwall, in addition to some chemical works, he had the use of a medical gentleman's laboratory; and at Plymouth he obtained from a naval friend a copy of Chambers's Encyclopædia, with which, "a library in itself," he spent almost every spare half-hour. Here his philosophical taste was gratified, and knowledge gained apace. Of Chambers he never spoke without commendation.

But these were only beginnings of wisdom, first steps in a pathway which became more sunlit as he advanced, led up from nature to nature's God. In the Channel Islands he read many scientific books; and at Trinity College, Dublin, had the opportunity of attending the courses on chemistry and anatomy. At the Surrey Institution he found immense delight as well as profit in the lectures and experiments of the professors, who were among the most able

* Autobiography.

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men of the day; and with what fruit those advantages were improved appears in his enriched edition of Sturm's "Reflections on the Works of God," and the innumerable illustrations of the nature-science of the Bible in his expository writings. Among his own collections in natural history there was one of minerals, which has been seldom excelled by private persons, including not only the metallic productions, but also some very choice specimens of the precious stones.

We have before intimated that Dr. Clarke had always a yearning for the recondite in nature; a disposition which led him to diverge sometimes from the orthodox chemical science of modern times into the now almost forgotten by-paths of the old alchemists. We have seen how, when a mere boy, he tried to master the "Occult Philosophy" of Cornelius Agrippa. In his earlier itinerant years he tells us that "he read several alchemistic authors, the perusal of which was recommended to him by a friend* who was much devoted to such studies; and he also went through several of the initiatory operations recommended by professed adepts in that science. This study was the means of greatly enlarging his views on the operations of nature, as he saw many wonders performed by chemical agency." It may surprise the reader that he took pains to wade through Basil Valentine, George Ripley, Philalethes, Nicholas Flammel, Artephius, Geber, Paracelsus, the Hermetical Triumph, all the writers in Ashmole's *Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum*, etc., not with the hope of finding the philosopher's stone, but *rerum cognoscere causas*, to see nature in her own laboratory.

Among the few men who have followed such pursuits in modern times, Mr. Clarke became acquainted with one in Dublin, of whom he has left some memoranda too curious not to be transcribed. One Sabbath morning, preaching in Whitefriars'-street chapel on Isaiah i, 25, 26: "And I will turn my hand upon thee, and purely purge away thy dross,

* Dr. Twentyman, the physician of Port Isaac, Cornwall.

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and take away all thy tin," etc., he mentioned, by way of explaining the metaphor, the method by which the dross is separated from the silver in the process of refining, and made some observations on the nature and properties of metals, tending to throw light on the subject he was discussing. A gentleman, eminent as a man of science, was present on that occasion, whose name was Hand, who had for some time been a resolute and unwearied experimentist in the problems of alchemy—in fact, a serious expectant of finding the grand secret itself. The sermon arrested his attention, and from the turn of phraseology employed by the preacher, he was sure that in Mr. Clarke he could know a man like-minded with himself, and one who had traveled on the same track as that which, he believed, might conduct them both to wealth and immortality. He sought an introduction; and if, on becoming acquainted with the learned preacher, he did not find a devotee to the mysterious art as thorough as himself, he nevertheless found one who, as an inquirer into the arcana of nature, was glad to spend an hour occasionally with him in his laboratory. The memorandums to which I have referred are two letters from this gentleman to Mr. Clarke, after the latter had removed from Dublin to Manchester. In the first he makes the following remarkable recital:

"The second of November last, came to my house two men; one I thought to be a priest, and yet believe so; the other a plain, sedate-looking man. They asked for me. As soon as I went to them, the last-mentioned person said he had 'called to see some of my stained glass, and hoped, as he was curious, I would permit him to call and see me now and then.' Of course I said I should be happy. After much conversation he began to speak of metals and alchemy, asking me if I had ever read any books of that kind (but I believe he well knew I had). After some compliments on my ingenious art, they went away. At twelve o'clock the next day he came himself, without the priest, and told me he had a little matter that would stain glass the very color

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I wanted, and which I could never get; that is, a deep blood-red. Said he, 'If you have a furnace hot, we will do it; for the common fire will not do well.' I replied: 'Sir, I have not one hot; but, if you will please to come with me, I will show you my little laboratory, and will get one lighted.' When we came out he looked about him and said, 'Sir, do not deceive me, you are an alchemist.' 'Why do you think that, sir?' 'Because you have as many foolish vessels as I have seen with many others engaged in that study.' 'I have,' I answered, 'worked a long time at it without gain, and should be glad to be better instructed.' 'Do you believe the art?" 'Yes, sir.' 'Why?' 'Because I give credit to many good and pious men.' He smiled. 'Will you have this air-furnace lighted?' I did so. He then asked for a bit of glass, opened a box, and turned aside, laid a little red powder on the glass with a penknife, put the glass with the powder on it into the fire, and when hot took it out, and the glass was like blood! 'Have you scales?' I got them for him, and some lead; he weighed two ounces; he then put four grains of a very white powder in a bit of wax, and, when the lead was melted, put this into it, and then raised the fire for a little while, took it out, and cast it into water; never was finer silver in the world! I exclaimed, [uttering also the sacred name,] 'Sir you amaze me.' 'Why,' he replied, 'do you call upon God? Do you think he has any hand in these things?' 'In all good things, sir,' I said. 'Ah, friend, God will never reveal those things to man. Did you ever learn any magic?' 'No, sir.' 'Get you then ——; he will instruct you. But I will lend you a book, and will get you acquainted with a friend that will help you to knowledge. Did you ever see the devil?' 'No, sir; and trust I never shall.' 'Would you be afraid?' 'Yes.' 'Then you need not; he harms no one; he is every ingenious man's friend. Shall I show you something?' 'Not if it is anything of that kind.' 'It is not, sir. Please to get me a glass of clean water.' I did so. He pulled out a bottle, and dropped a red liquor into

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it, and said something I did not understand. The water was all in a blaze of fire, and a multitude of little live things like lizards moving about in it. I was in great fear. This he perceived, took the glass, and flung it into the ashes, and all was over. 'Now, sir,' said he, 'if you will enter into a vow with me, as I see you are an ingenious man, I will let you know more than you will ever find out.' This I declined, being fully convinced it was of the devil; and it is now I know the meaning of 'coming improperly by the secret.' After some little time he said he must go, and would call again, when I should think better of his offer. He left me the two ounces of *luna*."

From the second letter: "I have not seen the individual. I have used a quarter of an ounce of the silver in my own work, and have sold the remainder for pure silver. The metal was in fusion; and when the powder was put in, which was in size not larger than the head of a lady's hat-pin, the lead in a moment became like some dried powder or calx; the fire was then raised to melt it again, which was of a heat to melt any silver. In about a quarter of an hour he said: 'It is in perfect flux.' He took it out, and cast it into the water, and you never saw finer silver in your life. I have heard too much of the tricks of alchemists, and was too attentive to all that passed, for any man or devil to deceive me in this. [?]

"When I mentioned the name of God, he smiled with a kind of contempt. The glass of water was a common tumbler, and he said something as he was putting it in, and looked very sternly at me. The blaze did not take place the moment he put the red liquid in, but little flashes in the water, and a strong smell of sulphur, so much so, that I thought some had fallen into the furnace; but that was not the case. The glass soon became all on fire, like spirits of wine burning; and a number of little creatures became visible, exactly like lizards. Some of them moved their heads almost to the top of the glass, and I saw them as distinctly as I ever saw anything. He observed me tremble; and I

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exclaimed, 'Christ save me!' On his flinging the water with the lizards under the grate, I looked to see if I could observe them there. He said, 'They are gone.' 'Where?' 'From whence they came.' 'Where is that?' 'O, you must not know all things at once.' 'Why, sir, I believe this is magic. You could, I have no doubt, raise the devil, if you liked.' 'Would you be afraid?' 'Yes sir; I hope to be saved from having anything to do with him.' He replied, 'You are a very ingenious man, Mr. Hand; and I wish you to be better acquainted with nature, and the things in this curious world, through which I have almost been, and have more knowledge than most I have met with; and yet I know many wonderful men.' 'Do you know any person, sir, who has the red stone?' 'I do; multitudes.' 'I wish I knew some.' 'You shall, and the whole secret.' 'Sir, you are very good.' 'But you must know that we are all linked, like a chain; and you must go under a particular ceremony, and a vow.' 'I will vow to God, sir,' I replied, 'that I will never divulge.' Here he stopped me, and said, I was 'going beyond the question,' and appeared vexed. He said the vow must be made before another, and [added] with an angry tone, 'It is no matter to you whether it be before God or the devil, if you get the art.'

"Then, indeed, my dear friend, I saw almost into his inmost soul. I grew all on fire, and said, 'I will never receive anything, not even the riches of the world, but from God alone.' 'O sir, he replied, 'you seem to be angry with me; my intention was to serve you. You are not acquainted with me, or you would rather embrace than offend me.'

"Much more conversation passed. He spoke of ——, and many other such books, and said he would lend me one. After some time he added, he would leave me to reflect on the subject, and he would call again. He had told me that there was but one way on earth of knowing the transmutation of metals; and of that, he said, I knew nothing.

"You did not tell me if Mr. —— is still in Manchester. I wonder he would not acknowledge to you that he had the

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art, and how. If he is still in Manchester, tell him of a distressed brother, and perhaps he will give me light."

From the third letter: "Since I wrote to you last I have seen the man. I said, 'How do you do, sir?' He replied, 'Sir, I have not the honor of knowing you.' 'Do you not remember,' said I, 'the person who stains glass, and to whom you were so kind as to show some experiments?' 'No, sir; you are mistaken,' and he turned red in the face. 'Sir,' I answered, 'if I am mistaken, I beg your pardon for telling you that I was never right in anything in my life, and never shall be.' 'Sir, you are mistaken, and I wish you good morning.' He several times turned round to look after me; but, be assured, I never saw a man if that one was not the one who was with me. I intend to inquire and find him, or who he is; of this I am determined.

"I am at work again, and building a digesting-furnace, exactly after Philalethes, with a tower to contain charcoal sufficient to last twenty-four hours. I will have it to give any degree of heat I please. So, you see, I cannot have done; nor will I, while I have even a little to enable me to proceed. I spend nothing in any other amusement, so that I may do something at this; that, if God pleases, I may have a little to spare to do good with."

Mr. Clarke, in his correspondence with this honest enthusiast, did not forget to urge upon him the necessity of obtaining the true riches, "than gold and pearls more precious far," and of seeking that wondrous transmutation of mind and heart which no power can effect but the grace of the Eternal Spirit. He warned him against the inordinate desire of wealth; and exhorted him, in a diligent attendance on the house of God, the reading of his word, and the communion of his people in class-meeting, to work out his salvation. Mr. Hand died in peace, somewhat suddenly. There was good reason to believe that his acquaintance with Mr. Clarke had led him to that "secret of the Lord," that "knowledge of the Holy," which is the true elixir of immortal life, the key to treasures incorruptible.

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These aerial excursions into the cloud-land of alchemy only gave Mr. Clarke a greater value for a standing on the solid ground of true science. He was disposed to look with a suspicious eye upon whatever was wanting in demonstrative evidence; and, on that account, he never heartily concurred with the doctrines of what was then the new school of the geologists. It should be remembered, however, that geology was then, as a science, only in an inchoate (not to say, a chaotic) state; and, moreover, that infidelity, though foiled in the attempt, had endeavored to make an instrument of it for the promotion of its own injurious ends. Dr. Clarke was only one of many good and learned men who, on those grounds, set their faces against what they considered a new-fangled, fantastic, and mischievous delusion; but we are bold to affirm, that, had he lived to our days, (in which the true science of geology has emerged from its inceptive confusion, has shaken itself free from these skeptical tendencies, and, instead of becoming the adversary of the Bible, has proved itself rather a confirming witness of its truth, and an interpreter of its words,) he would have regarded it with very different sentiments.

It was an axiom with him, that "speculative TRUTH can never be alien from practical WISDOM." He held that all knowledge is valuable, and that a minister of the Gospel may find a use for every species of information. Thus, when a young preacher once asked him whether he would advise him to study mineralogy, he promptly replied, "By all means; a Methodist preacher should know everything. Partial knowledge, on any branch of science or business, is better than total ignorance. To have a variety of subjects of study will, instead of exhausting the mind, minister to its invigoration; for, when wearied with one, the surest means of refreshment is to have recourse to another." "The old adage of 'Too many irons in the fire,'" said he, "contains an abominable lie. You cannot have too many—poker, tongs, and all, keep them all going!"

Dr. Clarke's learning was subservient to one design—to

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know God, and to make him known. He carried the spirit of the theologian into all his inquiries, and it was as a divine that he reached his highest glory. In the direct study of theology his main book was the Bible. That with him was the *fons et origo* of all religious truth. All his reading had a bearing upon the elucidation of the Scriptures. His immense library, amounting at last to about ten thousand printed volumes, and a large collection of ancient and Oriental manuscripts, formed, as we may say, one vast commentary on the sacred book. In this large collection of works, it is remarkable that the writings of the Puritans, English sermon writers, and English divines in general, formed a comparatively inconsiderable part. In fact he did not read much in that line. He felt that to understand, believe, and live the Bible, insured him an endless supply of reflection and sentiment which made him independent of them all. He liked Baxter and Howe, and a few more, but never leaned upon them. As to Dr. Owen, sometimes called "the prince of English theologians," he estimated him in some respects very cheaply. In one of his letters to Hugh Stuart Boyd he gives his opinion of Owen, which some readers may wish to see:

"Now about Owen. 1. He was a good scholar. 2. A rigid Calvinist. 3. A very good man. 4. A voluminous writer. 5. A very indifferent critic. But in this he was excusable, because the *ars critica* was in his time in its cradle. The morality of the Gospel was sacred with him. He saw and bewailed the antinomianism that was spreading in his day, and wrote strongly against it. As a writer I know him chiefly from his Considerations on the Polyglot, and his voluminous comment on the Hebrews. To some I should seem a heretic were I to pronounce these writings clumsy, inelegant, obscure, and overwhelmed with verbiage. He sometimes spends forty pages to explain what even in his own way might be dispatched in as many lines. His sense and meaning he drowns in a world of words. To me he is one of the most unsatisfactory writers. As to his book on

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the Hebrews, I would rather a hundred times do my work myself, than watch him going a hundred miles about, in order to come back to the next door.* . . . I should think it is impossible for such a man to write clearly on any subject. He cannot condense his meaning, and never comes to the point, but by the most intolerable circumlocution. . . . I have heard a good character of his work on the Holy Spirit; but I am so completely sick with wading through his Hebrews, that I shall never have courage to encounter him again. He attempted to answer John Goodwin's 'Redemption Redeemed;' but, from what I have seen of this, he is like a mouse under the paws of a lion. Goodwin was a thorough logician, and there were no odds and ends about his mind. I do not, however, search any of their works for information on the great doctrines of the Gospel. Where we agree, I find they can add nothing to me; and I have defended and proved the same truths by modes of reasoning of which they appear to have never thought. . . . I do not find in the whole universe of writing, from the earliest Fathers down to the lowest Puritans, so clear, consistent, and comprehensive a view of the great doctrines of salvation as that held and taught by the Methodists."

On the other hand, in patristic theology Dr. Clarke had read widely. The preparation of that useful work of his, "A concise Account of Sacred Literature," required a personal examination of the works of the Fathers, which resulted in an acquaintance with them sufficiently familiar to enable him to refer at any time to them for an evidence, an argument, or an illustration. With such of the great theologians of the Continent as wrote in Latin and French, he had also an extensive intercourse. But the books he loved the most were those which bore most intimately upon the one

* Robert Hall was of the same opinion. He says: As a reasoner Owen is most illogical; for he always takes for granted what he ought to prove, while he is always proving what he ought to take for granted; and, after a long digression, he concludes, very properly, with, "This is not our concernment;" and returns to enter on something still farther from the point.

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Book. Like Martin Luther, he was "a doctor of the Holy Scriptures;" in the most eminent sense of the term, a Biblical divine.

To attain, while pursuing the toilsome avocation of a Methodist preacher's life, such stores of erudition, and to dispense them in his numerous works for the promotion of knowledge and religion in his own and future generations, demanded an intensity of zeal, and a heroism of perseverance, which excite our reverence and admiration. Such a man reminds us of a sublime passage in Ezekiel, where the prophet, describing the characteristics of the intellectual agents employed in effecting the great revolutions of Providence, tells us that each of them had the fourfold visage of the eagle, the ox, the lion, and the man, as symbolical of elevation of purpose, patience in labor, courage which dominates over all opposition, and love which sanctifies all.

One secret by which he achieved so much was the careful redemption of time. With him the night was for repose, but the day was for labor; and his day began at the beginning. Like Milton, he was up "in summer with the bird that first rises, and in the winter before the sound of any bell;" but, unlike the Penseroso of the same great poet, he would not say—

> "Let my lamp at midnight hour
> Be seen in some high lonely tower;
> Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
> With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
> The spirit of Plato, to unfold
> What worlds or what vast regions hold
> Th' immortal mind that hath forsook
> Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
> And of those demons that are found
> In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
> Whose power hath a true consent
> With planet, or with element."

However he might have desired with the poet to know these mysteries, Adam Clarke would certainly have objected to watch all the night in learning them. He was ever of opinion that late studies, when early ones are given up for

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them, are disadvantageous as to the comparative amount of work done, as well as destructive of the health and life of the agent. He called this night toil "burning out the candle of life at both ends."* But the hours of the day he was most assiduous in improving; and though he could not say with Budæus, that "the only day he lost in his life was that on which he was married, for on that day he could only read six hours," yet very few men have lost fewer days than Dr. Clarke. For even when obliged to leave home on a journey, he would carry with him the materials for reading and writing, and still work by the way, on the coach or at the inn. For long journeys he had what he termed his "portable library," packed into a convenient case, divided into compartments, for a small copy of the Hebrew Bible, Septuagint, Greek Testament, English Bible, Common Prayer Book, Virgil, and Horace. He carried his ink-bottle suspended from his neck by a riband, and lodged in his waistcoat pocket.

Diligence like this, actuated and sustained for more than half a century by love to the God of truth, and zeal for the salvation of souls, led to results which have lifted up his name among those of the true benefactors of mankind. We see in his exemplary life how a large amassment of good may accrue from small beginnings. Like the river, which, rising a feeble streamlet, in some lonely waste, deepens and widens by the accession of stream after stream, as it rolls onward in its fertilizing course, till it vanishes in the grandeur of the ocean, the intellectual and religious career of this faithful and wise servant, who learned that he might

* A catalogue having been sent to him late one evening, he saw among the books advertised a copy of the first edition of Erasmus's Greek Testament. Early on the following morning he went off and bought it. A few hours after, a well-known literary man, Dr. Gossett, came to the Row in quest of the same book. Learning that Dr. Clarke had purchased it, he called on him and requested to see it. *Gossett:* You have been fortunate; but how you got the book before me, I am at a loss to imagine; for I was at Baynes's directly after breakfast. *Clarke:* But I was there before breakfast.

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teach, and who taught that men might be saved and God glorified, was a progress in which strength was added to strength, and blessing to blessing.

"I said, I will water my garden,
I will abundantly water my garden-bed;
And, lo, my brook became a river,
And my river, a sea;
Therefore will I make doctrine to shine like the morning,
And will reveal it to those who are afar;
I will pour forth instruction as prophecy,
And will leave it for generations to come;
For, behold, I have not labored for myself alone,
But for all who inquire after Truth."

JOSHUA BEN SIRA: Mashalim, c. 24.

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CHAPTER X.

THE AUTHOR.

"JESUS saith unto them, Have ye understood all these things? They say unto him, Yea Lord. Then said he unto them, Therefore every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is a householder, who bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old." Matthew xiii, 51, 52. Dr. Clarke belonged to that class of authors whose affluence of information and fertility of thought render the communication of knowledge to others at once a duty and a pleasure. He wrote, as well as preached, out of the abundance of the heart. The same guiding power which had given him the impulse to learn, moved him also to teach. His views were but humble at first. When, in the Norman Isles, he commenced writing some reflections on various chapters of the New Testament, he expressed in one of his letters a doubt whether they would ever be read by any one but himself, and signified, in another, his persuasion that the Lord had not appointed him to be an instructor of others by the pen. But the time had not then come. The fallow ground is first prepared, and the seed sown; then does the earth bring forth of itself the blade, the ear, and the full corn in the ear; and the sickle is put in because the harvest is ripe. We have seen how he labored in the improvement of his mind; his works, whether as a preacher or an author, show the result. Those toilsome seasons of intellectual tillage yielded, and are still yielding, harvests unto life eternal.

The characteristic of his literary works is INSTRUCTIVENESS. If he wrote, it was because he had something to tell

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you worth your knowing. Hence his pages are crowded with information, and that which has generally a bearing on the personal welfare of the reader. As to style, he is perfectly unpretending; if not ornate, still never commonplace or unpleasant; and, though plain, yet often solemnly forcible. The staid self-possession and dignity of the scholar are blended with the gracious dispositions of the Christian. Such, indeed, are the intrinsic reality and value of what he is telling you, that you become insensible to the manner in which it is told. You have the feeling, while reading, that the author who is absorbing your attention more and more is an honest and earnest man, who is bent on doing you good for time and eternity. Such is the good spirit which breathes in these works, that a person who reads much of them will get to feel toward the writer as if he were a personal friend, or a wise and loving father.

The doctor's writings are so voluminous, and our limits so restricted, that we can do little more in the present chapter than indicate the subjects which he has treated.

With the exception of a few papers written for the Magazine, nothing had appeared from his pen, bearing his own name, before 1797, when he published "A Dissertation on the Use and Abuse of Tobacco," an essay which, it must be confessed, is well argued and well written. It abounds with useful and curious information, botanical, medical, and historical; and, in relation to the purpose which the author had at heart in writing it—to offer a warning against the indiscriminate use of tobacco—he has said what well merits the attention of its votaries. The recent discussions which have been so extensively carried on in "The Lancet" and other publications, on the same subject, have given the strongest scientific corroboration to the view which Mr. Clarke takes of the injurious effects, both physical and moral, which follow the immoderate use of the fragrant but seductive and dangerous leaf. It should be added, that this pamphlet has been the means of doing much good in fulfilling to some extent the wishes of the author,

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His next considerable venture was an improved translation of Sturm's "Reflections on the Being and Attributes of God, and on his Works both in Nature and Providence;" a popular work, too well known to need any description here. Though the translator worked upon a French edition, so producing a version of a version, yet he had carefully collated his exemplar with the German original, to be satisfied as to its correctness. It is to be regretted that he did not do this with the first German edition, as that is enriched with many beautiful devotional verses, which are not given in the Franch translation.* Still, he preferred the latter as his text, on account of many substantial improvements in it. For it was Mr. Clarke's purpose, not so much to give a literal translation of Sturm, as to provide a book of religious meditations as good as he could make it. He has accordingly augmented the work with a variety of matter, scientific and devotional, giving it high rank among works of the class in the English or any other language. The manuscript, in Mr. Clarke's bold handwriting, may be seen in the library of the Wesleyan College at Richmond.

A similar undertaking was a translation of Fleury's "Treatise on the Manners of the Ancient Israelites; containing an Account of their Customs, Ceremonies, Laws, Polity, Religion, Sects, Arts, and Trades; their Division of Time, Wars, Captivities, Dispersion, and present State."

* I transcribe a specimen of these good verses:

Fluchtig ist die edle Zeit,
Gross sind unsre pflichten;
Lehr uns fur die Ewigkeit,
Jede treu verrichten,
Jede fromme gute That
Lass uns wohl gelingen,
Frucht lass jede Tugendsaat
Fur den Himmel bringen.—Jan. 1.

Wir leben hier zur Ewigkeit,
Zu thun was uns der Herr gebeut;
Und unsere Lebens kleinster Theil
Ist eine Frist zu unserm Heil.—Jan. 2.

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Claude Fleury was abbe of Argenteuil, and a member of the Royal Academy; a man of piety and learning. His work has always been a favorite one with good men of every Church. Bishop Horne, in giving it his hearty recommendation, says that "it is an excellent introduction to the reading of the Old Testament, and should be put into the hands of every young person."* Mr. Clarke may be said to have published a new edition, rather than a new translation, of this pleasing manual; as he took for his text the translation published in 1756, by Ellis Farneworth, though made in reality by Thomas Bedford, of Compton, Derbyshire. In acknowledging this, he says he was convinced that a better one on the whole could scarcely be hoped for, the language being pure and elegant, and the spirit and unction of the original excellently preserved. As in the case of Sturm, the editor enriched the book with many important additions.

A more formidable work was now in progress—the Bibliographical Dictionary, in six volumes; the first of which issued from the press in 1802, and the last two years later. In this elaborate compilation he gives a chronological account of the most curious, scarce, and important books in all departments of literature—Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Coptic, Syriac, Chaldee, Ethiopic, Arabic, Persian, and Armenian—from the infancy of printing to the beginning of the nineteenth century. In doing this he has condensed the most valuable materials treasured up in many expensive works: as Le Long's *Bibliotheca Sacra;* Mattaire's *Annales Typographici;* Vogt's *Catalogus Historico-Criticus;* Marchand's *Histoire de l'Origine et des Progrès de l'Imprimerie;* De Bure's *Bibliographie Instructive;* Meerman's *Origines Typographicæ;* Osmont's *Dictionnaire Typographique, Historique, et Critique des Livres Rares;* De Rossi's *Apparatus Biblicus;* Cailleau's *Dictionnaire Typographique;* Panzer's *Annales Typographici;* Heinsius's *Allgemeines Bücher Lexicon;* Bowyer's "Origin of Printing," and Har-

* Discourses, vol. i.

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wood's "View of the Classics," which last he has transferred, bodily, into his work. The dry details of bookcraft are relieved by biographical notices and anecdotes of the most eminent authors, and critical judgments of their productions. On the editions of the Holy Scriptures, both separately, and in the Polyglot collections, the Dictionary is of especial value. Great attention is also paid to the classical authors in Greek and Latin. In the department of Rabbinical literature, we do not find the amount of information which might have been expected; and the same failure may be observed in most of the above works which Mr. Clarke took as his authorities. In following years he kept a steady eye on an improved and enlarged edition, for which he noted down some thousands of additions and amendments.

In 1806 he published a Supplement to the Dictionary, with the title of the "Bibliographical Miscellany," in two volumes; in the first of which may be found, 1. An account of the English translations of all the Greek and Roman classics and ecclesiastical writers, with critical remarks, from the best authorities; and, 2. An extensive list of Arabic and Persian grammars, lexicons, and elementary treatises, with a description of the principal works of the best Arabic and Persian writers, whether printed or in manuscript, with such English translations of them as had been hitherto accomplished.

The second volume is equally a "Miscellany." It opens with remarks on the origin of language and of alphabetical characters, and then gives a short history of the origin of printing, and the introduction and perfection of the art in Italy; a catalogue of authors on bibliography and typography, in four classes; an alphabetical list of all the cities and towns where printing was carried on in the fifteenth century, with the title of the first book printed in each place. Then follow an Essay on Bibliography, which dilates on the knowledge and love of books; and an account of several bibliographical systems, exhibiting the proper

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method of arranging books in a large library. It will be perceived that this work has great attractions for reading men; and its value is yet enhanced to the student, by copious tables of the Olympiads, the Roman calendar, and the Mohammedan Hegira and Chalifate.

Though the Bibliographical Dictionary had a very encouraging sale, it has never been reprinted. Large materials were left by Dr. Clarke for an improved edition. He had intended also to supply the deficiencies of the Dictionary, by a supplementary work of the same kind on the literature of the modern European languages.

While these works were yet in hand, his active pen threw off several minor pieces, which were eagerly read at the time, and will always reward the attention of those who are interested in the subjects of which they treat. Among them were two polemical pieces against M. Du Perron, occasioned by that gentleman's attack on the literary characters of Sir William Jones, and Mr. William Hunter of Bengal; a Dissertation on the Silver Disc in the Cabinet of Antiquities in Paris, commonly called "Scipio's Buckler;" a curious Essay on Witchraft; two very useful Compendiums of the various Editions of the Polyglot Bibles, and of the Greek Testament; and a critical Dissertation on the Text of the Tree Divine Witnesses, with fac-similes of 1 John v, 7–9, as they stand in the first edition of the New Testament printed at Complutum in 1514, and in the *Codex Montfortii*, a manuscript in the library of Trinity College, Dublin.

The conductors of the Eclectic Review, which was established in 1804, wished, at the very outset of their undertaking, to secure Mr. Clarke as a regular contributor, especially in the Biblical and Oriental branches; and, in compliance with their pressing invitation, he prepared for the opening number a review of Granville Sharp's Tracts on the Hebrew Language, and Yeates's Hebrew Grammar. And subsequently, from time to time, he wrote for that periodical articles of so much intrinsic value, that we rejoice to find

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them embodied in a permanent form in the tenth volume of his Miscellaneous Works. They comprise Reviews of Sir William Jones's Persian Grammar, Bell's Greek Grammar, Whittaker's Latin Grammar; Lord Teignmouth's Memoirs of Sir W. Jones; Stock on the Prophet Isaiah; Holmes's Edition of the Septuagint; Wilkin's Arabic and Persian Dictionary; Barrett's *Evangelium secundum Matthæum;* Gilchrist's New Theory of the Persian Verbs; De Sacy's *Chrestomathie Arabe;* Weston's Fragments of Oriental Literature; and Dean Graves's Lectures on the Pentateuch. All these disquisitions are marked by a thoroughness and solidity which will always make them most acceptable to inquirers into the various subjects of philology and criticism to which they refer. The writer, with no ostentation, shows his own mastery of the branch of learning forming the subject of the books reviewed; and not only gives a lucid account of their contents, but adds to the sum of information to be found in them, from his own rich stores.*

In September, 1807, he published, in one volume, "A concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature, in a Chronological Arrangement of Authors and their Works to the Year of our Lord 345." Most of the sheets had been printed more than three years, the author having been prevented from completing it. The main value of this book lies in the analytical account it gives us of the writings of the Greek and Latin Fathers who lived before the Council of Nice. Mr. Clarke's account of these writings is not second-hand compilation, but derived in general from a personal examination of the works themselves. Even the "*Bibliothèque des Auteurs Ecclesiastiques*" of the Sorbonnist, Du Pin, (in itself a treasure of that kind of lore,) was not in his possession while engaged in this task. The author's original design, to bring down the *résumé* of the ecclesiastical writers to the time of the invention of print-

* To these (Eclectic) reviews we may add another, on Exley's Theory of Physics, which appeared in the Literary Gazette, and is reprinted in the tenth volume of the Works.

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ing, was not accomplished by himself, but by his son, the Rev. J. B. B. Clarke, who fulfilled it in the production of a second volume much larger than the first, and in a manner that bore out the high estimate his father had taken of his qualifications and ability for such a work. The second volume was published in 1831, the year before the decease of Dr. Clarke, who prefixed the following words: "As the continuation is announced under another name, it may be necessary to state that I have been obliged to seek that help in others once found in myself, of which length of days and impaired sight have deprived me.* To my son, J. B. B. Clarke, M. A., I have delivered up all my papers, (the whole of which have been added to what was previously published, and constitute the completion of the first part,) with the fullest conviction that from his natural taste for this species of study, so nearly allied to his sacred function, and from his various learning and thorough knowledge of the subject, he is amply qualified to conduct it, with credit to himself and profit to the reader, to that issue at which his father aimed—the glory of God, and the good of his Church."

About the time of the publication of the first volume, Dr. Clarke was diligently at work on a new edition of Shuckford's "Sacred and Profane History of the World," for which he had made numerous notes and corrections; but the book, when nearly through the press, was consumed by a fire which burned down the printing-office. This calamity destroyed also another work on which he had spent yet more labor—an edition of Harmer's "Observations on various Passages of Scripture." Shuckford he did not resume, but gave it over to the Rev. Mr. Creighton, who

* In a letter to Mrs. Clarke, dated 1816, when away from home, the Doctor says: "Tell Joseph for the Lord's sake to give all diligence at Greek, Hebrew, and Latin. I must soon be worn out, at least as to my eyes; and if there be not some one to go on with my unfinished works, all will be ruin." He found in Joseph the helper he wanted. Of this amiable and learned clergyman see a short account further on.

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brought it forward again; but to Harmer he applied with renewed zeal. By improving the style, and inserting the Hebrew and Greek words (where it could be done advantageously) in the Scripture quotations, with the Masoretic pronunciation of the Hebrew, by illustrating some passages from Eastern authors, and adding a series of observations designed to show the benefit afforded by the Greek and Roman classics as means of illustration in many passages of Scripture, he produced an edition of this useful work incomparably superior to any one of the four which had preceded it.

Another editorial undertaking was a reprint of the Concordance to the Bible which had been published a long time before by the Rev. Mr. Butterworth of Coventry; a good work of the kind, which, however, under the care of Dr. Clarke, became much better, by the incorporation of additional matter prepared by the author himself, by the expunging of some erroneous statements relating to the natural history of the Bible, by more critical expositions of the proper names, and by revision of the theological definitions. As a Concordance, this edition comprises the good qualities of being correct, pleasant, and portable.

In original composition, the Account of the Ecclesiastical Writers was now followed by a treatise on the Holy Communion, with the title of "A Discourse on the Nature, Institution, and Design of the Holy Eucharist." The primary idea of this disquisition may be expressed by a sentence from the Introduction: "The Eucharist I consider a rite designed by God to keep up a continual remembrance of the doctrine of the atonement." In bringing this out to view, great stress is laid upon the analogy between the Lord's Supper in the New Testament dispensation, and the paschal supper under the Old. In the introduction he examines the question, whether our Lord ate the Passover with his disciples in the last year of his ministry; and inclines to the opinion that he did partake of the paschal supper with them, but not at the same hour with the Jews; and that he expired

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on the cross the same hour in which the paschal lamb was slain. He then proceeds to his theme, "that Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us, and that he has instituted this rite as a perpetual memorial of that his precious death until his coming again; and they who, with a sincere heart and true faith in his passion and death, partake of it, shall be made partakers of his most blessed body and blood:" in the discussion of which he points out:

I. The nature and design of this institution: here drawing a parallel between it and the Passover; embodying, as he goes on, some rich quotations from the great doctors of the Hebrew and Christian communions.

II. The manner of its celebration: where he gives a harmony of the Gospel narratives of the last supper, and takes occasion to urge the importance of retaining the materials of the communion as they were appointed by our Saviour; that is, *unleavened* bread, to be *broken* in the act of administration; and the use of the purest wine, or the unadulterated juice of the grape.

III. The proper meaning of the different epithets given to it in the Scriptures and the primitive Church. 1. The Eucharist. 2. Lord's Supper. 3. Sacrifice. 4. Breaking of Bread. 5. Communion. 6. Sacrament. 7. Paschal Feast, Passover. He explains these terms with a profusion of learning. In defining the term "sacrament," he seems to restrict the meaning to the oath of fidelity and obedience He takes occasion in one place to ask, "Who, then, should approach this awful ordinance?" and answers, 1. Every believer in Jesus Christ. 2. Every genuine penitent; "for the promises of pardon are made to him." And as to the question, "Who are they who should administer it?" he answers, "Every minister of Jesus Christ, and he only;" adding: "I shall not dispute here about the manner in which a man may be appointed to officiate in any branch of the Church of God. The pure Church of Christ exists exclusively nowhere. It lives in its universality in the various congregations and societies which profess the Gospel of the Son

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of God: therefore I contend not here for this or that mode of ordination. But I contend that the man alone who is appointed to minister in holy things, according to the regular usages of that Church to which he belongs, has a right to preach God's holy word or to administer his sacraments."

IV. The reasons for frequent communion. 1. The command given by our Lord to do this in remembrance of him. 2. The eucharist sets forth the truth of the atonement; it represents the great Sacrifice, and should therefore be constantly observed. 3. It is the duty of the pastor to urge its observance on the flock. 4. It is a standing and inexpugnable proof of the authenticity of the Christian religion.

In a postscript the author gives some extracts from a Saxon homily, and others from Ælfric's Epistles, to show that the early English Churches did not hold the doctrine of transubstantiation.

On the memorable words of our Saviour, "Take, eat; this is my body," Dr. Clarke, in opposition to the Romish doctrine, affirms the meaning to be, "This *represents* my body;" observes that in the same way the Paschal lamb is called the Passover, because it represented the means appointed for the preservation of the Israelites from the blast of the destroying angel; and then proceeds to make a philological remark which has called forth some grave discussion. "Besides," writes he, "our Lord did not say, *Hoc est corpus meum*, 'This is my body,' as he did not speak in the Latin tongue; though as much stress has been laid upon this quotation from the Vulgate version by the papists as if the original of the three evangelists had been written in Latin. Had he spoken in Latin, following the idiom of the Vulgate, he would have said, *Panis hic corpus meum significat*, or *symbolum est corporis mei:* 'This bread signifies my body.' But let it be observed, that in the Scriptures, as they stand in the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Chaldæo-Syriac languages, there is no term which expresses *to mean*, *signify*, or *denote*, though both the Greek and Latin abound with them: hence the Hebrews use a figure, and say, *It is*, for *It signifies*." Of

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this mode of speaking he gives a variety of examples. The same train of remark he has embodied in his commentary on the twenty-sixth chapter of St. Matthew.

Cardinal Wiseman, at that time a professor in the Collegio della Sapienza at Rome, in a work on Syrian literature,* published by him in 1828, took occasion to animadvert on this statement, and to show that in the Syrian language there are many terms expressive of *signifying*, *meaning*, and *denoting;* of which he gives a variety of examples, for the purpose of obviating Dr. Clarke's argument against the Romanist view of transubstantiation. The objection of Dr. Wiseman was hereupon met by Professor Lee, of Cambridge, who replied to it in his Prolegomena to Bagsters' Polyglot Bible. It is many years since I perused those works; and, not having access to them at present, I cannot state the precise terms in which the argument was conducted; but I advert to the point just here, to observe that, judging from the words which Dr. Clarke uses in the treatise before me, as well as in his Commentary on Matt. xxvi, the learned Italian professor seems to have launched his polemical javelin against an antagonist created by his own imagination. Dr. Clarke never said that in the Syrian LANGUAGE, as it was cultivated by ecclesiastical writers ages after the time of our Saviour, there is no word which answers to *signify* or *represent;* but, as the reader will see by reverting to his own words, that "in the SCRIPTURES, as they stand in the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Chaldæo-Syriac languages," there is no such term. The Syriac language after the apostolic time received many accessions of terms and words, which at that time were unknown in it.

Returning for a moment to the treatise on the Eucharist, we may deferentially remark, that the chief defect we discover in this substantial and profitable discourse is, that, while the Doctor gives great prominence to the Holy Sup-

* *Horæ Syriacæ: seu Commentationes et Anecdota Res vel Litteras Syriacas spectantia, Auctore Nicholao Wiseman, S.T.D. Tomus primus. Romæ*, 1828.

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per as a memorial, he does not point our attention sufficiently to its sacramental character as a sign and *seal* of the promises of God's covenant in Christ; nor is he sufficiently explicit on the efficacy of the solemn rite as a means of grace. Neither can we be satisfied with the restricted sense he gives to the term "sacrament," as denoting an oath of fidelity. In the Vulgate New Testament the Latin word *sacramentum* answers to the Greek *μυστήριον*, "a mystery," something vailed under an emblematic form; and the sense in which the apostles employed the latter term ought to be taken into account in defining the meaning of the former. Thus St. Paul, speaking of the marriage-bond, says that, representing as it does the union between Christ and the Church, it is *μυστήριον μέγα*, "a great mystery;" which the Vulgate renders *sacramentum magnum*. So, in Rev. i, 20, "the mystery of the seven stars" is in the Vulgate "the sacrament of the seven stars." The Syrians use the word *roza* in the same passages, and apply that term also to the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. In all these cases it is very plain that the Roman military oath has nothing to do with the matter. Nevertheless Dr. Clarke's work on the blessed Eucharist is one of the best in the English or any other language; and it would be a cause of thankfulness if the Methodist literature were enriched by a treatise equally good on the other sacrament of baptism.

Several minor pieces were communicated from time to time by Dr. Clarke to various periodicals, of which we regret to be only able to afford room for the titles. Several of them are of an antiquarian character; such as: 1. An Attempt to explain an Inscription on what is called Arthur's Tomb-stone, near Camelford. 2. A short Description of three Round Towers in Ireland. 3. An Account of three remarkable Crosses at Munsterboyce, in Ireland. 4. An Account of Mount Rough-tor, with its Druidical Monuments. 5. A Dissertation on Diplomas and Diptychs. 6. On the Poem of "King Hart," by Gawin Douglas. 7. On the Bow of Ulysses. 8. On a Bourbonnese Inscription.

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Others refer to the phenomena of nature: 1. On Prognostications of the Weather. 2. An Account of an Agricultural Experiment. 3. An Account of the miraculous Growth of a Woman's Hair. 4. Extraordinary Sagacity of a Dog. 5. On some medical Cases in the Philadelphia Medical Museum.

Another class consists of dissertations and fragments on Biblical subjects: 1. On the Genealogy of Jesus Christ. 2. Critical Remarks on the Thirty-second Chapter of Exodus. 3. An Introduction to Fisher's "Grand Folio Bible," (a masterly essay). 4. A Preface to the Book of Psalms. 5. On the Words, Anathema Maranatha. 6. Directions for Reading the Bible.

And another, of papers on ecclesiastical subjects: 1. On the Creed of the Abyssinians. 2. Translation of the Liturgy of Dioscorus. 3. On Kneeling in Worship. 4. A Letter of Counsel to a Preacher. 5. On the Methodist Chapels and Trustees.

The next class are polemical: 1. A Reply to various Critiques on Dr. Clarke's Bible. 2. On a Pamphlet entitled, "A Vindication of the Hindoos." 3. Remarks on a Criticism in the Christian Observer. 4. Another Letter to the Same. 5. A Letter to the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

All these, along with a translation of the History of St. Leucio, an establishment near Naples, founded as an experiment in social economy by the late king Ferdinand, are found in the tenth and eleventh volumes of his collected Works.

The remaining class are biographical—six notices of eminent Christians, among whom are his early friend Coleman, and his revered colleague Mr. Pawson.

In coming to the next considerable book, the "Memoirs of the Wesley Family," it should be observed that Dr. Clarke had long entertained the idea of writing a biography of the founder of Methodism himself; of whom, with an almost boundless veneration, he was wont to say, that "as a

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scholar, poet, logician, critic, philosopher, politician, legislator, divine, public teacher, and deeply pious and extensively useful man, he had no superior, and few, if any equals;" and that justice can never be done him unless he be viewed in all these characters. At the Conference of 1820 he was officially requested to write Mr. Wesley's life. The widely read memoir by the poet-laureate was then making a great impression on the public mind; and a number of influential persons who dissented from the worldly-minded and sinister views of the character of Mr. Wesley presented in that biography, urged him by earnest solicitations to acquiesce in the request. Among these, Mr. Butterworth offered him £500 for the copyright. Nor was Dr. Clarke averse from the task, but greatly inclined to undertake it. He had, indeed, a feeling, produced by some incidents in conversation with him while living, that such a thing would have been agreeable to Mr. Wesley himself; and he had been for years accumulating materials which would be highly effective in the construction of an authentic life of that servant of God.

Yet this project, through certain unpropitious hindrances, came to nothing; or rather, we should say, it issued not in a life of the founder of Methodism, but in a memoir of the family from which he sprang. The Rev. Henry Moore declined to confide to his use certain papers which he had in possession as one of the trustees of Mr. Wesley's literary property. Upon this Dr. Clarke offered him all his own collections, provided he would undertake the memoir himself. But this, too, was at that time declined. The result has just been stated.

This work, written, we may truly say, *con amore*, and in the short space of four months, was published in 1823. The copyright of the first edition was presented by the author to the Methodist Book-room, for which he received the most cordial thanks of the Conference. It was subsequently reprinted, with a large accession of matter, in two volumes. In addition to his own collection, ample materials had been

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supplied him by Miss Sarah Wesley and other friends, including Miss Sharp, from whom he received some important letters out of the correspondence of her grandfather, the archbishop of York, which threw much light on the early history of Mr. Wesley's father, the rector of Epworth. That indefatigable Methodist antiquarian, the late Thomas Marriott, Esq., also freely opened his treasures for the doctor's use. From all these sources he has been able to perpetuate the memory of a family remarkable alike for their genius, their exemplary piety, and their relation to a revival of apostolic religion, the influences and effects of which strengthen with the years of time, and widen in their range of action on the nations of the world at large.

The next publication to be mentioned is a useful tractate, the design of which is best described in the ample terms of the title-page; namely, the "*Clavis Biblica;* or, a Compendium of Scriptural Knowledge, containing a general View of the Contents of the Old and New Testaments; the Principles of Christianity derived from them, and the Reasons on which they are founded; with Directions how to read most profitably the Holy Bible. Originally drawn up for the Instruction of two Teerunanxies or High Priests of Buddhoo from the Island of Ceylon." Of these Indian priests we will give an account further on. The little volume now before us (which is dedicated to the Rev. Jabez Bunting, M.A., President of the Conference for 1820, and to the Secretaries, Treasurers, and Committee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society) recites the circumstances under which the interesting strangers had been confided to the writer's care, and is accompanied with an affectionate and fatherly letter, replete with wise counsel, and a most suitable introduction to the book he had written for their learning. The work itself is admirably suited to the instruction of catechumens, and young persons in general.

Dr. Clarke in the latter years of his life wrote a number of homiletic discourses, not so much for his own use in the pulpit, as for publication through the medium of the press.

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In his collected Works they are comprised in four volumes, and thrown together in a miscellaneous manner. For the sake of method and brevity, I will arrange them under their proper heads.

I. Theological. 1. On the Existence and Attributes of God. (Jer. x, 11.) 2. The Being and Providence of God. (Heb. xi, 6.) 3. St. Paul's Metaphysics; or, the Invisible made known by the Visible. 4. The Doctrine of Providence. 5. The different Methods which God has used to bring Men to the Knowledge of Himself. 6. Divine Revelation. 7. Worship. 8. The Love of God to a Lost World. 9. His Willingness to save all Men. 10. The Plan of human Redemption. 11. The Love of God to Man. 12. The Necessity of Christ's Atonement. 13. The God of all Grace. 14. The Gift of a Saviour the Fulfillment of Prophecy. 15. God's Love in Christ considered in its Objects, Freeness, and Results. 16. The Miracles of Christ a Proof of his Divinity. 17. The Gospel a Proclamation of Life and Immortality. 18. Life the Gift of the Gospel, the Law the Ministration of Death. 19. Life, Death, and Immortality. 20. The Corruption of the World. 21. The condescending Entreaty of God to Sinners. 22. Repentance. 23. Salvation by Faith. 24. Holiness. 25. The true Circumcision. 26. Christ crucified, a Stumbling-block to the Jews, and Foolishness to the Greeks. 27. The Design of Jewish Sacrifices; that of Christ the only Atonement. 28. The Gospel of Christ the Power of God unto Salvation. 29. The Glory of the Latter Days.

II. Experimental. 1. True Happiness, and the Way to attain it. 2. Genuine Happiness the Privilege of the Christian in this Life. 3. The Confidence of the true Christian. 4. Experimental Religion and its Fruits. 5. The Hope of the Gospel through the Resurrection of Christ. 6. The Operations of Providence and Grace calculated to inspire Confidence and Gratitude. 7. St. Peter's Character of the Dispersed among the Gentiles, and his Prayer for the Church of God. 8. Confidence in God, and its Reward.

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9. Probation and Temptation. 10. Promises to the Man who has set his Love upon God. 11. Acquaintance with God, and the Benefits which result from it. 12. The Family of God and its Privileges.

III. Ethical. 1. On the Decalogue. 2. The Wisdom that is from above. 3. Love to God and Man the Fulfilling of the Law. 4. The Lord's Prayer. 5. The Prayer of Agur. 6. The Traveler's Prayer; a Discourse on the third Collect, for Grace. 7. Christian Moderation. 8. The Christian Race. 9. The Origin and End of Civil Government. 10. The rights of God and Cæsar.

IV. Relating to the Christian Ministry. 1. The high Commission. 2. Apostolic Preaching. 3. The Christian Prophet and his Work. 4. The Wise Man's Counsels to his Pupil: or, the true Method of giving, receiving, and profiting by Religious Instruction. 5. Characteristic Affection and prime Objects of the Christian Ministry.

V. Miscellaneous. 1. The Rich Man and the Beggar. 2. Nebuchadnezzar's Dream. 3. Two important Questions answered. (Psalm xv, 1–5.) 4. Death unavoidable.

The topics of these discourses, it will be perceived, are of the weightiest moment; and they are discussed with a correspondent seriousness and gravity, with a breadth of investigation, a force of argument, and a fidelity of application, which will insure them a high and permanent place in the homiletic literature of our country. As to the graces of composition many of them are far from being finished in style. Designedly unadorned, their very simplicity gives them a characteristic strength. The truth is made known in deep and well-defined outlines; not in highly enameled pictures, but in cartoons struck off by the bold hand of a master.

This is all that we have room to offer on the Miscellaneous Works of Dr. Clarke; but there are yet three peculiar phases of his literary life, which we must take next in review.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE LITERARY SERVANT OF THE STATE.

It was about the year 1808 that the attention of the House of Commons was directed to the condition of the Public Records. The principal archives of the more remote reigns of the English kings had been, a hundred years before, collected and embodied in a series of twenty folios, under the title of Fœdera, *Conventiones, et cujuscunque Generis Acta publica, inter Regis Angliæ et alios Principes.** Fourteen of these were edited by Thomas Rymer, an eminent antiquary who held the office of Royal Historiographer, and who died in 1713; the remaining six, by Robert Sanderson, his assistant, afterward Keeper of the Rolls. Since that time there had been a large accumulation of public documents, which were lying in confusion in various repositories, together with a number of valuable papers not incorporated in the *Fœdera.* Rymer left a collection of state papers in no less than fifty-nine volumes folio, which, after his death were taken into the possession of the government. To have these multitudinous documents arranged, in continuation of that great work, was felt to be a duty to the country; and a commission was appointed to take the measures proper for its accomplishment. One preliminary was the appointment of a suitable editor; and it will serve to give an idea of the high estimate which had been already formed of Adam Clarke, to state that he was the man to whom the government and senate of England made their application. Our surest method will be to give a statement

* Another edition was published at the Hague, in 1739, in ten volumes folio.

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of this transaction from a memorandum in the Doctor's own handwriting.

"Some time in February, 1808, I learned that I had been recommended to His Majesty's commissioners of the public records, by the Right Hon. Charles Abbott, Speaker of the House of Commons, and one of the commissioners, (to whom I was known only by some of my writings on bibliography,) as a fit person to undertake the department of collecting and arranging those state papers which might serve to complete and continue Rymer's *Fœdera*. . . . John Caley, Esq., secretary to the commission, was appointed to see me. . . . He called on Mr. Butterworth, and desired an introduction to me on the following Thursday. . . . I attended the appointment, and was introduced to him in Mr. B.'s study.

"After the usual compliments, Mr. Caley said: 'Mr. Clarke, I am desired to call on you to know whether you would be willing to undertake a work in which His Majesty's government would wish to employ you?' *A. C.* Pray what is it in which His Majesty's government could employ so obscure an individual as myself?' *Mr. C.* Sir, I am not at liberty to specify it at present. *A. C.* Then, sir, I can give no answer, because I know not whether I have the requisite qualifications for the work. *Mr. C.* Sir, those who have sent me have no doubt of your qualifications. The work is confidential; but I can say no more at present than that it requires the habits of a Christian, a scholar, and a gentleman. *A. C.* Why, sir, I may very reasonably doubt whether I have any of these qualifications in an adequate degree; all I can say is, if there be any way in which, in addition to my present sacred duties, I can serve my king and country, it must be my duty to embrace it. But as I know not the nature of the work, nor the abilities and time it may require, I cannot give any particular answer. *Mr. C.* Mr. Clarke, your answer is sufficient. I shall report it, and you may expect to hear from me shortly.

"Within a few days I received a note from Mr. Caley, wishing me to call upon him. I did so, and was then in-

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formed what the work was—a supplement and continuation of Rymer; and that His Majesty's commissioners had desired me to draw up an Essay on that work. I was struck with surprise, and endeavored to excuse myself on the ground of general unfitness. . . . At this the secretary smiled and said: 'Mr. Clarke, you will have the goodness to try; and meanwhile, pray, draw up the paper which the commissioners require, and I am always ready to give you any assistance in my power.'"

He felt on consideration strongly inclined to consent. But previously "I laid," says he, "the whole business before the committee of preachers at City-road, and begged their advice. Some said, 'It will prevent your going on in the work of the ministry;' others, 'It is a trick of the devil to prevent your usefulness. Others, 'It may rather be a call of Divine Providence to greater usefulness than formerly; and, seeing you compromise nothing by it, and may still preach as usual, accept it in God's name.' Others, 'If Mr. Wesley were alive, he would consider it a call of God to you; and so close in with it without hesitation.'" He did so, but he adds, "with the positive understanding that I would only consider myself a *locum tenens* till they could procure another."

His first task was to produce a report of the nature, number, and localities of the materials which were to form the new Supplement to the *Fœdera*. It was to take the form of "An Essay on the best Mode of carrying into Effect a Compilation from unedited and latent Records, to form a Supplement," etc.; and, as he writes in a letter to his friend Mr. Roberts, "was to be prepared in fourteen days. . . . These records were to be found in, 1. The British Museum. 2. The Tower. 3. The Chapter House, Westminster. 4. The Rolls Chapel. 5. The State-Paper Office. 6. The Privy Council Office. 7. The Signet Office. . . . Write I must. . . . Well, I thought, for the honor of my God, and for the credit of my people, I will put my shoulder to a wheel deeply stuck in the mud, and raise it if I can. To do

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anything with effect, I must examine sixty folio volumes, with numerous collateral evidences, and write on a subject, 'Diplomatics,' on which I had never tried my pen, and in circumstances, too, the most unfriendly, as I was employed in the visitation of the classes during the whole time. I thought, prayed, read; like John Bunyan, 'I pulled, and, as I pulled, it came.'"

The Essay, thus required, he was enabled to furnish with an incredible activity; and, to quote the words of the official minute, "At a Board of the Commissioners appointed by his Majesty on the Public Records of the Kingdom, holden Friday, 25 March, 1808—Present, the Rt. Hon. C. Abbott, Lord F. Campbell, Lord Redesdale, Lord Glenverbie, the Bishop of Bangor, etc., the secretary stated that Adam Clarke, LL.D., having been recommended on account of his extensive learning, and indefatigable industry, as a fit person* to revise and form a Supplement to Rymer's *Fœdera*, had prepared an 'Essay on the best Mode of executing such an Undertaking;' which report the secretary delivered in, and the same was now read."

In this elaborate dissertation he gives a short history of the origin and progress of the *Fœdera*, examines the comparative merits of the different editions through which it had passed; considers the materials of which it is composed, and how far they accord with the original design; then takes into view the projected Supplement; considers the nature of the proper materials, and the repositories where they could be found; and finally points out the best mode by which they might be selected, arranged, and edited.

Upon the presentation of the report, the board "ordered that the secretary do obtain admission for Dr. Clarke to make searches in the several public offices,

* "At the same time," when the report was forwarded to the secretary, "I sent them word that I was an itinerant preacher among the people called Methodists, lately under the direction of the Rev. John Wesley, deceased."

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libraries, and repositories, which it may be necessary for him to consult."

Furnished with this authority, and appointed also a sub-commissioner, he applied himself with assiduity to the work before him. In May, the following year, the secretary stated to the board that Dr. Clarke had been diligently employed in collecting materials; when it was ordered that he be desired to lay before them a further report; which was accordingly prepared, and followed, in January, 1810, by a third, which turned especially on the structure of Rymer's work, and on the use which he made of our ancient English historians. In the course of this disquisition Dr. Clarke impugns the authenticity of the celebrated letter of "*Vetus de Monte*," the Elder of the Mountain,* to Leopold, duke of Austria, exculpating king Richard for the murder of the Marquis of Montferrat. He considers the letter to be a forgery of Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, and, as such, unworthy of a place in the *Fœdera.*

A minute of the board in March states that, having considered Dr. Clarke's several reports, they are of opinion "that the work will be best executed by a consolidation of all the old and new materials in a chronological series, with indexes, analytical and alphabetical, according to the plan laid down in the said reports; and order that Dr. Clarke do forthwith prepare materials for a first volume of a new edition of Rymer according to the said plan, and be desired to propose a plan for carrying on the continuation concurrently."

In this new edition the various supplements were to be embodied chronologically, and the whole material so arranged and fixed that the *Fœdera* should be a permanent standard.

Dr. Clarke's labors in this public undertaking extended through a period of nearly ten years, in the course of which he spent many a toilsome day among the antiquated records in the Tower, the Chapter-House, and the Cottonian, Har-

* The Sheekh ul jebel, or chief of the Hassanians in Mount Lebanon.

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leian, Lansdown, and Sloane collections in the British Museum, as well as at the State Paper Office and the Rolls Chapel. The same work called him to take frequent journeys to the provincial repositories of such documents, in the archives of various cathedrals, the Bodleian at Oxford, and the libraries of Corpus Christi and other Colleges at Cambridge; and in Dublin, at Christ Church, and the library of Trinity College. He found in general every facility from the local authorities, and at the British Museum was furnished with a room which he could call his own apartment. Associated with him, as assistants, at different times, were Messrs. Holbrooke and Janion, Dr. Steinhauer, and his son, Mr. J. W. Clarke.

In the preceding chapters we have had frequent occasion to notice journeys taken by him for the prosecution of this work.* A recurrence to these will show that most of them were connected with evangelical labors as well. This combination, as we have seen, was at times most oppressive and wasting in its effects on Dr. Clarke's strength and health. He made repeated overtures to the government-commission to be absolved from further service, but did not find a release till the year 1819, when his constitution was so broken down as to compel him to be decisive in renouncing it. The board, though they had refused before, now accepted his re-

* One of his letters from Oxford contains the following passage. He had been introduced by Professor Gaisford to some of the society at Christ Church, and had partaken of their polite hospitality. In another part of the letter he resumes: "At 12 o'clock at the Bodleian. The Greek professor, who is the curator of the library, met us, and with him the sub-librarian, the Rev. Mr. Bandinell. [The Rev. Dr. Bandinell, the present curator.] I explained to him our object; he brought immediately to hand the things we needed, and appointed a noble room to ourselves, where the MSS. and *Editiones Principes* of the classics are kept. Having got MS. copies of the *Boldon-Book*, which we have to collate with a transcript made by Mr. Ellis from a copy in the cathedral of Durham, we began our work, and wrought till three. We have six hours a day for work. . . . The bed and sitting-room which I now occupy were formerly the apartments of Dr. John Uri, a very learned Orientalist, who was the preceptor of the present Arabic professor, Dr. White. In this house he lived for twenty-five years; and here he died, in 1796."

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signation; on which occasion the late Speaker, the Lord Colchester, addressed to him a kind letter, in which he says: "I will not lose a day in assuring you that you have, and ever had, through your long and successful labors under the Record Commission, my entire confidence and approbation." In finishing his connection with this national work, which he truly calls "a proud monument to the glory of the British nation, and to the enlarged views and munificence of those sovereigns under whose auspices it was projected," the doctor gives expression to his devout gratitude in the following words: "I register my thanks to God, the Fountain of wisdom and goodness, who has enabled me to conduct this most difficult and delicate work for ten years, with credit to myself and satisfaction to his Majesty's government. . . . To God only wise be glory and dominion, by Christ Jesus, for ever and ever. Amen."

The studies connected with the discharge of these official duties gave Dr. Clarke a more thorough insight into English history than was possessed by some men who have become famous as historians. Compared with his attainments in this kind of knowledge, those of Hume, for example, were but superficial. That elegant but plausible writer had, as Dr. Clarke learned, the privilege of consulting the Records, but did not take the trouble to avail himself of it. A man of genius, it seems, can write history without much research: like M. Vertot, who finished his narrative of the siege of Malta before getting the authentic documents; and when they arrived, threw them on the sofa behind him, with, "My siege is done."

Dr. Clarke's researches tended to confirm him in those liberal yet constitutional principles which formed his political creed from first to last. He was what is called a moderate Whig. "Honor all men—honor the king;" Dr. Clarke did both. He loved the British constitution, recognizing its practical and expansive capabilities for the exercise of those harmonious duties. "The constitution is good," says he; "it is the best under the sun; it can

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scarcely be mended. The executive government may in particular cases adopt bad measures, and therefore should not be vindicated in those things; yet, in general, the executive government must be supported; because, if it be not, down goes the constitution, and up rise anarchy and every possible evil."

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CHAPTER XII.

THE COADJUTOR OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

The rise of the British and Foreign Bible Society was one of the signs which, at the opening of the nineteenth century, inaugurated a new era in the religious history of the world. Till the nations of the earth are brought under the influence of a direct revelation from God, they will never be renewed. No words, then, can tell the grandeur of the thought which at that time began more fully to move the minds of British Christians, to give the world the Bible, or express the solemn gratitude which the true philanthropist must feel in reviewing the successes which have attended the blessed enterprise, through which, by persevering toil, and not a little sacrifice, "by the patience of hope and the labor of love," millions and millions in many lands and tongues have read and heard the words that are spirit and life. All honor to the men who, so few in number, and so feeble in resources, arose to do this work, and unvail the fair aspect of truth for the eyes of all humanity!

In this most beneficent undertaking Dr. Adam Clarke had the honor of taking a conspicuous part. Mr. Butterworth, who was one of the originators of the Society, soon enlisted his brother-in-law in a work for which his whole heart was predisposed, and for which his Biblical knowledge and evangelic zeal so eminently qualified him. The committee, as soon as they commenced active measures for printing the various Oriental versions of the Scriptures, found in him the very man they needed. As we are now looking at the aspects of his literary life, it is only in this point of view that our limits will allow us to consider his relations to the Society. Dr. Clarke, then, was, as we may

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say, the standing counsel of the committee in that department; and the papers which in that capacity he communicated to them not only show the sound advice and practical help he was enabled to give, but embody some essays on the Eastern translations of the Bible which deserves an endless permanence. These papers, which are too long for insertion here, may be found in the second volume of the family Life of Dr. Clarke, edited by his son and daughter; and in the event of a new edition of the Doctor's Works, they should be incorporated in it. He not only gave these important advices *vivâ voce* in the committee meetings, of which he was a punctual attendant, and in the written instructions now referred to, but he superintended, as well, the preparation of the Oriental types. With a lively sense of the zeal with which he carried these aids into prosperous effect, the committee desired to give him some token of their esteem. To use the words of their historian, Mr. Owen: "For the eminent services which had cost Mr. Clarke no ordinary sacrifice of time and labor, they requested permission to present him with fifty pounds; an offering which that learned and public-spirited individual respectfully but peremptorily declined to accept. Gratuitous exertions in the cause of the Society, and refusals to accept pecuniary returns, have abounded in every period of its history. Mr. Adam Clarke is, however, not to be classed with ordinary benefactors."

When Providence removed Dr. Clarke from London, the Committee of the Bible Society felt that they were losing one of their most valued helpers, and expressed their sentiments in an official letter of thanks. But though he was thus taken away from the sphere in which he could personally co-operate with the committee, his influence and services were at the command of the Society wherever he had opportunity of serving the glorious cause for which it exists.

Since those days the career of the British and Foreign Bible Society exhibits one ceaseless advance, and that

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splendid experiment of Christian zeal has been attended with a success which confirms the assurance that its purpose will be accomplished in giving the word of God to the human race. Vast as is the design, every year utters more distinctly the prophecy of its fulfillment. The astronomer, from a known section of the pathway of a new planet, can describe its entire orbit, and its time of revolving, even to a day; so, in the progress this great institution has made within the last fifty years, there may be found the pledge that its destiny will be carried out, and even the elements that may serve in calculating the period when the consummation shall be gained.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE COMMENTATOR.

Dr. Clarke was one of a long succession of men who, in every age of the Christian Church, have applied the best energies of their intellect and heart to the study and interpretation of the Scriptures of truth. Regarding the Holy Bible as an authenticated revelation from God to mankind, the immutable canon of their duty, the Gospel of their redemption from sin and perdition, and the covenant charter of their hope of everlasting life, they have made it the grand business of their lives to lay open its mines of wisdom, for the edification of the Church in her holy faith, and the conversion of the world to God.

A volume which enshrines the thoughts of an infinite Intelligence, and bears relation not only to the concerns of human life in the remotest past, but to its destinies in the endless future, may well awaken the earnest scrutiny of the wisest and most thoughtful of mankind. Nor, when we consider the peculiar character of its contents, and the circumstances of time, locality, and language in which it was written, need we be surprised that so much resolute labor has been needed for the satisfactory explication of many of its parts. Let us rather be thankful that these attempts have been so well sustained, and crowned with such measures of success, that the holy Book may now be read in so many of the languages of our race, and understood by all who are willing to be made wise.

One result of these persevering studies has been to fix the principles on which the Bible may be truly expounded. Severe investigation and careful experiment have reduced those principles to a well defined system, designated in

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technical phrase the science of Hermeneutics or Exegesis.* But the present comparatively satisfactory state of this science has been, like most other human attainments, arrived at by slow and laborious approaches.

Though the written word of God had its public interpreters in the Old Testament time, we have no monuments of their labors except the version of the *Septuaginta*, completed about 140 B.C.; the Aramaic Targum of Onkelos on the Pentateuch, and of Yonáthan ben Uzziel on the Prophets, executed somewhere toward the opening of the Gospel dispensation: the Septuagint being in general a grammatical translation of the Hebrew Bible, and the Targums a tolerably close paraphrase in the vernacular of Palestine at that time. In these productions we have, no doubt, an embodiment of the expository ideas propounded in the synagogue by the Meturgemanin, or official interpreters of the Hebrew text, who, ever since the days of Ezra, had accompanied the Sabbath readings of Moses and the Prophets with such oral translations as would make them intelligible to the people. To these we may add the fanciful expositions of Philo, the Alexandrian Jew, and the more substantial but often random explanations of Joseph ben Mattathja, in his work on the Antiquities of the Jews. In the Mishna, too, and subsequently in the Talmud, (works which were elaborated in the first five centuries of the Christian era,) a multitude of Biblical texts are expounded with various degrees of correctness or absurdity. So, also, in the books called Sifra, Sifree, and Mekilta, we have commentaries on the Pentateuch, and in the Boraitha of Rabbi Eleazor an exposition of various historial portions of the Old Testament.

But the first among the known Jewish authors who is worthy of the name of a professed commentator, is Saadya the Gaon, president of the Rabbinical College at Sora, in Babylonia, in the tenth century. He translated the Pentateuch into Arabic without notes, but wrote commentaries on

* If scienticfially distinguished, hermeneutics are the theory of interpretation; exegesis, interpretation in its practical exercise.

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the Psalms, Canticles, Job, and Daniel. He was followed in the same labors by Hai Gaon, in the same century; by Tobia ben Eliezer, Salomo Jizhaki, (or Rashi,) Abraham ibn Ezra, Moses bar Nachman, and Moses ben Maimun, in the twelfth; in the thirteenth, by Simeon Haddarshan, (the compiler of the Yalkut, so often quoted by Dr. Clarke, a collection, as the word means, a repertory, or thesaurus, comprising in a stout folio the substance of the preceding commentators,) by Moses and David Kimchi, whose grammatical scholia are of great value in the study of the Hebrew Bible; and by Levi ben Gershom, or Banola, who supplemented the literal exposition of the text with suitable moral applications. These, with Don Isaac Abravanel in the fifteenth century, are the principal of a multitude of Jewish expositors, whose works, however worthy of examination, repose from age to age in slumbers but very rarely disturbed.*

Among these Hebrew commentators there are four methods of interpretation. Some unfold the simple or literal meaning; others advance from the literal to the allegorical, and consider the letter of the document as the signature or indication of a higher and more spiritual teaching. Others, again, bring to their aid the mythical apparatus of the Medrashim, and crowd their pages with the legends and sagas of the Hagadoth; while a fourth class, disdaining all these lower modes of exegesis, seek the transcendental regions of the Kabbala.

The first of these four modes of interpretation is called by the Rabbins the *Derek Peshet*, or simple way; the second, *Remez*, or intimation, suggestion as to meaning; the third, *Derush*, or illustrative exposition; the fourth, *Sod*, the drawing out of latent mystical significations. They contract these four terms into a technical one, composed of the initials, PaRaDiSe.

Principles nearly similar are developed in the early commentaries of the Christian Church. While Irenæus adhered to the simple method, Origen, Clement, and others adopted

* See Etheridge's "Jerusalem and Tiberias," pp. 400–422.

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three modes of exposition—the grammatical, anagogical, and allegorical. The learned catechist of Alexandria held that Scripture had a threefold sense, answering to the trinal elements of human nature: the grammatical, σωματικὸς=the body; the moral, ψυχικὸς=soul; the mystical, πνευματικὸς=spirit. The excesses of Origen's disciples gave way afterward to the more severe method of the Antiochian school, under Diodorus of Tarsus, and Theodore of Mopsuestia; men who were too much disposed to exaggerate on the opposite side, and indulge in a frigid, rationalistic exposition of the Scriptures: while Chrysostom, Theodoret, Jerome, and Augustine preferred the *via media.*

In the Middle Ages, when the study of the Hebrew and Greek originals of the Bible had been almost forgotten, some of the schoolmen, in their interpretations of the Vulgate, closely followed the traditions of the Church, while others launched upon the ocean of allegorical fancy. Some held that in Scripture there was a threefold sense—the literal, the spiritual, and the moral;* others, a fourfold sense—historical, allegorical, tropological, and anagogical;† yet others, a sevenfold sense—historical, allegorical, intermediate, tropical, parabolical, Christological, moral;‡ nay, others, an eightfold sense—literal, allegorical or parabolical, tropological or etymological, anagogical or analogical, typical or exemplary, anaphorical or proportional, mystical or apocalyptical, Boarcademical or primordial; and, to crown all, others, an infinite sense;§ thus giving the interpreter space and verge enough to range wherever the wings of imagination might bear him.

By reverting to these things, which is like glancing into a dark and roaring vortex, we become the more sensible of the great advantages which the Church now possesses in those surer principles of interpretation which have been carried with increasing effect into their practical results since the time of the Reformation. At that great epoch the

* Paschasius Radbert.
† Rabanus Maurus, Victor de St. Hugo.
‡ Angelom.
§ John Scotus Erigena.

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necessity which was felt for an appeal to the Bible, as the record of Divine revelation, and the high rule of faith to the Church, led to a revived study of the languages in which it was first written, and to the investigation of the sacred text in its philologic and simple meaning. With what good effect these pursuits were followed out, may be seen in the works of the Romanist commentators, Erasmus, Clarius, Cornelius à Lapide, the Jansenist Quesnel, and the learned Benedictine, Augustine Calmet; and among the Protestants, in the exegetical labors of Calvin and Beza, Tremmellius, Grotius, Munster, Louis de Dieu, Crozius, and Bengel.

In Germany the Protestant commentators, under the influence of the skeptical spirit which pervaded Europe toward the latter end of the last century, gave way to the temptation of compromising with the prejudices of infidelity by reducing the Scriptures almost to the level of human compositions, and of ignoring or explaining away whatever is supernatural in the events they record, or supra-rational in the doctrines they inculcate. In this deplorable error the early Socinians led the way, and they have been followed with strides too firm and rapid by the whole tribe of Continental Rationalists.

In our day, thanks be to God, a wholesome reaction has taken place; and the more Christian and evangelical expositions of Tholuck, Olshausen, Hengstenberg, Delitzsch, and several others, are every day rising into a higher ascendant over the Lessings, the Bauers, the Pauluses, the Bretschneiders of a school whose cold and hopeless words had struck the Church with a palsy which no power can heal but the power of the Cross.

Our own British Christianity has been mercifully sheltered from this destructive blight; and, in the department of Biblical exposition, the divines of England, while they may not have been equal to their Continental brethren in the breadth and depth of their philological learning, have nevertheless left them immeasurably behind in soundness of exegetic principle, and ability in expounding the holy Scriptures, so

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as to promote the edification of the Church in faith and virtue, and the fulfillment of the merciful designs for which the Bible was given to mankind.

In the erudite criticism of the Scriptures, the nine folio volumes of the CRITICI SACRI* formed an Appendix to the London Polyglot worthy of the learning and labor which had been displayed in that grand undertaking. This work, which embodies the principal commentators, Romanist and Protestant, who had flourished since the Reformation, was ably condensed (with additions) in the "SYNOPSIS CRITICORUM" of Matthew Poole in five volumes folio. These enterprises were followed up by the more indigenous labors of Ainsworth on the Pentateuch and Psalms, Caryl on Job, Owen on the Hebrews, Gill in a learned Commentary on the Bible which is not sufficiently known, Lightfoot's Talmudical illustrations of the New Testament, Hammond and Whitby on the same book, and Bishops Patrick, Lowth, etc., on Isaiah and the other prophets; nor, among several others who might claim to be mentioned, should we forget Campbell on the Gospels, and Macknight on the Apostolical Epistles.

Then, for the more substantial and homiletic class of Commentaries, there were—Burkitt, who published in that way the substance of his own preaching; Matthew Henry, a venerable name, loved by all good men, whose comments have a heavenly charm which has attracted and improved the most lofty minds in all religious communions; Wesley, who expresses more in a sentence than many writers in whole pages; Doddridge, gracious and devout; Scott, masculine in reason, as well as steadfast in faith; Dodd, whose Commentary condenses the best parts of Calmet, with matter supplied by his own resources and the inedited papers of other eminent scholars; and among the Methodists, Benson, who expanded the notes of Mr. Wesley, adding much rich material from other sources; and Coke, who, by the editorial labors of Mr. Drew, published a Commentary

* London, 1660. Republished at Amsterdam, with a Supplement, 1702, in twelve volumes.

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which, though not in all parts original, (being in fact a *rifacimento* of Dodd's,* just as the latter was of Calmet,) is nevertheless a thoroughly good and useful exposition of the sacred text.†

Most of these English Commentaries are reducible to two classes. Some are dryly critical, without being popular; others popular without being critical. Now Dr. Adam Clarke seems to have entertained the idea of producing a work which should combine the advantages of both classes; sufficiently critical to aid the inquiries of the more serious student, and yet sufficiently popular to serve the purposes of general edification. It was his purpose to give a lucid view of the several books of Scripture, as to their dates and authors, their scope and connection; to expound the original text in a manner to adapt itself to the deficiencies of the English reader; to elucidate difficulties in chronology, history, and Oriental manners; to develope the grand doctrines of revelation, and apply the whole to the great concerns of human salvation and duty.

To the accomplishment of this task he brought qualifications which proved his designation to it by the providence and grace of God; strong and expansive powers of intellect; an almost universal erudition; a faith of the heart inwrought by the Holy Spirit whose words he sought to interpret; and a resolute will, which bore him up in body and mind, from year to year, till the great labor should be completed. The seven gifts which, according to Augustine, the true expositor of Scripture must possess—reverence, piety, science, fortitude, prudence, cleanness of heart, and heavenly wisdom‡—the Lord had vouchsafed him in blessed degrees; and by the diligent improvement of them, in this

* It is remarkable that the notes in Dodd, usually ascribed to Locke, are found to have been Cudworth's.

† Since then, the Methodist press has issued the masterly disquisitions of Watson on part of the New Testament; and the Commentary of Sutcliffe, abounding in reflections which have great unction and beauty.

‡ *Timor, pietas, scientia, fortitudo, consilium, purgatio cordis, sapientia.* Aug., *De Doctrina Christ.*, ii, 7.

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and the other endeavors of his devoted life, these graces increased with his years. He was moved also by a conviction of responsibility. He heard the voice of God.

The studies of his earlier years had always a bearing on this grand design. From the beginning he felt the need of being taught by God to understand his own word. Referring to his comparatively juvenile life, he says: "No man ever taught me the doctrine I embraced; I received it singly by reading the Bible. From that alone I saw that justification by faith, the witness of the spirit, and the sanctification of the heart were all attainable. These I saw as clearly as I do now; and from them I have never swerved. I often read the Bible on my knees. When I came to a passage I did not fully understand, I said, 'Lord, here is thy book; it is given for the salvation of man; it can be no salvation to him unless he understand it; thou hast the key of this text, unlock it to me;' and praying thus I generally received such light as was satisfactory to myself." Thus he had grace to approach the fountain itself and draw.

We have seen that while in the Norman Isles he applied himself to the study of the Septuagint, in reading which he noted down the most important differences between that venerable translation and the Hebrew text, with which he had already become familiar. In reading thus carefully the version of the Old Testament in the Alexandrine Greek, he acquired an intimacy with the peculiar diction of the New Testament writers; and when afterward, at Dublin, he began some notes on the latter, he saw the necessity of a thorough and critical perusal of the printed text of the New Testament, as collated with the manuscripts, either by himself, so far as his opportunities reached, or through the labors of Wetstein and others, and especially of Griesbach, who was at that time zealously employed on his edition of the Greek Testament.* To make his investigation

* This department of biblical criticism has in our day been brought to an almost consummate perfection by the efforts of Lachmann, Tischendorf, and our own countryman, Tregelles.

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more minute and definite, he resolved to translate the text in writing; a task which was begun in June, 1794, and finished in eleven months. In January, 1797, he commenced the same process with the Hebrew and Chaldee text of the Old Testament; and this written translation was finished in about fourteen months. Along with the translation he had made occasional notes and memoranda for his future work. Two months after, May 1st, 1798, he began in good earnest the actual Commentary, commencing with the Gospels.

He now wrote with a vigor and determination which enabled him, toward the close of the year, to give a good account of the work in a letter to Mr. Butterworth:

"A few moments before your letter came, I was on my knees returning thanks to God for supporting and assisting me in my work, and enabling me to bring one part of it to completion. What think you? I have finished Matthew; I have done more, I have finished Mark. I began May 1st wrought till July 22d, when I set off for Bristol. I could not get things to bear, to recommence, till September, 22d. Yesterday, December 1st, I finished Mark; having spent, in the whole, about five months. While in London, though I labored hard, I could make but little way; so that nearly three months were employed on the first twelve chapters of Matthew, occasioned by the miserable place where I was obliged to study. Any that had less of the mule's disposition than I have would have abandoned it in settled dislike. Since I came here my labor has been great indeed, constant and severe preaching, and early and late writing. For nearly a month past I wrote nine or ten hours a day; some days, more. Mark was easy work after Matthew; yet even on Mark I have written upward of 100 close quarto pages; the whole 740 pages.

"You will be able to form some estimate of the quantum of letter-press this will make, when I inform you that each page contains about 28 lines; total, 20,720 lines; each

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line, 34 letters; total, 704,480 letters. You will at once see that I must not go on at this rate, or the book will be unbuyable. I assure you I do not intend it. My aim from the beginning was to make the comment on Matthew perfect, not by saying all that might be said, but by saying all that should be said. To the best of my knowledge, I have not inserted one useless sentence. I have no doubt but that Gospel is the grand source from which all the apostolic doctrines have been drawn.* I have written six hundred pages upon it, and I humbly trust no godly mind will ever feel wearied in reading them. I have done everything in my own way. I have no more of my translation revised for the comment; and it will take nearly a month to prepare Luke and John to go on with. I bought Geddes's Bible, expecting much, got nothing, and sold it."

In the course of the following year he had got so far into the New Testament as to venture to advertise it; and he tells Mr. Butterworth that he had got a couple of pages set up, "merely to see how it will look. . . . I have made up my mind to send the old text alongside of the new. The book will be better received on this account, and be more useful. My translation will suffer no loss by the comparison. I have had this specimen taken off on royal quarto. You must not let it go out of your hand. My plan of interpreting the Transfiguration is new, so far as I know; and I do not wish that everybody should have it before the work sees the sun. At first view there will appear little difference in the two translations. I do not wish it, except where essentially necessary; but the fifth and eleventh verses will show the importance of making the Holy Spirit speak English as he speaks Greek. I did not choose this portion because of any difference between the texts, but merely because the subject was complete in it."

He reached the end of the fourth Gospel in November,

* Here and in a few other places, the careful reader may qualify the Doctor's statements.

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1799; but, though so far in readiness, the work was not consigned to the printer till nearly ten years after. He accounts for this delay in a Prospectus issued in 1809, by the sudden rise in the price of paper, and the announcement of another work on the Scriptures by a friend. "As I could not bear the thought," he says, "of even the most distant appearance of opposition to any man, I gave place, being determined not to attempt to divide the attention of the public, nor hinder the spread of a work which, for aught I then knew, might supersede the necessity of mine." That work, however, had been for some time completed, and the subscribers supplied with their copies; and, as repeated requests reached Mr. Clarke for the production of his long promised Commentary, he hesitated no longer. No doubt the interval had conduced to improve the work, by giving space for reconsideration and correction. By this time a considerable portion of the Old Testament was in readiness; so that the actual publication began, not with the Gospels, but with the Book of Genesis. In the interim he had also changed the plan of the work. His own translation of the sacred text had been intended to be printed at large. This idea was now abandoned, and the new translation incorporated, in successive clauses or fragments, in the notes, as often as a modification of the authorized English text seemed to be required.

Mr. Butterworth now followed up the Prospectus with another of his own, in which he solicited subscriptions for the work on the author's behalf; an appeal which was responded to by a list of sixteen hundred subscribers, among whom were several noblemen, and other persons of rank and influence belonging to the Church of England, as well as to the Dissenting and Methodist communions. Mr. Butterworth, the publisher, was so encouraged by this demonstration, as to resolve on striking off ten thousand copies on common paper, and one thousand on a finer paper and larger page. Nor did he over-calculate; for, in fact, not only did the eleven thousand copies go off, but nearly eight

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hundred more were required before the first demand could be supplied.*

We have no room to enter more largely into these details, or to follow our commentator minutely in the further prosecution of his toilsome career. Let it suffice to say, that when the Pentateuch and Gospels were thus launched upon the world, and the expositor was committed with his subscribers to the plighted engagement of completing the series of the holy Books, the great body of the Old Testament and apostolic writings remained to be yet undertaken; and that the accomplishment of this task, and that, too, with the heavy responsibilities of his ministerial charge, his duties in the Record Commission, and the completion of several other works, rendered the next fifteen years of his life one almost unremitting agony of labor. At length, in great exhaustion, he approached the goal. In the beginning of March, 1825, he remarks to a friend: "For some time past I have suffered much in my eyes; it is impossible they should last. All winter I have written several hours before day, and several after night. Under this they have failed. But I want to get the Commentary done. I have got to the end of the sixth of the twelve minor prophets; so there are six more to do. Jeremiah and Daniel are finished and printed. Of Ezekiel, thirty chapters. You see, then, that I am fully in sight of land."

At length the hour of its completion struck. Adam Clarke closed the work of his Commentary, as he had begun it so many years before, kneeling in the presence of God. "It will give you pleasure," writes he to a friend, "to hear that on March 28th, 1825, at eight o'clock in the evening, I wrote upon my knees the last note on the last verse of the last chapter of Malachi. Thus terminated a work on which I have painfully employed upward of thirty years." On referring to the last note itself, we find the following devout

* Successive editions of Dr. Clarke's Commentary, both in England and America, have placed it among the most extensively circulated works of the kind in existence.

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and worthy record: "To God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be eternal praises. Amen. I have this day completed this Commentary on which I have labored above thirty years, and which, when I began, I never expected to live long enough to finish. May it be a means of securing glory to God in the highest, and peace and good-will among men upon earth! Amen. Amen."

He says elsewhere: "In this arduous work I have had no assistants, not even a single week's help from an amanuensis; no person to look for commonplaces, or refer to an ancient author, to find out the place and transcribe a passage of Latin, Greek, or any other language, (which my memory had generally recalled,) or to verify a quotation; the help excepted which I received in the chronological department from my own nephew, Mr. John Edward Clarke. I have labored alone for twenty-five years previously to the work being sent to the press, and fifteen years have been employed in bringing it through the press; so that nearly forty years of life have been so consumed."

We have the family memorandum, that on the evening that the work was finished Dr. Clarke came into the parlor, and, without speaking, beckoning to his youngest son, took him away to the study. On entering he found the usual signs of work all laid aside; the books marshaled in their shelves, the study-table clear, with the exception of a copy of the Bible, and the whole place with the unwonted appearance of repose. The doctor then spoke: "This, Joseph, is the happiest period I have enjoyed for years; I have put the last hand to my Comment. I have written the last word. I have put away the chains that would remind me of my bondage; and there"—pointing to the steps of his library-ladder—"have I returned the deep thanks of a grateful soul to the God who has shown me such great and continued kindness. I shall now go into the parlor, tell my good news to the rest, and enjoy myself for the day."

Of the Commentary we have no need to say anything in the way of description: a book found alike on the shelves

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of the peer and the peasant is too well known to require this. Its merits and blemishes have long ago been pointed out, and call for no new criticisms. One leading feature in its character is *independence in thinking*. English commentators in general are not distinguished by originality. Several of them have notoriously borrowed from their predecessors, and appear to have been either unable or unwilling to think for themselves. Clarke, while he availed himself largely of the labors of other scholars in almost every branch, yet knew how to transmute their material so as to subserve his own ideas, and to give it the imprint of his personal mind. But the greater number of his expositions are emphatically his own.

In a work, then, thus marked by original thinking, we are prepared here and there to find traces of a strong idiosyncrasy. We should recollect that the author is a man who is used to decide for himself, and that "with a will;" so we are not to be astonished if he even argues that Judas will be saved, or that the serpent which tempted Eve was a baboon.

This latter opinion, it must be confessed, when first enunciated, took the learned world by surprise; and intelligent men who wished well to the author's enterprise felt some misgivings for the success of a work which proclaimed at the very outset a novelty so startling. Some critics assailed him with raillery, and others with reproach. The doctor, in general, was indifferent to attacks of either kind; but, in defense of his favorite opinion, he surmounted for once his dislike to controversial discussion, and met his antagonists in open fight; if that, indeed, could be called open, in which his principal antagonist appeared with a visor. A writer in the Classical Journal had penned, under the Arabic name of *Al Tefteesh*, "the Investigator," a series of animadversions on Dr. Clarke's interpretation of the word *nachash*, which called forth a reply from the author in the same serial, in which the subject receives a more extensive examination than he had given it in the Commentary, and is put before

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the reader in such points of view, and with such ingenuity, as to insure a respectful attention, if it fail to command his final acquiescence. The paper in question will be found reprinted in the tenth volume of the Miscellaneous Works. He here admits that the word *nachash*, rendered "serpent" in Gen. iii, 1, sometimes has that meaning, but shows that it has others, and attempts to make out that it has another meaning in that text.

A more grave error, in the estimation of many divines of the day, was committed by the commentator in adopting, in his notes on the Epistle to the Romans, the view of Doctor John Taylor, as developed in his "Key" to that Epistle. But here Dr. Clarke should have the benefit of his own explanation, and we will hear him for himself: "In my notes on the Epistle to the Romans, I have entered at large into a discussion on the subjects to which I have referred in the Epistle to the Galatians; and, to set the subject in a clear point of view, I have made a copious extract from Dr. Taylor's Key to that Epistle; and I have stated that a consistent exposition of it cannot be given but upon that plan." Hereby we see "that the doctrines of eternal, unconditional reprobation and election, and the impossibility of falling finally from the grace of God, have no foundation in the Epistle to the Romans. Taylor has shown that the phrases on which these doctrines are founded refer to national privileges, and those exclusive advantages which the Jews, as God's peculiar people, enjoyed, during the time in which that peculiarity was designed to last; and that it is doing violence to the sense in which those expressions are generally used, to apply them to the support of such doctrines. In reference to this I have quoted him, and those illustrations of his which I have adopted I have adopted on this ground; taking care never to pledge myself to any of his peculiar or heterodox opinions. . . . In this sense alone those quotations ought to be understood, and my whole work sufficiently shows that Dr. Taylor's peculiar theological system makes no part of mine; that on the

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doctrine of the fall of man, the eternal Deity of Jesus Christ, of justification by faith in the atoning blood, and the inspiration and regenerating influence of the Holy Ghost, we stand in diametrical opposition to each other. Yet this most distinguishing difference cannot blind me against the excellence I find in his work." And again: "If I have quoted, to illustrate the sacred writings, passages almost innumerable from Greek and Roman heathens, Jewish Talmudists, the Koran, and from Brahminical Polytheists, and these illustrations have been well received by the Christian public, surely I may have liberty to use, in the same way, the works of a very learned man, and a most conscientious believer in the books of Divine revelation, however erroneous he may be in certain doctrines which I myself deem of vital importance to the creed of an experimental Christian. Let it not be said that, by thus quoting largely from his work, I tacitly recommend an Arian creed:* I no more do so than the Indian matron who, while she gives the nourishing rind of the cassava to her household, recommends them to drink of the poisonous juice which she has previously expressed from it." These explanations ought to suffice with all reasonable men.

There was yet another topic introduced by the commentator, which led to a more serious controversy: I refer to his doctrine regarding the Divine Sonship of the Redeemer. I allude to it with extreme reluctance, as it is the only embarrassing subject in the entire biography of this most excellent servant of God; embarrassing, on account of any implied censure that it might seem to associate with his honored name. And this painful feeling of reluctance, I venture to believe, is participated by my reverend fathers and brethren who are the promoters of the present volume. I presume it is not their wish, and it cannot be my own, to give a renewed prominence to a subject so unpleasant. I am thankful to recollect that but few words are needed in alluding

* Taylor is often styled an Arian; but his views are considerably lower than those which that term will convey to the well-informed theologian.

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to it, as the controversy has long ago been brought to a peaceful termination. When the question was discussed, it was not discussed in vain. It was done in sorrow on both sides, but was productive, after all, of beneficial results, in bringing a solemn truth of revelation more fully before the eyes of the Church, and in giving a greater clearness, vigor, and steadfastness to the faith of believers in the Divine—and therefore eternal—Sonship of the Saviour of the world.

The infirm and glimmering intellect of man can know nothing of the tremendous mysteries of the Infinite Nature, but by revelation. We must go to the word of God, with an humble and believing heart.

It is there revealed, not only that in the Divine Subsistence there are Three Persons, but that the relation of the Second Person to the First is that of Son.

Dr. Clarke was a devout believer in the Trinity, but he demurred as to this relationship. He considered that the name of "the Son of God" was a Messianic title of the Redeemer, as the consequence of his having been born of the Virgin; he denied that it was descriptive of his mode of existence prior to the Incarnation.*

Now revelation affirms that the only begotten Son was in the bosom of the Father; that God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son; that the Son of God was sent into the world; that the Son of God was manifested in the flesh; that the Word who was in the beginning with God, and who was God, was made flesh, and dwelt among us; and that the glory which He then made manifest was the glory of the only begotten of the Father.

But Dr. Clarke believed that the Second Person of the Trinity, who was thus revealed in the flesh, was thenceforward to be known as the Son of God, but not as the eter-

* The grounds of this denial he has given at large in his notes on St. Luke i, 35. They are mainly rationalistic; and, when dealing with Heb. i, 3, the Doctor himself uses a mode of reasoning in direct opposition to them—a mode which has been justly pronounced "perfectly satisfactory to the most fastidious of his opponents."

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nally begotten of the Father; because, according to his view, no such relation was possible.

In this respect, and this only, Dr. Clarke made a certain divergence from the faith of the Catholic Church. The Church from the beginning has taken those emphatic statements of Scripture in their true and literal meaning, and has evermore taught and testified that the Second Person of the Trinity is, by an ineffable and eternal generation, the Son of God. That such is the sense in which the Church has received these Scriptures, is evident from those solemn enunciations of doctrine we call the Creeds. Even before the increasing heresies of the fourth century rendered an œcumenical declaration of that kind necessary, (at the council of Nicæa,) most of the great Christian communities had given their profession of faith in this particular, as well as others. That, for example, of Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians: "I believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son, born of him before all worlds; True God of True God; by whom also the worlds were framed, and all things made." Or that of Jerusalem, the mother of us all, as it is found in the Catechetics of St. Cyril, bishop there in 345: "I believe in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, begotten of the Father before all ages; the true God, by whom all things were made."

In the great assembly of Nicæa the universal Church pronounced the faith once delivered to the saints, and called upon the faithful, in all ages to come, to abide in the same truth: "We believe in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the only begotten of the Father; that is, of the substance of the Father; God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God; begotten, not made; consubstantial with the Father; by whom all things were made."

No man had a greater abhorrence of Arianism than Dr. Adam Clarke; yet with this main point in the testimony of the Church against Arianism he could not bring his mind to concur. He had embraced, and ever held fast, certain ra-

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tionalistic arguments which prevented him from believing that "the Son of God was begotten of the Father before all worlds."

This unhappy twist in the Doctor's judgment was formed in his juvenile years,* but never rectified. An intellectual conservative in the strictest sense, whatever he mentally apprehended he no more renounced; and, when far advanced in life, could affirm that he had never changed his creed.

When the gravity of the subject is considered, we are not surprised that the thesis laid down so formally by the learned and influential commentator, and defended by him with such an array of argument, should have called forth the most serious reclamations from his brethren in the ministry; but we *are* surprised that these remonstrances, though expressed in respectful terms, and enforced by earnest reasonings out of the Scriptures, should have been represented by some as betraying an *animus* of personal dislike to the Doctor, and as amounting, in fact, to a sort of ecclesiastical persecution. Certainly such divines as William France and Richard Watson had as good a right to show their opinion as Dr. Clarke had to state and defend his own; nor did the practical assertion of this right involve the necessity of indulging in either disposition or language discordant with the veneration which they entertained for the sanctity of his life, the amplitude of his learning, and the dignity and honor of his name.

Writing a simple biography, and not a theological treatise, I abstain from any attempt to give an analysis of this controversy, content with recording the circumstances under which it arose. The discussion of the subject itself would require a volume. Happily, the question has been sufficiently settled, and determined, too, on the right side. Most

* So early as about 1787 he had written the outline of his favorite argument against the Eternal Sonship, and in a conversation with Mr. Wesley took the opportunity to read the paper to him. His venerable friend, from the short reply which he made, evidently thought that it would be sufficient to remind him that, in embracing such a doctrine, he was in danger of departing from the faith of the true Church.

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of the pamphlets in which the discussion was carried on are now out of print; but whoever would master the entire argument should study Mr. Watson's "Remarks,"* and the "Inquiry into the Doctrine of the Eternal Sonship of our Lord Jesus Christ, by Richard Treffry, junior."† The latter work, distinguished as it is by genuine theologic science, consummate criticism, and Christian temper, has taken an abiding place among the classics of English divinity. From many years of intimate friendship with the lamented author, and repeated opportunities of conversation with him while engaged in the labor of that work, I can testify that, so far as Dr. Clarke was personally concerned, he had in Mr. Treffry an admirer whose reverence for him was almost boundless.

This, it should be remarked in conclusion, is the flaw in the doctor's otherwise sound and Scriptural theology. No man was more steadfast than he, in life and death, in his affiance in the great truth that Jesus Christ, his Redeemer, was "over all, God blessed forever;" and to make this truth known to the world by preaching it, writing it, and living it, became his peace, his glory, and his joy. As to the peculiar point in which he differed from his brethren, he never gave prominence to it, except in the statements in his Commentary upon a very few texts. In his public preaching he carefully abstained from making any allusion to it; and that, from a sense of honor, as a minister of a body which, in common with the Church at large, held a doctrine in this one solitary instance opposite to his own; and from a persuasion, no doubt, that, could he otherwise make it with propriety an element in his popular addresses, it would be very far from promoting the edification of the people.‡

Dr. Adam Clarke's Commentary on the Holy Scriptures is, on the whole one of the noblest works of the class in the

* Works, vol. iii. † Third Edition. London: Mason. 1849.

‡ It deserves to be added, that when Dr. Clarke was elected President, after the Conference had pronounced on the Sonship question, he was most studiously exact in eliciting from each candidate for ordination a statement of his agreement on this point with the theology of the body.

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entire domain of sacred literature. It is a thesaurus of general learning; and, as the exposition of an Eastern book, it abounds very properly with a great variety of Oriental illustrations, philological, ethnic, and antiquarian. In amassing these, he drew from the most choice lexicons of the Hebrew and cognate languages; from the rabbinical writings, either the authors themselves, or the collections of Schoettgen, Lightfoot, and others who have made selections of the most eligible places in those writings which are available for the commentator; from translations of the Indian mythologists, lawgivers, moralists, and poets; and from a whole library of historians, naturalists, travelers, and writers on the archæology of the Oriental nations. When we consider that this great undertaking was begun, continued, and ended by one man, and that man engaged in the zealous and faithful discharge of so many public duties; instead of reasonably complaining that here and there it has a blem ish, or that its general plan is not in all respects filled up as completely as could be desired, our wonder is rather excited that he should have brought it so far as he did toward perfection. The Commentary is not equal through all its parts. On some books he is more diffuse and effective than on others. The Pentateuch and the Gospels are done well; and so are the apostolical Epistles. On the historical books, also, he is in general satisfactory. But on the prophetic portions of the word of God he commonly fails. This, in one way or another, is a fault common with nearly all our popular expositors of the Bible. In effect, we are greatly in want of a Commentary, which, interpreting the oracles that relate to the future destinies of our world, upon sound principles, avoiding the rationalistic tendencies of the spiritualizing school on the one hand, and the extravagances of the ultra-millenarians on the other, shall be worthy of the present advanced stage made in the study of prophetical theology.

But, in comparison with the substantial excellences of the work, these defects appear almost inconsiderable. Its lumin-

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ous expositions of the Law and the Gospel; its earnest and forcible appeals to the conscience of the sinner and the unbeliever; its rich counsels for the well-understood wants of the Christian's inner life; its endless exhibitions of general knowledge, and its valuable aids to the students of those holy tongues in which revelation took its first recorded forms; all will render this book the companion and the counselor of multitudes as long as the English language may endure. The man who accomplished it achieved immortality, his name having become identified with an indestructible monument of learning and religion:

"*Ære perennius,*
Regalique situ pyramidum altius;
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, et fuga temporum."

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BOOK III.—EVENING.

CHAPTER I.

THE ELDER REVERED IN THE CHURCH.

Time glides on, and moves so insensibly that the shadows of the departing day come on many of us unawares. The lapse of years beguiles man of his strength, as the autumnal winds rob the woods of their foliage. The change may be slow, but it is sure; and the process, imperceptible for a while, becomes apparent enough in its effects.

But he who enjoys the faith and hope of the Gospel is not dismayed by these tokens of decay; he connects them with the purposes of the unalterable will which decrees that in this way man shall throw off what is corruptible in his nature, that mortality may be swallowed up of life. The Divine pledges of this blessed consummation fill him with expectations which contribute to render the latest days of his earthly life the most serene. He gives himself to the work of preparation, and waits. Meanwhile all is tranquil. What Jean Paul Richter says of himself in his last days, the Christian ought to say without misgiving: "I make ready for my journey, and take leave of the many companions I have loved. Strangely mingles the future with the present in my soul, while maturity passes away into age. Nevertheless the cloudless evening sky spreads itself out in roseate glory."*

So it was with Adam Clarke. His last days were his

* *Biographie*, 6ste *Epistel.*

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best. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." In resuming our narrative we must remind the reader of the pressure of bodily infirmity brought on by excessive exhaustion, under which Dr. Clarke was obliged to write these admonitory words: "Matters are come to this issue; if I do not at once get from many of my vocations, I shall soon be incapable of prosecuting any. I must hide my head in the country, or it will be shortly hidden in the grave." It was in this time of extreme necessity that Providence opened the way to such a retreat, in which he could repair for a time his wasted constitution, without ceasing altogether from those mental and religious activities which had become essential to his enjoyment of life. Millbrook, a compact little estate about ten miles from Liverpool, was offered to him on conditions so liberal, and accompanied with such munificence on the part of the proprietor, that he was enabled to make it his own, and thither, after some time spent in rebuilding the house, he repaired with his family in September, 1815.

His frame of mind on this occasion is intimated in a letter to Mr. Boyd, in which he says: "That I shall leave London, as a place, without regret, I am certain; but it will not be so with respect to many who are in it. I do not like to be put out of the way of old friends; and, as to forming new ones, that is nearly out of the question. So I must take care to keep up a good understanding with myself, which I cannot do without being on good terms with my God; and on those terms I cannot be, without having at all times a conscience sprinkled with the atoning blood."

This new arrangement in his temporal condition did not interrupt Dr. Clarke's public relation to the Methodist ministry. His name stood on the Minutes as one of the preachers of a neighboring circuit, in which he fulfilled the duties assigned him; lending, too, his powerful aid to the interests of Methodism in various parts of the country. At home, he revived the habits of his youth in horticulture and the tillage of the field, to the great improvement both of the

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property he had purchased, and of his own health in body and mind. Nor was he inattentive to the moral culture of the neighborhood. The rustic people among whom his lot was now cast were, most of them, nominally Roman Catholics; ignorant, poor, and ill cared for. He lost no time in preparing a small chapel contiguous to his house, where the Gospel was preached in plain words, and in a friendly, loving spirit; and this means of usefulness was supplemented by a Sunday school, attended by both Protestant and Romanist children, who were instructed by the members of the family, aided by the mistress of the village school. In time, the good effects of these measures were shown in the moral and domestic improvement of the neighborhood.

Dr. Clarke had that year been requested by the President, the Rev. John Barber, to preside at the Irish Conference; and upon the death of that good and upright man, which occurred suddenly in the course of the year, the leading ministers of the Connection united in urging the doctor to undertake the mission which their departed friend had assigned him. He complied with this request, and went in June, by way of Scotland. His visit to the Irish brethren at this Conference proved unusually important, as a juncture had occurred in their affairs in which his influence and counsel were of the greatest service. The Irish Societies had been much disturbed on the old question of the Lord's Supper in their own chapels. Many of the trustees continued adverse to this practice, and were disposed to use all the legal power they had, to prevent it. Two documents of an intimidating tone had been sent into the Conference; one from the attorney-general, and another, expressed in strongly threatening terms, from the trustees themselves. Dr. Clarke dispelled the fears which these menaces had produced in the minds of some of the preachers; and the issue of a long debate was a vote that the wishes of the Societies for the sacrament of the Lord's Supper from their own ministers should be complied with. Several points in the address Dr. Clarke gave on this occasion are of consequence

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in relation to Methodism in its widest range. For example:

"1. Mr. Wesley had no plan, except that of following the openings of Providence; had he followed a plan, it would have been of man, and not of God. Our doctrine is from the revelation of God, and our discipline likewise. Mr. Wesley was only the instrument.

"2. In following Providence, Mr. Wesley was compelled to do many things opposed to his prejudices: these, I well know, were of the High-Church character. It was according to his great principle of action that he ordained Dr. Coke for America, as he did others for Scotland. He foresaw that the Methodists would be a great people, and therefore ordained preachers to keep up the spirit of the Church of England; but Providence never intended that any individual should be a successor to Mr. Wesley. When he died Dr. Coke came to Dublin, to put himself at the head of the Irish Methodists; but he, (Mr. Clarke,) being then in Dublin, opposed it. On the same subject there was in England a competition between Dr. Coke and Mr. Mather, which was overruled by the appointment of District Meetings.

"3. The introduction of the sacraments originated in the demands of the people. They urged them at the British Conference. By not yielding to their earnest entreaties, we sacrificed too many members. When the plan of pacification was at length made, (by which the sacraments were introduced under defined conditions,) the consequences were blessed ones."

4. As to the present state of Methodism, Dr. Clarke stated that he was competent to judge of its spirituality and prosperity. "I have been twice President of the British Conference; and in the grand climacterical year of Methodism all its great offices were in my hands. I had access also to government, knew its sentiments of Methodism, and had full evidence that it had not lost its character or influence. I have met more classes in my circuit than any other man, and have seen no loss of spirituality. I will not make

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invidious comparisons between the Methodists in England and Ireland; in both they are the children of my God and Father; but this I will say, from perfect acquaintance with the subject, that they have in England more grace and more stability since the introduction of the sacrament than before."

And with more particular reference to the Irish preachers, he added:

"I have had access to the inmost archives of the State, (on affairs relating to Ireland,) where their characters were properly appreciated. In a particular conversation which I had with Lord Sidmouth and Mr. Perceval, they spoke most honorably of their usefulness in the time of the Rebellion. They have been bulwarks to the Church itself, against the attacks of Popery and other enemies."

In relation to these matters, Dr. Clarke wrote about this time: "I know Methodism better than any man in Ireland; and can say that preaching in Church hours, and the sacraments from the hands of our own preachers, have been marked by the most distinguished approbation of God. The Methodists in England are a thousand times more attached to the Church of England and her service than they ever were before; and the method which we were before taking to drive them to the Church, was driving them, and is now driving those of Ireland, into Dissenting congregations. Our usefulness to the Church is now greater than ever."

In parting with the Conference, he urged the Irish ministers to be steadfast and unmovable as to the ground they had now taken with respect to the sacraments. "My advice to you all is, look up to God, and keep close together; never think of measuring back your steps to trustee craft again. Give up the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, when you go to drink the new wine in the kingdom of God. Let neither fear nor flattery induce you to it one moment sooner. Had you had it twenty years ago, you would have been doubly more numerous, and doubly more holy. God has broken

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your chain; if you mend it, or suffer others to do so, you will have his curse. If the genuine Methodists of Ireland stand fast in their fiery trial, God will make you both great and glorious. Look for your help from him. Do not suppose that any man's money is necessary to the support of Christ's cause; for 'the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof.'"

In the course of the year 1818 Dr. Clarke was actively engaged in several parts of the country in opening chapels, preaching anniversary sermons, and helping the cause of foreign missions by setting their claims before assemblies who gathered in successive thousands, attracted both by the goodness of the object and the celebrity of the advocate. While he was in London at the anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society this year, an incident occurred which was fraught with a lasting satisfaction to his mind—his compliance with a request, made to him by some eminent persons, to take under his care and instruction two Indian priests who had come to England in quest of the knowledge of the true God and of his Christ.

"While on the platform," says he, in a note to Mrs. Clarke, "I received a letter from Sir Alexander Johnstone, then within sight of land, on his return from the Island of Ceylon; and in about half an hour another note was handed to me from the same gentleman, stating his actual arrival, and adding a wish to see me as soon as possible. On the following day I had an interview with him, when he told me that he had brought with him two high-priests of Buddhoo, who had left their country and friends, and put themselves before the mast, exposing themselves to all kinds of privations, in order to come here to be instructed in the truths of Christianity; that he had paid their passage, but, in order to try their faith and sincerity, had kept them in the meanest place, and at the greatest distance from himself during the whole voyage."

It appears that Sir Alexander was at that moment in uncertainty as to what was to be done to give these young

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men When the Doctor came to the lines,—

> "See these sinful worms of earth,
> Bless to them the cleansing flood,"

he laid his hands upon their heads; the two priests burst into tears, and the whole assembly seemed to feel, in deathlike stillness, that the power of the Highest was indeed overshadowing them. The office for the baptism of adults was then recited with heartfelt fervor; the elder candidate receiving the name of Adam Sree Goonah Munhi Rathana; and the younger, that of Alexander Dherma Rama.

During the service, the latter, who, through fear of death, had long been subject to bondage, had that fear entirely removed; and the elder, Adam, on returning to his room, fell prostrate on the ground, and spent a long time, weeping, in prayer and praise.

A few weeks after this event, having completed the purpose for which they had come to England, they grew anxious to return, and arrangements were made for that object. One thing ought not to be omitted, as showing their disinterested sincerity; they declined to receive presents. Among other offerings, Mr. Sherburn, of the plate-glass manufactory at Ravenhead, sent them two fine toilet-glasses. They admired them, but were silent. Dr. Clarke spoke to them pointedly of the kindness and attention of Mr. Sherburn in making them the presents; when Dherma, after some hesitation, said, "We *are* obliged to Mr. Sherburn, but we will not have them. We came to England without money, without goods, without clothes, except our priests' garments; we will take nothing back with us but one coat apiece, the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and the books you have promised us. No, if God give it," (*i. e.*, assist us,) "we will take no presents; we will receive nothing but the Gospel of Christ; for that alone we came."*

They returned to Ceylon in company with Sir Richard

* Many particulars about these two converts may be found in the twelfth volume of Dr. Clarke's Works.

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Ottley, (who was going out to that island as judge,) carrying with them the devout and loving wishes of their revered friend, who gave expression to the solidity of his good opinion of them in a formal certificate, which was accompanied by an official letter on the part of Lord Bathurst, addressed in their behalf to the authorities in Ceylon.

Some months after, Dr. Clarke received from them the intelligence of their safe arrival. "My dear father," writes the elder, Adam Rathana, "I am here, comfortable and happy; however, I will tell you my good generally. Since we sailed from England, we have every Sunday had prayers, and sometimes a sermon; every morning and evening we have met in Sir Richard's cabin to read the Bible and pray; at times some of the other passengers have joined. We have three Sundays had the Lord's Supper; indeed, my mind sometimes rejoices concerning my soul.

"Every day Judge Ottley orders us to go to him for improvement; indeed, by his teaching we have got great knowledge; also he is very kind to us. Your book teaches us great knowledge; he talks to us out of it, and my mind is greatly satisfied with him all the time. . . . On the 30th of October we arrived at Colombo; the governor very kind to me, and put me under the Rev. Dr. S., who came from England, colonial chaplain. With him I study Christian religion, and I hope in a short time to be able to preach the salvation of Jesus Christ. When I was with you, I told you I wish to have some power to preach the Gospel to heathen people. My wish, I thank God, he has done for me; and I have now exceeding happiness in receiving this great blessing. My dear father, I will never forget you. You cut me off some of your hair, and when I think of you, I take it in my hand, and, seeing that, my mind is full of sorrow, wanting you. My daily prayer is for you and your family."

The subsequent life of these cousins gave good evidence of their true-hearted establishment in the faith. The elder devoted himself to the service of the Church, and received an appointment as a chaplain; and the other adopted the life

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of a civilian, and became a *mohunderam* or inferior magistrate. I met only lately, in a periodical of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel,* with an extract of a letter from the present bishop of Colombo, who mentions the pleasing fact that a son of the elder had just then been ordained a deacon of the Church. His lordship says: "It was gratifying to me last Sunday to admit to the diaconate another native laborer, after a probation of more than three years, in the service of the society, at Badulla, under the Rev. E. Mooyart, of Newera Ellia. His name is George Adam Rathana. He is the son of a converted Buddhist priest, who was some years ago conveyed to England by the late Sir A. Johnstone, and confided to the care of Dr. Adam Clarke for Christian education. I have known him long, having received him as the first divinity student in St. Thomas's College, where he gained the esteem and confidence of all."

Reverting to the tenor of Dr. Clarke's life at Millbrook, we find him celebrating the coronation of King George IV., by a kind of domestic *fête* with his family and their neighbors. "We brought all our tenants together, even to the least of their children, and gave them a dinner. They ate a world of beef, pies, pudding, and cheese, besides half a bushel of currants and cherries. To our work-people I also gave a holiday, and paid each man his day's wages: and, when all was over, I gave each child a penny; all above eight years old, a sixpence; and to every grown person, a shilling. We sang and prayed, and afterward I dismissed them. They were as happy as they could be. Our union-jack was flying all day; at sunset we struck our flag, and heartily prayed, morning, noon, and night, for the king."

The Conference had voted a loyal Address to the new monarch, and Dr. Clarke was appointed to negotiate with the Home Secretary about the time and manner of presenting it. Lord Sidmouth informed him that the Ad-

* "The Mission Field," May, 1857.

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dress might be presented at a levee, by a deputation, or by an individual. As such an opportunity was not likely to occur for some months, his lordship kindly offered to lay it himself before His Majesty, taking occasion to remark in the same letter that he knew "the influence of the Wesleyan Methodists to be extensive."

In February, 1821, died that great preacher and expositor of the word of God, the Rev. Joseph Benson. Dr. Clarke, standing at the side of his death-bed, heard the theologian's last testimony: "My hope of salvation is, BY GRACE THROUGH FAITH." On the occasion of the funeral, at City Road, Dr. Clarke delivered a powerful address to the congregation which crowded the spacious chapel.

Among many journeys this year he visited Epworth, to preach for the chapel. With his veneration for the family of the Wesleys, the spot on which he then found himself was felt to be classic ground. "With reverence and strong religious gratification," he went over the old rectory, accompanied by the resident clergyman; and then proceeded to the simple, clean little church, hard by which was "a sycamore tree which was planted by the hand of old Samuel Wesley. I brought away a piece of the outer bark. I have got a pair of fire-tongs which belonged to him, and which were bought at the family sale. There is also an old clock, which I rather think I shall have, and for which I left a commission."

In these widely extended journeys for the promotion of great charities for time and eternity, he was everywhere hailed with a hearty religious welcome, and heard with an almost unexampled reverence by the rich and the poor, who met together to receive from the lips of him who kept knowledge the words of eternal peace.

At the Conference of 1822, held in London, his brethren in the ministry offered him the token of their own heartfelt veneration by electing him to the presidential chair. This was the third time that honor was conferred upon his elder circumstance which had not hitherto occurred in the ved an of the body. Dr. Coke had been president twice the life

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those days two eminent men, Drs. Jabez Bunting and Robert Newton, have held the office four times each. But in the present case the distinction was unique, and was no doubt intended as a homage paid to extraordinary virtue and worth.

At this Conference initiatory proceedings were entered upon toward a mission to the Zetland Islands, a work in which, as we shall have to record, Dr. Clarke took a personal and a predominant interest. His official visit to the Irish Conference was made in connection with a tour in Scotland, and in several neighborhoods of his native island. In the course of these peregrinations he found himself once more among the scenes of his childhood. He entered the church where he was baptized. "I went," says he, "within the communion-rail. With silent solemnity and awe, I there, in the presence of Him whose I am, and whom I serve, mentally and in a deep spirit of prayer, took upon myself those vows which had so long before been made in my name and on my behalf."

Standing by the graves of some of the members of his family in the adjoining place of the dead, he made the reflection: "Here lie several of my ancestors; and I go to lie most probably in another land, and shall not, in all likelihood, be gathered to my fathers. But I too shall be found, when all the quick and dead stand before the Lord; and wheresoever my dust may be scattered, the voice of the Lord shall call it together, and I shall stand in my lot at the end of the days. May I then be found of him in peace, without spot and without blame, and have an entrance into the holiest through the blood of Jesus!"

In Ireland he found the societies still in an uneasy condition. At a public meeting, convened in Belfast, "one proposing the question to me, 'Is Methodism now what it has been?' I answered it in a way very different from what the H. I believe, expected, and intended by it: 'No: it is senting rational, more stable, more consistent, more holy, eful to the community, and a greater blessing to

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the world at large.' And all this I found no difficulty in proving."*

It had been published for him to preach at Bandon at twelve o'clock; and he proceeded thither for that purpose. His entrance into the town was greeted as if he had come (as indeed he had) an embassador from a king. The street was lined with a multitude waiting his arrival, many of whom had come from various towns, and some from a distance of thirty miles. On reaching Dublin, he presided at the Conference; in the course of which the Dublin missionary meeting had the long remembered advantage of his counsels and exhortations.

The Irish Conference is preliminary to that in England; and scarcely had the Doctor arrived at home from a journey of two thousand miles, before he was again on the way to the latter, which was held that year in Sheffield. He once more gave up the seal of office to his old friend, the Rev. Henry Moore, and concluded the duties of his presidency with a charge at the ordination of the junior ministers, distinguished by a powerful and solemn unction, while he exhorted them to "take heed to themselves and to the doctrine," and to "continue in these things," so as to save themselves and those who should hear them. The official sermon, which he delivered at the usual time, was on a theme which called out all the powers of his sanctified mind: "God is a Spirit; and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth."

It was at this Conference that Ebenezer Chapel, a large Gothic structure which the Methodists of Sheffield had lately erected, was dedicated for Divine service; and Dr. Clarke

* On his route to Ireland by the north he found the General Assembly in session at Edinburgh; when he took the opportunity of witnessing the manner in which that reverend body conducts its proceedings. Dr. Clarke could not help drawing in his own mind a contrast between the rigid formality with which the business was transacted, and the genial yet well-ordered freedom of the "conversations between the Wesleyan ministers at their Annual Conference;" and expressed it, on leaving the church, by whispering to his companion, "Methodism forever!"

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was the morning preacher. Toward the conclusion of the sermon, owing to some false alarm, (created, it was thought, for a wicked purpose,) one of those panics took place which have been too often attended by fatal effects. But, through the good providence of God, no great disaster occurred. This being the third instance of the kind in which a simliar shock had been given him, the Doctor expressed a resolution to preach no more at the opening of a chapel.

An accident which befell him shortly after the Conference had a bad effect on his health, which became so disordered as to lay him aside for a time altogether. On the 14th of September, he takes occasion to lament that he was too weak to repeat even the Lord's Prayer; and on the 17th, that he could not speak five minutes at a time—so soon is the strength of the most vigorous man laid low. An idea, which had been present with him some time, now gained ground in his mind; namely, that a residence in a more southerly part of England would be more conducive to his welfare. This was strengthened by the consideration that his family were then nearly all settled in London. He now observes that he should be glad "if any small place, from three to fifty miles from London, could be obtained;" adding: "But we should rather be thinking of our last change, than of making another removal." An indication was given, however, of his resolve to migrate from the north, by the appearing of his name, on the Minutes of the next Conference, in connection with the London West Circuit. In the course of some few months, an advantageous offer having been made to Dr. Clarke for the Millbrook property, he finally disposed of it; and, after a short and intermediate residence at Canonbury Square, Islington, he took up his last earthly sojourn at Haydon Hall, near Pinner in the county of Middlesex. In this salubrious and beautiful spot, about sixteen miles from London—near enough for ordinary convenience, yet sufficiently secluded for retirement—the Doctor soon felt himself at home. His flagging

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health recovered much of its wonted energy; and, his soul being replenished with increase of grace, he dedicated life anew to God in humble dependence on that preventing and sustaining power which alone could enable him, in all his works, begun, continued, and ended, to glorify His holy Name.

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CHAPTER II.

HONORED BY THE GREAT AND GOOD.

The fallen heart of man is not so utterly abandoned and debased as to have lost all sensibility to the praiseworthiness of the things that are pure, and honest, and of good report; for, among the heathens themselves, the wreath was given to the patriot, and shrines and statues rose to the fame of the wise and the just. Nor does Christianity discountenance such tributes to social worth. Religion attests her veneration for those who have lived for the public good, by inscribing their names on her temples; and the enlightened of all nations speak with reverence of Westminster Abbey, and like solemn places, as spots sacred to all humanity. The recollections they inspire create a wholesome influence on society at large, as the well-earned honors thus awarded are not only memorials to the dead, but incentives to virtuous effort among the living.

The true Christian has, indeed, a higher reward in view than any of these things can yield him. They are not the recompense to which he aspires, compared with which the most glittering prizes of the world are only meteors in a changing sky. And if, instead of these honorable awards, dishonor and death would be the issue of his efforts, he would labor on, in the promotion of human welfare, to do the will of God. But if, on the other hand, his fellow-men recognise in him a merit which calls forth some tokens of commendation, he delays not to consecrate that tribute "to the greater glory of the Most High," by employing the increasing influence it may confer upon him, as a talent to be improved in his service, and to his praise.

Adam Clarke, as a scholar and author, met with as great

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a measure of scientific and literary honors as falls to most men in the republic of letters. King Solomon has written that "a man shall be commended according to his wisdom:" if this rule hold good, as it did in the instance of him whose course we are reviewing, the amplitude of the laudatory testimonials with which he was greeted will sufficiently prove the estimate his contemporaries had formed of him, as one of the master spirits of the intellectual world.

From the ancient University of Aberdeen he had received, in 1807, the diploma of Master of Arts. The application to the Faculty for its conferment, made by the late Professor Porson, was perfectly unknown to Mr. Clarke; who as soon as he became aware of the circumstance, wrote to Mr. Porson as follows: "It is only within a few hours that I have been informed of a request made to you by one of my friends for your recommendation to King's College, Aberdeen. This was utterly without my knowledge, nor had I even the slightest intimation that anything of the kind was projected. I have such high notions of literary merit, and the academical distinctions to which it is entitled, that I would not in conscience take, or cause to be taken in my behalf, any step to possess the one, or to assume the other. Everything of this kind should come, not only unbought, but unsolicited. I should as soon think of being learned by proxy, as of procuring academical honors by influence; and, could one farthing purchase me the highest degree I would not give it. Not that I lightly esteem such honors; I believe them, when given through merit, next to those which come from God; but I consider them misplaced when conferred in consequence of recommendation in which the person concerned has any part, near or remote. As I wish to stand as high as justice will permit in your good opinion, and as I should justly conclude I had deservedly forfeited it, if known to hunt after a title, I deem it necessary, on the hint I have received of this matter, to trouble you with these lines. What you have said of me I know not, but I am satisfied you would say nothing but what is

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kind and just; and to deserve and to have the smallest measure of the approbation of a man who stands at the head of the republic of letters, would be to me a very high gratification."

The faculty of King's College had already become too well acquainted with Mr. Clarke to be disinclined to meet the overture of the great Cambridge professor; and the degree was immediately conferred. The newly created Master was thus advised of the honor by Professor Bentley, under date of January 31, 1807:

"I have the pleasure to announce to you that the University and King's College, Aberdeen, have this day unanimously conferred the degree of Master of Arts on Mr. Adam Clarke, member of the Philological Society of Manchester, and author of several literary works of merit. Mr. Scott is the promoter in this faculty, and I was obliged to him for seconding me in my proposal. Let me assure you, I look not on this as the measure of your merit; but it may be considered as a step; and, while I live, I shall not cease to wish, and (as far as it may be in my power) endeavor to promote, your due honor and fame."

Some thirteen months afterward the senate of King's College attested their proper appreciation of his learning and labors by creating him Doctor of Laws. This act was announced to him in most complimentary terms by Mr. Bentley, under date of March 3, 1808:

"I have the pleasure to inform you, that this University has this day given another proof of its estimation of your merit, by unanimously voting to you the highest designation in its gift, that of LL.D. Permit me to add my sincere congratulations on the occasion, and to wish that you may long live to enjoy the rewards and fruits of your useful and meritorious labors. You are already as much possessed of the degree as it is possible to be; but I shall soon have the honor to transmit to you the demonstration of it in the sign manual of all the members of the Senatus Academicus."

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It may be added, that so entirely were these transactions divested of all pecuniary relationships, that the college refused to accept even the customary fees given on those occasions.

In 1813 Dr. Clarke was elected a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society. His nomination, which had the signature of one of the commissioners of the State Records, having been suspended at Somerset House for the usual period of six weeks, his election was unanimous. This connection with the Antiquarian Society was attended both with pleasure and profit to him, from the congeniality of the studies carried on by its members, with those in which all his life he felt a peculiar interest.

The Royal Irish Academy inscribed Dr. Clarke's name among those of its members in 1821; a distinction which gave him the more satisfaction, from the circumstance that it was a token of esteem from his own countrymen.

A similar mark of respect was shown by the Eclectic Society of London—an association consisting only of men who have distinguished themselves in literature or science. The chancellors of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were at that time the vice-patrons of the Society; the patron, H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, whose seal was affixed to the diploma.

The Geological Society of London enrolled the doctor as an associate in 1823; and in the same year the Royal Asiatic Society elected him a fellow. He had also the honor of being instituted a member of the American Historical Institute.

It should be observed, that, as none of these distinctions had been sought by Dr. Clarke, so they were not overweeningly doted upon when received.* He "bore his faculties meekly;" in truth, they gave him at times more pain than pleasure. He walked humbly with God, and with men; still ambitious, not of the laurel wreaths that fade away, but of the crown which is incorruptible.

* His mind had too far outgrown things of that kind to be satisfied with them.

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It is a fact, however, that from all ranks of society Dr. Clarke received most unequivocal tokens of real respect. Among the members of the Church of England, distinguished laics and dignified clergymen made no secret of their personal regard for the learned Methodist divine. A pleasant incident illustrative of this took place at an anniversary meeting of the Prayer-Book and Homily Society. Dr. Clarke was on the platform, which was crowded by some of the *elite* of the Church. One of the speakers took occasion to refer to him, as "the worthy doctor, who, of all the men I know who are not of our Church, comes the nearest to it both in doctrine and friendship;" whereupon Dr. Clarke, in a speech which followed, ventured, in alluding to the reference to himself, to state his own connection with the Church by baptism, confirmation, and communion; adding: "If, after all, I am not allowed to be a member of it, because, through necessity being laid upon me, I preach Jesus to the perishing multitudes without those most respectable orders that come from it, I must strive to be content; and if you will not let me accompany you to heaven, I will, by the grace of God, follow after you, and hang upon your skirts." Mr. Wilberforce, who was sitting beside the chair, rose, and in his usual animated style said: "Far from not acknowledging our worthy friend as a genuine member of the Church, and of the Church of the firstborn whose names are written in heaven—far from denying him to be of the company who are pressing in at the gate of blessedness—we will not indeed let him follow; he shall not hang on our skirts, to be as if dragged onward; we will take him in our arms, we will bear him in our bosoms, and carry him into the presence of his God and our God."

On the publication of his little manual, "The Traveler's Prayer," he received complimentary letters from the Bishops Blomfield, Ryder, and Herbert Marsh. The latter prelate told him that, though long accustomed to read, study, and admire the Liturgy of the Anglican Church, he felt that Dr. Clarke's discourse on the Third Collect developed beau-

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ties in it which he had never seen before. Blomfield, bishop of London, gave him a general invitation to visit him at Fulham Palace whenever he could make it convenient. On one occasion, after a frank conversation, as they were descending the stairs toward the hall door, his lordship quoted in Latin the well known sentence: "Seeing you are such a man, I wish you were altogether our own." The bishop liked Dr. Clarke's simple, genuine character, as well as his learning. He was a frequent reader of his Commentary.

The late Earl and Countess of Derby took several occasions of testifying the veneration and regard they had learned to entertain for him. Their personal acquaintance with him began after he had come to reside at Millbrook. He received (to quote a letter of his own) "a polite message, stating that, if agreeable to me, they would wait on me for the purpose of inviting me to Knowsley Hall. I fixed the next day at twelve; and they came. . . . There were thirteen persons, all nobles." Much conversation took place. Among other topics, the countess, who seemed "far, very far from being indifferent to the life of God in the soul," asked him for a copy of his sermon on "Salvation by Faith," which he presented to her ladyship, with the kindred discourse on the "Love of God." This led to other visits on both sides, and not without some good improvement.

Among the members of the royal family there were some who showed a personal respect for Dr. Clarke. His Commentary was not only in their libraries, but often in their hands. The Duke of Kent, the father of our august sovereign, attended personally at City Road Chapel to hear the doctor preach for the Royal Humane Society; and the Duke of Sussex gave him repeated evidences of a more than ordinary esteem.

That illustrious prince, among other excellent traits of character, was distinguished by an ardent love for Biblical learning. His own knowledge of the sacred tongues was more than respectable, and his library contained a magnificent collection of the Scriptures in the principal languages

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and editions in which they had been given to the world. The duke had fifteen hundred Bibles; and for many years he spent two hours every morning in reading the Scriptures. Now Dr. Clarke had a copy of the London Polyglot which contained in the Epistle Dedicatory a laudatory reference, by Walton, to Oliver Cromwell.* The Protector dying before the actual publication of the work, this passage was suppressed, and the epistle modified so as to dedicate the Polyglot to the returning monarch. A few of the republican copies, nevertheless, found their way into the world; and from that in his own possession Dr. Clarke reprinted a few exemplars of the Dedication, in type exactly resembling the original. To render the likeness still more complete, he tinted the paper by an infusion of tobacco to the shade which time had given to the pages of the Polyglot. The Duke of Sussex, having heard of this, expressed a wish to have one of those sheets for his own copy, and made the request for it through his surgeon, William Blair, Esq., who was a personal friend of Dr. Clarke; upon which the doctor wrote a letter to his Royal Highness, accompanied by the only copy of the reprinted Dedication which remained, and a reprint of the title-page to the fifth volume of the Polyglot, containing the New Testament, found only in a very few copies. In acknowledging the gift through his secretary, Mr. Pettigrew, "His Royal Highness" writes that gentleman "commands me to say that he trusts, whenever you come to London, you will honor him with a visit, when he will be very proud to show you his library, and be most happy to make the acquaintance of a man for whose talents and character he has so exalted an opinion." Dr. Clarke, in reply, "made his humble acknowledgments, and should he come to town would feel himself hon-

* "*Primo autem commemorandi quorum favore chartam a vectigalibus immunem habuimus, quod quinque abhinc annis* (*scil.* 1652) *a concilio secretiori primo concessum, postea a Serenissimo* D. PROTECTORE *ejusque concilio, operis promovendi causa, benigne confirmatum et continuatum erat.*"

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ored in receiving any commands from his Royal Highness."

Being in London about three months after, to preach for the Missionary Society, the doctor was invited to meet the royal duke at Kensington Palace. "I went," says he, writing to Miss Clarke, "and was received by his Royal Highness in his closet, and was led by himself through his library, where he showed me several curious things, and condescended to ask me several Bibliographical questions, desiring his librarian from time to time to note the answers down. Dinner came. The company: His Royal Highness; Dr. Parr, the highest Greek scholar in Europe; Sir Anthony Carlisle; the Rev. T. Maurice, of the British Museum; the Hon. —— Gower, Colonel Wildman, Sir Alexander Johnstone, Lord Blessington, Mr. Pettigrew, and Adam Clarke. We sat down about seven o'clock, and dinner was over about half past nine. I wished much to get away, though the conversation was to me unique, curious, and instructive, fearing your mother would be uneasy. I cannot give you the conversation, but you may judge by the outline. . . .

"I was informed I must remain till all the company had departed, which was about twelve o'clock. When they were all gone, the duke sat down on the sofa, and beckoned me to come and sit beside him, on his right hand; and he entered for a considerable time into a most familiar conversation with me. At last a servant in the royal livery came to me, saying, 'Sir, the carriage is in waiting.' I rose up, and his Royal Highness, rising at the same time, took me affectionately by the hand, told me I must come and visit him some morning when he was alone, (which time should be arranged between me and his secretary,) bade me a friendly 'good-night,' and I was then conducted by the servant to the door of the palace, when, lo, and behold, one of the royal carriages was in waiting, to carry a Methodist preacher, your old weather-beaten father, to his own lodgings."

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In the following November Dr. Clarke presented the duke with copies of the parts of his Commentary which had then been completed, and along with them a letter describing the history of the work, and the studies which had produced it. Referring to the pains he had taken to set the doctrines of the Bible in the clear light of evidence, he adds: "On all such subjects I humbly hope your Royal Highness will never consult these volumes in vain. And if the grand doctrines which prove that God is loving to every man, and that from his infinite and eternal goodness he wills, and has made provision for, the salvation of every human soul, be found to be those alone which have stood the above sifting and examination, it was not because they were sought for beyond all others, and the Scriptures bent in that way in order to favor them, but because these doctrines are essentially contained in and established by the oracles of God."

The Duke of Sussex, acknowledging this offering in a long autograph letter, expressed his belief in the Divine origin and truth of the holy volume, and his despair of ever being able fully to understand all its mysteries. This, however, says he, "ought in no wise to slacken our diligence, nor damp our ardor, in attempting a constant research after the attainment of truth; as we may flatter ourselves, although unable to reach the goal, still to approach much nearer to its portals." And again: "The objects, besides many others, which seem to have occupied the greatest and most valuable part of your active life, cannot fail of being most interesting to the historian, the theologist, the legislator, and the philosopher. To these details I shall apply myself; and as my heart and mind improve, I shall feel my debt of gratitude toward you daily increasing—an obligation I shall ever be proud to own."

In April, 1825, he was favored with another invitation to Kensington. The Doctor was accompanied this time by his son, Mr. J. W. Clarke, who had been included by his Royal Highness's command. Writing to Miss Clarke, her father says: "We reached Kensington about six o'clock. The duke soon made his appearance, for by this time the whole

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company were in the pavilion, and singling me out, took me by the hand, and led me forward to two Indian gentlemen, saying, 'Here is my friend, Dr. Adam Clarke, who will speak Persic or Arabic with any of you.' Previously to dinner all the company were ushered into the room where the MSS. and early printed books are kept. The Duke of Hamilton remarking upon the probable date of some of them, from their illuminations, John gave two or three opinions, heraldically,* which were happy and decisive. . . . The profusion of plate was amazing. I ate about an ounce of turbot and did not taste one drop of fluid of any kind. His Royal Highness two or three different times recommended viands from the head of the table to John, and pledged and sent him some Trinity College ale. He soon felt at home, and took his part in discussions on antiquities and heraldry, which were well received. . . . The conversation referred to several points of language and criticism."

Hitherto the Doctor had been the guest of the Prince; but, on coming to reside at Haydon Hall, he had the honor of receiving his Royal Highness in more than one friendly visit. On the first occasion he was accompanied by Mr. Pettigrew, his librarian. Dr. Clarke received his august visitor with a true-hearted and genial politeness. During dinner the prince entered freely into social and intellectual conversation, and spent several hours after with the Doctor among his books. Sometime subsequently the duke made a second visit, having previously intimated his wish to have the pleasure of dining at Haydon Hall. He came as early as two o'clock, and employed the interval before dinner in reading portions of the Bible, and making references in Hebrew criticism.† He was greatly delighted with inspecting a set of Hebrew manuscripts which Dr. Clarke had been for-

* In the art of heraldry John Clarke was second to very few.

† The superintendent of the Windsor Circuit (the Rev. A. Strachan) was at the Hall that day; and talking over the visit afterward, said, "Do you think, Doctor, that the Prince is a converted man?" "I do not know what you would do," replied he; "but I think I should not hesitate to give him a note upon trial."

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tunate enough to purchase from the Vanderhagen family in Holland; manuscripts which Kennicott mentions in the introduction to his great Bible, with the lamentation that with all his efforts he had not been able to have access to them for collation. It was just subsequent to this visit that the Rev. Joseph Clarke, the Doctor's youngest son, was appointed chaplain to the Duke of Sussex.

In closing these details, we must remark that the veneration and honor in which Dr. Clarke was held in his lifetime have now long survived his own appearance among us, and seem to gather new strength as years roll on. In the very week in which these lines are penned, the public newspapers give an account of a meeting held in the court-house in the town of Coleraine for the purpose of founding "a memorial to Dr. Adam Clarke, in the erection of a Methodist chapel at Port-Stewart, in the parish of Agherton, where he was brought up; and of a memorial obelisk and statue, to be raised at Portrush, as the most conspicuous site, and in the focus of observation for travelers and tourists to the Giants' Causeway." It appears that such a purpose has been formed not only by the Methodists of that part of Ireland, but by the great body of the most influential inhabitants. Among the names of the managing committee are those of a nobleman, Lord Robert Montague, a member of Parliament, five justices of the peace, the treasurer for the county, several military officers, four aldermen, a number of the clergy, and some of the principal landed gentlemen in that part of the kingdom; the chairman, J. C. Knox, Esq., of Jackson Hall.*

* This project has since taken its finally definite character. "The Adam Clarke Memorial," (under the patronage of the Right Hon. the earl of Antrim, and John Crombie, Esq., J. P., D. L.,) is to consist of a "school, church, and minister's house, at Port-Stewart, and an obelisk and statue at Portrush, near Coleraine." The foundation stone of the obelisk was laid in September, 1857, with great public solemnities. The base is seven feet square and eight feet high, from which the monument will rise to a height of forty-two feet; which, taking the elevation of the site, will be equal to one hundred and twenty feet above the level of the sea. Close to the base will be the statue of Dr. Clarke, contributed by public offerings in America. Two eminent men from that side of the At-

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Such demonstrations reflect an honor on those who make them, as well as on the character of him whom they are designed to commemorate. As opposed to the too common and heartless ingratitude of the world, the veneration shown for men who have widened the horizon of human knowledge or helped to confirm our souls in virtue, is something beautiful and desirable. When human society shall be regenerated from its blind debasement, such benefactors will receive the reverence of nations.

lantic represented the Methodist Episcopal Church in the proceedings of the day—Dr. M'Clintock, lately editor of the Methodist Quarterly Review, and the Rev. W. H. Milburn, lately chaplain to the Congress.

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CHAPTER III.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

"THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." The good works of the Christian derive their life and splendor from love, without which they would be "dead works," and nothing worth. Of this principle the venerable man whose history we are now reviewing had an abiding conviction. That "vital spark of heavenly flame," the love of God kindled in his soul, by the Eternal Spirit, revealed itself in a life of humble piety toward the great Supreme, and ceaseless efforts to promote the welfare of mankind. The more he knew of Christ his Saviour by a communion which grew more intimate with his years, the stronger were the impulses of his mind and heart to walk as he also walked who "went about doing good."

This living Christianity took one of its many forms of expression in sympathy for the friendless poor, and especially for those who were of the household of faith, whom he called "the representatives of Christ, and God's best friends." A few words from an early letter, written in Guernsey, will show the nature of this feeling: "William Mahy, our local preacher, was obliged to put his four little innocents to bed in the day-time, and cover them up, to prevent them from starving; not having a morsel of coal to burn, nor money to purchase any. Had a portion of the cash wasted in the above way" (referring to a piece of extravagance) "been appropriated to the relief of this distressed good man, how gladly would the first scribe in heaven have registered it in the annals of eternity! When I consider the suffering state of these 'more righteous than I,' I can scarcely eat my morsel

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with contentment. If there is meaning in the expression 'a bleeding heart,' I think I have it for the poor. My very soul seems to feel for them throughout the world, as my father, my sister, my mother, and my brethren. Forgive me, if, in detailing on this subject, which oppresses my heart, I have forgotten to write about the full salvation you inquired after; but is it not found in the compassions of Christ? And were not these exercised in continual outgoings for the poor? He lived for the poor, he died for the poor; and blessed is he who remembereth the poor, even supposing he is not able to help them. I know I feel the spirit and power of Christ, as I feel love modified into compassion and pity." And this feeling led him to do whatever in him lay to relieve the distressed, and to do it in the Christian way, without the trumpet-tongue of the Pharisee, and not letting his left hand know what his right hand did. When he had little, of that little he gave willingly. He literally broke his bread and shared his morsel with the hungry, and taught his children to do the same. We have given an illustration of this on a former page.* Writing to Mrs. Clarke from the Bristol Conference, in 1798, he says: "I have just found out poor Mrs. C., with her mother and sister, living together in an indifferent upstairs room, St. James's Churchyard, Horsefair. I must give her something. But what shall I do? I have but 2s. 6d. I must break in upon my conference guinea." We transcribe these words with delicacy; but do it to show what manner of a man Dr. Clarke really was. In after life, when Providence gave him more, he was able to make his donations more weighty: "Give poor Ellen that guinea for me." "Give Mrs. —— a guinea for me." "I have just heard that Mr. —— has become a bankrupt, and is in great distress. Can you show him any kindness? I have sent by Mrs. S. two guineas, which you will give to him, with my love. Do not delay.†"

* See page 214.

† I find from his letters, that in his journeys in Ireland he went about

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The exercise of his medical skill often gave him great consolation, as he was enabled thus to relieve distress and to save life. He exulted, also, in witnessing good done by others. Writing on a journey, he mentions an inscription on a house in Rochester with which he was delighted: it set forth that Mr. —— had by will bequeathed a certain sum to be laid out at all times upon poor travelers, "six of whom every night (provided they be neither rogues nor proctors) may have their supper and a night's lodging, and fourpence a man next morning." "Was not this noble?" says he. "Peace to the manes of this honorable fellow!"

He set others to do good; not only by the general tenor of his doctrine and life, but by organizing associations for works of mercy to the body and the soul. Of this the Strangers' Friend Society is a blessed monument.

But Dr. Clarke's benevolence took a wider range than the necessities of the body. Not content with supplying according to his power the hungry with food, and clothing the naked with a garment, but recognizing the loftier destinies of our nature, he used every means at his command to meet the wants of the immortal mind. In the poorest orphan he beheld a being who could be brought to the knowledge of God as a Father, and become the heir of an endless life. To further the great cause of religious education was with him, therefore, a prominent duty; and by his long-continued appeals on behalf of Sunday schools, those important institutions were greatly aided. But in the year 1830 his attention was especially attracted to a providential opening for the establishment of some day schools in certain destitute neighborhoods in that part of Ireland where he himself had spent his childhood. A Christian friend, Miss Birch, who had already greatly aided him in his charitable enterprises, now united with three other ladies in placing funds at his disposal for this good work. The Rev. Samuel

with an open-handed bounty among the poor. At Millbrook one severe winter he gave shelter and food to some twenty poor sailors from Liverpool.

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Harpur, superintendent of the Coleraine Circuit, had corresponded with him on the subject, and pointed out such localities as, having been left in entire destitution, presented the strongest claims. These preliminaries were followed up by a personal visit on the part of the doctor himself, who in the spring of 1831 accomplished a long itinerancy in the north of Ulster, "about Magilligan, on Ahadowey; the upper part of the parish of Mocosquin; a place called Cashel, near the mountains of Newtownlimavaddy, and on the side of the river Bann; the sea-coast parts of the county Antrim; Portrush and its vicinity, where there was a large and increasing population, and where for miles there was no school of any kind, nor any sort of instruction, and where, consequently, ignorance and vice had almost uncontrolled sway." As soon as the means were in existence, he gave Mr. Harpur the power to commence operations; so that, before his arrival, schools had been opened at Portrush and some other places, and suitable masters engaged for those yet contemplated. We give a specimen from a copious diary kept on his pilgrimage of mercy:

"April 13. Mr. Holdcroft and myself left Coleraine in a car, and proceeded to Port-Stuart and Portrush. . . . I have scarcely ever seen a sight more lovely; though the children are all miserably poor, and only half clothed, they are all quite clean, their hair combed, and even their bare feet clean also. There are eighty children, and all behaving with decorum—thus strangely changed in their conduct and habits. Wicked words no longer heard, and decency of behavior everywhere observable. They have not only learned prayers, but how to use them. I discoursed with some of the principal inhabitants, who bore the strongest testimony to the great good already produced not only among the children, but also among the parents. They are at present ill off for a place sufficiently large; and I am struggling hard to get a piece of ground, on which a chapel and school-house may be erected, and believe I shall ultimately succeed.

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"April 14. We set off again this morning to visit the schools in the hill country. Here (at Cashel) were seventy-five children, and not one pair of shoes among the whole. The children are in fine order, and promise well. The aspect of the country would almost affright one—the most bleak and wild that can be imagined. Never did charity sit down in the form of an instructress more in her own character than in this waste. The school-house is large. I have agreed to take the place, pay the debt, and give £1 10s. to put it in repair. Every Lord's day it is now full of attentive hearers; for the master is a preacher.

"April 18. We went to-day to a place called Croagh, where the whole youth of a large and populous district have been long without education. It had been published that I was expected. When we got within a mile of the place, we saw squads of children with their mothers coming down the hills and over the moors from all quarters to the school-house, which is little more than half finished. So a farmer had prepared a barn meantime. I proclaimed an adjournment to the barn, about half a mile off; and, setting out, they all filed after me, children and mothers. When at the place, I addressed the parents out of doors, and laid down the rules and conditions on which the children were to be admitted. Then, standing at the barn-door, I admitted them, one by one, to the number of one hundred and thirty-three; introduced the master; gave his character and qualifications; specified the sort of teaching the children were to receive; the discipline under which they were to be brought: to learn their duty to God, to their parents, to each other; to pray; to avoid every evil in word and deed, in spirit, temper, and desire; to be industrious, cleanly, orderly, respectful to their superiors, affectionate to their relatives, kind and obliging to their equals. After a good deal of exhortation, I then proceeded to bring all the children out of the barn, laying my hands upon their heads, and praying to God for his blessing upon them all."

Such is an extract from this pleasing record of operations

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which resulted in the establishment of schools which have ever since been centers of intellectual, religious, and social benefit to the neighborhoods where they stand. Toward the close of his life, Dr. Clarke made them over to the care of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

A yet more weighty undertaking was the establishment of a mission to the Zetland Isles. To this truly apostolic work Dr. Clarke brought the latest vigor of his life. The youthful evangelist in the sunny islands of La Manche, now changed by the lapse of years to the gray-headed elder, bends his way to tell the inhabiters of the storm beaten rocks of the "*ultima Thule*" the majesty and grace of the same Redeemer.

It was at the Conference of 1822, the year of the Doctor's third presidency, that, in an extensive discussion on the missionary agencies of Methodism, the late Rev. Daniel McAllum, M.D., laid before his brethren an impressive account of the almost destitute condition of the Zetlanders as to the means of religious instruction. Dr. Clarke listened to those details with more than usual interest. He had himself descended, on the mother's side, from a family which from remote generations lived the life of Scottish islanders in the Hebrides; and this circumstance would probably give a finer edge to the sensibility with which he felt the speaker's appeals. Under the influence of these feelings he rose, urged on the Conference the duty of taking the work at once in hand, and concluded by proposing that two missionaries should be thereupon appointed to the Zetland Isles. The difficulty as to expenses he would not permit to interfere with the favorable leaning of the Conference toward the enterprise; already resolving that all he could do, or induce others to do, should be called freely into exercise to promote this plain work of mercy. Accordingly two ministers, the Rev. John Raby and the Rev. Samuel Dunn, were set apart for the new mission.

No sooner had the Doctor returned from Conference, than he commenced operations for raising the necessary

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funds. There lived at that time at Pensford, near Bristol, a gentleman of great honor and piety, Robert Scott, Esq., who, with his excellent lady, was always willing to help the preachers in their enterprises to make the Saviour known to the nigh and to the far-off. To him the president made his first appeal; and with what effect, the annals of that mission will never case to show. Mr. Scott gave the promise of a hundred pounds per annum for the support of the missionaries, and of ten pounds toward every chapel to be built in the islands. In fulfilling this promise, he always exceeded the amount at first stipulated, while his admirable wife, and her sister, the late Miss Granger, of Bath, added also their handsome donations. It should also be mentioned, that Mr. Scott subsequently bequeathed the sum of three thousand pounds in trust for the Zetland missions. Dr. Clarke was one of the trustees. From the Honorable Sophia Ward, Miss Birch, Miss Williams, and other ladies, he also received considerable amounts in addition, by which he was enabled to inaugurate this undertaking with a fair prospect of perpetuity and success.

The brethren appointed began and continued the arduous task assigned them in the spirit of true Christian missionaries. They went from isle to isle, in storm and sunshine alike, to dispense the word of life to a scattered population, who heard them with gratitude, and gave good evidence too that the Gospel had come to them not in word only, but with powerful grace. In this work the two preachers had to endure hardness, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Their employment exposed them to much physical discomfort and danger, and their way was sometimes rendered the more discouraging by the opposition of the few Scottish clergy located in the islands. Though the state of the people sufficiently proved that this evangelic help was painfully needed, those gentlemen were far from being disposed to accord it their welcome. This, however, did not deter the two brethren or their successors from doing their duty, and doing it with a blessed return.

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To describe the minute and earnest interest which Dr. Clarke took in this mission would require details too multitudinous for our limits. By referring to the twelfth volume of his Works, the reader will find a variety of papers, geographical, statistical, epistolary, and narrative, all bearing on the subject. Twice the Doctor undertook a pilgrimage by land and sea to visit the missionaries on their far-off stations, to see the people for himself, and to preach among them the riches of Christ. The first voyage was in 1826. On account of his then advanced period of life, and his frequent ailments, the project gave Mrs. Clarke and the family no small uneasiness; but their fears were allayed by the words of faith with which he addressed them. "It seems," said he, "a work which God has given me to do; I must go on till he stops me. To sacrifice my life, at the command or in the work of God, is, as to pain or difficulty, no more to me than a burnt straw. My life is his, and he will not take it away out of the regular course, unless greatly to his glory and my good. . . . If I am enabled to take the journey, fear not for me; for I shall be most certainly supported through it. I am sure God will not bury me in the Northern Ocean."

Of this expedition we have a full account in a journal kept at the time. On the 1st of June, with his son, Mr. John Clarke, he left London; and at Edingburgh he was joined by Messrs. Campion and Mackey. It was not till the 9th that they could secure a passage to the islands, which at length was accomplished in the Admiralty's cutter, the "Woodlark," Captain Frembly. "We got on pretty well till (June 15) we came to the Pentland Frith. Here was a monstrous sea, tide conflicting with tide raised the billows to a fearful height; but, as the wind was fair, our cutter cut through all. Near the Fair Isle the wind changed, and blew a hurricane; the sea wrought and was tempestuous. We seemed to have arrived at the end of the globe, where nature existed in chaotic uproar. There appeared a visible rage and anger in every wave; such

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tremenduous thunder, while the waves and the billows of the Almighty went over us. . . . At length the angry wind chopped about, the storm became more moderate, and we had at least a fair gale, though the sea was still tremendous." On the 17th they dropped anchor in Bressa Bay, and the barren mountains of Zetland rose to their view. On landing he found three of the preachers, "who had been on the look-out three days." On the morrow, Sunday, June 18, he preached in the new chapel at Lerwick, "a light airy building, in every respect a credit to the place." The congregation large, respectable, attentive. The Sunday school had eighty children; the teachers, some of the most respectable of the youth of the town. On Tuesday evening he preached again, and in a discourse on the "Sum and Substance of Apostolic Preaching," (subsequently published,) gave an exposition of the doctrines of the Methodists. The rest of the week he spent in perambulations and passages among the islands, making minute observations on the country and the condition of the people, and imparting to them in conversation and public addresses counsels which he thought would do them good. He speaks highly of the hospitality he received from several families; but notes that, on returning to Lerwick, "what with the incessant pain I had suffered, my different water passages, the long and fatiguing walks, and this last ride" (among the mountains and rocks) "on the ponies, I was most excessively wearied; indeed, so ill as to be obliged to take to my bed, where I suffered more pain than I have felt for years."

"June 29. I have met all the preachers, and made provisional appointments and arrangements which are for the Conference to ratify. I feel utterly incapable of additional fatigue. My natural force is abated, my eye is become dim, and my days of extra labor are over. 30th. Distributed blankets, rugs, flannel shawls, and hymn-books among the poor people. July 2. Preached to a large and deeply attentive congregation from Luke xiii, 23: 'Are there few that be saved?' and in the evening from Rom. xv, 4."

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This sermon, on "God's Mercy in the Gift of Revelation," was afterward published, with a dedication "to the gentry and inhabitants of the town of Lerwick."

The voyagers embarked on board the "Norna" on the 6th of July, and gained the bay of Aberdeen after six days' conflict with the winds and tides. On the 12th the doctor arrived in Edinburgh, and proceeded home most gratefully, though with pleasure chastened by the painful intelligence, which met him in the Scottish capital, that his dear friend and brother-in-law, Mr. Butterworth, was no more.

Two years later Dr. Clarke made a second visitation to those remote stations. "I am now preparing (February 20, 1828) to take another voyage to Shetland. There are some things that remain to be done for that interesting people, which I think no man can do but myself. My life is the Lord's; I take it in my hand, and make it a most free-will offering to him. His work there is the most glorious, deep, extensive, and steady I have ever known; for its support God has given me the hearts of the people, who have most liberally helped me. The preachers have been faithful and laborious. When I saw the effects of the labors of those two young men, Messrs. Dunn and Raby, I have been astonished."

The party on this second occasion embarked at Whitby on the 18th of June; the passage excellent, as on the 21st they landed at Lerwick, having seen the sun that morning "rising between two and three o'clock—no previous night." From that day to the 18th of July, he was hard at work in various parts of the Zetland group, "from Sumburgh Head south, to the Scaw of Unst in the north." In the Societies he found, in Lerwick 420 members; in Walls, 455; North Mavin, 115; Yell, 250; besides a number in Foula and the Fair Isle. He met the Sunday-school children, "to discover the most necessitous, that I might provide them with some clothing;" and on the 26th and 27th of June he employed the chief part of the day in apportioning clothing of different kinds to the extremely poor in the different islands.

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"Having invited the magistrates, professional gentlemen, and merchants of the town to dine with me on board the 'Henry,' they came; and for the place and circumstances the dinner was satisfactory, and all seemed pleased. The conversation turned upon subjects of science, and matters in which the reality of the invisible world is concerned, and was upon the whole both useful and improving.

"Sunday, July 6. Having crossed the high hills, a congeries of serpentine rocks, we passed Haroldswick, and at length reached Northwick, (lat. 61°,) the farthest town or habitation north in the British dominions. Here I preached on Job xxii, 21: 'Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace; that thereby good may come unto thee.' There was no other sermon preached on this day between this spot and the North Pole. A press of people. I returned on foot, accompanied by six persons who had come sixteen miles to hear the preaching. I took them aboard to dine, and they are just gone off in our boat to regain the shore, most deeply affected."

On the 11th he laid the foundation stone of a chapel in the island of Foula. Once more arrived in Lerwick, early on Sunday, the 13th, "I went on shore to enjoy the luxury of clean things and a good washing. By the time this was done the preaching hour arrived, and without eating a morsel I had to go into the pulpit. It is strange I should have been capable of this after exposure on the deck for twenty hours. I found power in preaching.

"July 17. Weighed anchor and stood out of Bressa Sound. May God grant us a prosperous voyage! Several friends came aboard, and many are following along shore to get the last view of us. God be with this people forever."

The full journal of these voyages may be seen in the twelfth volume of Dr. Clarke's Works, along with several other papers relating to the Zetland Isles and the Wesleyan missions there. The same volume contains, also, a valuable mass of correspondence with the missionaries.

The manifestations of benevolence unfolded in this chap-

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ter must not be regarded as fitful impulses or isolated facts in the conduct of Dr. Adam Clarke, but as occurrences which are but parts of a series which formed the general tenor of his life; a life spent in doing good, sanctified, adorned, ennobled by the spirit of that genuine Christianity which magnifies God in the highest, and creates the fruits of peace and good-will among men.

> "Thy care was fixed, and zealously employed
> To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
> And hope that reaps not shame."

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CHAPTER IV.

THE FRIEND.

It may be inferred, from the traits of his character incidentally unfolded in the past narrative, that Dr. Clarke's personal disposition had a strong tendency to inspire and reciprocate those sweet and elevating sentiments which come under the common name of friendship. And in no man were the elements of this social virtue more vigorous or more strongly developed. True worth always found in him a sincere and generous admirer; and by whomsoever a feeling of affection was shown for himself, it was sure to create in his soul, and call forth in his conduct, a grateful return. His benevolent instincts, naturally strong, were refined by the sanctifying grace of God; and his friendship, worthy of the name, was warm in its nature and profitable in its effects. It had a heartiness which made itself substantially felt by those who shared it; far from an artificial, capricious, and vanishing sentiment, it became one of the realities of his life and their own. Hence most of the friendships he formed were prolonged with the days of mortality, and many of them have been resumed, we have reason to believe, in that region of love where the spirits of the just are made perfect.

In his intercourse with friends there was a peculiar charm about Dr. Clarke's conversation, arising from the intrinsic value of what he said, combined with his kindly and cheerful manner of saying it. In mixed company, like many other great scholars, he was often silent and awkwardly reserved; but, surrounded with men and women of congenial principles with his own, his mind and heart gave freely forth the precious things with which they were stored. The

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endless variety of knowledge he had amassed from the books of all human literature, from the living book of society, from God's book of nature, and, above all, from God's written book of revelation, was all laid under contribution to instruct the mind, make the heart cheerful, and the life better. What Herder said of J. P. Richter may be affirmed of Dr. Clarke's conversation: "Every time that we are together he opens anew the treasures that the three wise men brought—the gold, frankincense, and myrrh; and the star always goes before him."

Among the friends of Dr. Clarke were persons of all grades of society, even from the prince to the peasant and the mechanic. He found, too, a sacred and refining pleasure in good female society; and in the number of those who were privileged to be ranked with his intimate friends were several ladies distinguished for their talents and piety. Such was Mrs. Tighe, the admired authoress of "Psyche." Of this celebrated lady there is no separate biography; but a copious and well-written account of her has been given in Mrs. R. Smith's Memoir of the Rev. Henry Moore; in whom, as in Mr. Wesley and Dr. Clarke, the poetess had a devoted friend. We may also mention Mrs. Hall, the sister of Mr. Wesley, who was not inferior to the other members of that remarkable family in the gifts of genius and the virtues of religion; Miss Sarah Wesley, the daughter of Charles, who entertained for Dr. Clarke, to her dying hour, the warmest sentiments of veneration; Miss Tooth, a mutual friend, who still survives them; Mrs. Agnes Bulmer, another poetess whose harp is now tuned to the songs of the blessed; Mrs. Mary Cooper, of whose saintly life the Doctor himself wrote the memorial; and Miss Mary Freeman Shepherd, whom I mention last, being wishful to give an idea of her extraordinary character in some extracts from her letters to Dr. and Mrs. Clarke. Though a native of England, Miss Shepherd was, on her mother's side, of Italian ancestry, by descent from the Faletti of Piedmont, a family which once held the rank of sovereign princes. She received her edu-

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cation in a convent at Rome, and was brought up as a member of the Romish Church. But her mind soon proved itself too high for the puerilities of the Papal system; and, though she unhappily retained a nominal union with it, her theological principles and religious affections were brought by degrees nearer and nearer to the evangelic creed, and to union with its true confessors of every name. She was an earnest admirer of Mr. Wesley; and when Dr. Coke was at Paris during the Revolution time, as mentioned on a previous page, Miss Shepherd, being then resident in a convent in the Faubourg St. Germaine, did him good service by her influence with the commissioner for ecclesiastical property, in extricating him from the embarrassment arising from the purchase of a church for which he could get no congregation. Gifted with uncommon vigor of intellect, and being an habitual student, she became one of the eminently learned persons of the day. Her knowledge of Hebrew, both Biblical and rabbinical, was excellent; and her love for the welfare of the Hebrew people themselves, ardent, prayerful, and profound. Let us hear her:

"In 1789, when I was at Rome, provoked at the shocking insults and indignities which I daily beheld in the public streets exercised without constraint on the poor, harmless, unoffending Jews, I said to David Toscano, one of the teachers in the synagogue in the Ghetto, and my instructor in rabbinical Hebrew: 'My good friend, I wonder at your patience under such treatment: nay, more, I deem it cowardice, unworthy the descendants of Abraham, Joshua, and Caleb. You are at least eighteen hundred Hebrews in the Ghetto. Give me but eight hundred, ay, only five hundred resolute men from among you, and I, although a woman, will put myself at your head, and engage, with the help of the God of Israel, to drive before me like a flock of geese all this long-coated dastardly herd of priests and monks, with which Rome is now filled, to the disgrace of Christianity.'*

* The reader will, doubtless, appreciate the courage of this warlike lady. In regard to some of the extracts following, we must interpose a

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"This was his noble, generous answer: 'O signora, we feel your love, your zeal for Israel, to our inmost souls. But, ill as we are used, we must remember it is our duty never to forget that, persecuted all over the globe, Rome permitted us here an asylum, and the free exercise, in this Ghetto, of our religion. Rome still, though under humiliating guidances, tolerates the Hebrews within her walls. These insults are part of the curse denounced on the infractors of his law by the just and holy God. We have sinned, we bow our heads; but must not lift up our hands against the people and nation that received us into its bosom when none else would. And when our justly angered God will turn our captivity, he can and will do it without our ingratitude to Rome. But we tremble for your safety, should you too warmly speak in our favor.' 'Never fear. Is not the Lord God of your fathers able to protect me? He will; and I will speak and spare not.' And so I did. A few days after, being with Santini, one of the consuls at Rome, I repeated to him the above conversation with D. Toscano, neither suppressing nor softening a syllable. In a very angry tone Santini said, 'Do you know you may be sent to the Inquisition for this?' 'Yes, I do know it. Send me, if you dare. It shall be the worst day's work you ever did. I dare to venture everything, rather than not let you know how deserving the poor Jews are of better treatment than you show them.' . . . Yet, for all this, I was loved by the people at Rome; respected by those of higher rank, and treated with distinguished notice and every courteous attention at the Vatican library, museum, and Pope's palace,

word or two. Though the writer of these remarkable letters was, to a great extent, estranged from Romish superstitions and observances, yet the influence of her early associations is too plainly traceable in the sequel; and of this some whose intimacy she enjoyed had melancholy proof. It is hardly needful to remark, in addition, that no creature can innocently affect to be more benevolent than the great and blessed Maker of all. Hence the encomium on the Jews who prolonged their prayers, in order to afford the more relief to the souls in perdition, must be qualified. Other fancies, which will occur to the reader, are more or less innocent; but the tone of them is by no means the most salutary.

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and every place of note in the city. But my poor, loving, grateful Jews trembled for my safety; and the day I left Rome two stout young men were sent by the synagogue to keep in view my post-chaise, and put up at the same inn, all the road through the Papal territories. All unknown to me [was] their kindness; only I saw another chaise, with the curtains drawn in front, following mine, until, at the inn at Sienna, the two Hebrew youths respectfully came up, took their leave, and told me that I was now safe in Tuscany. Nor was this all. Scarce had I been two hours in Leghorn, when a near relation of David Toscano, with the second rabbi of the synagogue, the amiable, pious, and learned Rabbi Castello, came to my hotel, with every tender of kindest services. And thus they did at every place, forestalling my arrival at Avignon, etc. Letters came before I came; the kindness was prepared to meet me; and all this to an inconsiderable nobody, only for loving their nation, and speaking in their favor. O God, remember them for good!

"That gratitude, and even humanity toward the brute creation, (for the Hebrews neither hunt, shoot, angle, nor horse-course, nor bull-fight, cock-fight, etc.,) is a characteristic of Israel, who that reads their Scriptures, their law, their history, can deny? The very reveries of their rabbins in sending Pharaoh's daughter, soul and body, like Elijah, into heaven, for saving the life of Moses, testify; [and so] the ass that carried Abraham to Mount Moriah, prolonged in life to carry Moses to deliver Israel, and as miraculously preserved to carry the King Messiah to his triumphant reign; Noah's dove, Elijah's ravens, Daniel's lions, and every creature that had done services to Israel—[all being] put in a place of happiness in the day of the Messiah's triumph. Even in these rabbinical ideas, how beautiful on the mountains of Israel appear, to the heart that feels, the very wandering feet of erring gratitude! There is something too wondrous, good-natured, and pitiful, in that notion of theirs, that, during the holy prayers of the synagogue on the Sabbath,

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the very damned are permitted to come out of hell, and enjoy their Sabbath. And, accordingly, the Jews begin their prayers as soon, and end them as late as possible, to give even the damned a longer holiday! Now this, I must own, is far kinder than our priests. The Jews prolong their prayers, for the lost spirits' ease, without getting a farthing profit by it. Ours, alas! no penny, no Pater—no, not for the poor suffering souls, their own brethren, in purgatory!

"I remember reading that beautiful passage in Exodus: 'Moses was fourscore years old when he stood before Pharaoh.' I observed to the Jew that taught me Hebrew in Paris, Mordecai Ventura, interpreter of Oriental languages at the Royal Library: 'How admirably Moses gives us to understand that the Most High so long delayed to deliver Israel, that Pharaoh, and she who had reared him up as her son in her father's palace, might live to a good old age, and die in peace, before Moses was sent to inflict the plagues of Egypt, lest the rod of Moses should be soiled by ingratitude.' 'Observe still more,' eagerly exclaimed Ventura, 'when the waters of Egypt were to be smitten and turned into blood, God commands Aaron, not Moses. They had borne him up safely in the bulrush-ark on their bosom. Could he strike them with a curse? Aaron owed them no debt: he might smite. The same, when the dust of Egypt was to be smitten. . . Aaron was to stretch his hand and smite—not Moses, whom that land had forty years fed with regal dainties. Aaron had toiled coarsely and fared scantily at the brick-kilns.'

"In the sacred writings throughout, there is a holy vein of gratitude. Edom is the brother; so is Ishmael; hurt them not. Moab and Ammon, children of Lot; vex them not unprovoked. Thou wast a stranger kindly received at first in Egypt; ever remember the benefit—hate not an Egyptian. Remember the kindness of Jethro; so the Kenite dwelt in Israel. Jesus must needs pass through Samaria; there caused he the streams of Jacob's well, the living, life-

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giving waters of salvation, to flow to Shechem, to more than repair the murders of Simeon and Levi."*

We will make room for another, written to Dr. Clarke on occasion of one of his family bereavements:

"Open and read this letter in some calm, happy moment. It is on a tender subject, and as much as you can bear; more than you could, in a less exalted frame of thought. May the good Spirit of the most holy God give healing benediction to a poor Samaritan's chirurgery.

"Your letter, my dear sir, most forcibly recalls the well-known reply of Æneas to Dido. Yet, be assured that, so far from seeking to renew your griefs, of the losses that caused them I was totally ignorant, or I had left my good Balmar embalmed in his virtues at Paris, But since I have brought him over to London in my letter, may we not make some worthy use of him? You say, 'Had he reared his departed children up to one, two, and five years old, he would have felt very differently.' Undoubtedly; and the more he felt the more would those feelings have furnished fire and wood for the burnt-offering. To people in the laborious classes of life in Paris, and more especially when of Balmar and his wife's serious, domesticated cast of mind, tenderly loving each other, industrious, prospering in their industry, both of them of good natural understanding, cultivated by a plain, useful education, improved by religion, and by religion raised to that *simplex munditiis* of Christian elegance in mind and manners, [with] feelings acutely alive to every fine impulse and ofttimes expressed with a refinement of delicacy that would have done honor to a prince, of which I could give instances: to him and his wife children must have been very desirable; at least a boy, to be the pleasant auxiliary of his labors, the staff of his declining years; a girl, the comfort and companion of them both, the nursing-mother of their age, and with her brother the joint inheritor of their substance and virtues. With an *if*—if God had so pleased—he and his wife would have been glad their children had

* Letter to Dr. Clarke.

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lived. God took away all his children—did not leave him one. Yet he not only submitted, but with Abraham's faith gave them up to God; and, with the tears of a father, could sing nevertheless the song of ascension, Psalm cxxii.

"You have lost six children, it is true; but God hath left you six. He took away all, every one of Balmar's. But half of yours are left; and not one, you own, has yet given you the heart-ache. Had their mother so written I should have made large allowance for the tenderness of our weaker sex. But you, a man, not only 'Adam' but '*Ish*,' is it thus that you strengthen your wife? Your lovely Adam, and angel Agnes, I saw them continually in my mind's eye; and as you pictured the little boy standing at your knee, playing with your watch-chain, at half-past one, in the full light of day—methinks his action reads this lesson: 'Beloved father, as the links of the chain of your watch to your little Adam, so are the things of this lower world, mere toys and the playthings of a child. As these links, few in number, to number beyond the reach of numbers to express; so are the years of the life of man upon earth, to the countless years of eternity. Yet on these counted years hang the countless years of eternity! attached thereto, as this horologer, the recorder of the hours, which we call a watch. Within, closed up in the inward case, therefore unseen, is a moving spring. Its effects are visible in the moved hands on the dial-plate, as they mark the minutes and hours; ere they shall thrice have moved round this dial-plate, time will be no longer measured out to your darling Adam. He will no more be the son of fleeting time, but an heir of eternity. The mortal in three short hours is going to be clothed with immortality. Weep not, father; whither I go you also shall come. Your infant precursor, whose affections, improved not here through weakness, in heaven will breathe the uncontaminated air of innocence, and, as it were, prepare an unimpeded ascent to your prayers. My father, perhaps I may be permitted to be a ministering spirit of good to my parents and brethren.' I think, then, how it

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would grieve your child, while thus employed, to see heart-rending pangs heave his father's bosom, while his child, more alive than ever, is hovering over him a guardian-angel! And sainted Agnes—O, could she touch her father's heart and lips with a burning coal from the altar, and give him a view like that of Isaiah the year that King Uzziah died, both heart and lips would burst forth into joyful praise that God had taken his Agnes to himself in the beauty and purity of holiness. . . . Nay, were she only till the great day in the bosom of Abraham, and heard from that patriarch's own mouth the narrative of his victory over a father's feelings, when commanded not only to give up, but to sacrifice his only and beloved Isaac, not only the son of hope, but the heir of promise, thirty-six years of age, Abraham 136; no demur, no delay! . . . .

"O love henceforward the descendants of such a father, even though he should be of the Ashtarothin's congregation. For Abraham's sake tenderly pity them, though encrusted all over with the sufferings of Polander or German. What people can boast of a father like Abraham, to whom the God of righteous judgment could assign such blessings? And blessed Miriam, the mother of Yehoshua, *stabat—non recumbens—stabat Mater* by the cross of her Son. These are examples more worthy of imitation than David crying, 'O Absalom, my son, my son!' Yet there was some excuse for his sorrow. His son at least went to the spirits in prison; yours are gone to heaven. Would that we were all there!"

A few detached sentences may be added, from some other letters of this learned and amiable woman to Dr. Clarke.

"My mind's constitution is the reverse of somber. In my best moods, I leap as the roebuck over mountains of spices; in its worst it bursts forth as the volcanoes of Etna and Vesuvius; yet thanks, immortal thanks, to the Almighty who stilleth the raging of the winds and of the sea!"

"*Meá culpa, mea maxima culpa!* I mourn, I grieve not

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as a slave before his master, but as a child broken-hearted, to have offended so good a Father; thus to have dishonored my Father's image and name, and degraded mine own dignity of nature. Yet I sink not hopelessly. 'Choose life,' my Father God still says, 'and live.' All the commands of God, perceptive or prohibitory, the whole *Thorath Adonai*,* are for man's benefit; the kind teachings and enlightening of the wisdom of eternity, guiding the short-lived child of time in the straight and sure road of everlasting happiness.

"'Choose life, and live.' 'Thine arm is too short to reach life; but thou art free to choose; then only choose life, and I the Lord will bring it to thee.'"

"I am persuaded that the history of Job is a real matter of fact. Have you a mind to read good Father Louis de Grenada's sermons in old French,† of the days of Charles IX? There is much sound timber in them, enough to furnish a whole town of modern buildings.

"When in your notes you come to Isaac's blessings to Esau, you will observe how literally they were ratified by God, and will see strong proof that Esau was not abhorred of him, and how very nobly and lovingly he acted toward his overreaching brother at their meeting; nor did he ever retract from their reconciliation. I beseech you also to point out the just penalties levied on the joint frauds of Rebekah and Jacob. After she sent him to Laban, she never more beheld him; and even she herself disappears; for no further mention is made of her by upright, truth-loving Moses no, not so much as of her death, while of only her nurse Deborah is much honoring record."

Miss Shepherd died at an advanced age in 1815.

In referring to some of the good men for whom Dr. Clarke cherished a personal and peculiar love, we should give the highest place to Mr. Wesley. For him Adam Clarke ever felt the reverence of a disciple, and the sacred

* "Law of the Lord." † Translated into it from the Spanish.

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affection of a son; and, to his latest days, the memory of tokens of the particular esteem with which that distinguished servant of God had regarded him, yielded a ceaseless consolation and joy.

Among the friends of his early manhood was Andrew Coleman, who had been a schoolfellow with him at Agherton, and afterward became one of the first-fruits of his ministry, and, like himself, a preacher of the Gospel. One of the first essays of Adam Clarke's pen was a memorial of this young evangelist's short but beautiful career in which he writes in simple and heart-moving terms of "the very tender friendship which subsisted between these two." He fell asleep in Jesus, June 18, 1786, aged eighteen years, and soon gained the blessed region where the inhabitant shall no more say, "I am sick." He had the happiness of seeing his mother and grandmother brought to an acquaintance with the truth before his departure; and his last words to them, as his purified soul prepared to take its flight into the eternal world, were, "Follow me."

Another of his Irish friends was Alexander Knox, Esq., a gentleman whose name is well known in the literary and ecclesiastical circles of both islands, as an elegant theological scholar,* and a man of influence in the Church of England. He was a most intimate friend of the late Bishop Jebb. His parents were Methodists, and he himself was a devoted admirer of Wesley, whose principles on experimental religion found a deep response in his heart, and kept him, in later years, from going further than he evidently would have otherwise gone, into that semi-Romish Utopia where so many Churchmen in our day have wandered to no profit.

In Samuel Drew, the Cornish metaphysician, the Lord gave to the juvenile ministry of Mr. Clarke a convert who will indeed shine in his "crown of rejoicing" in the day of Christ. Drew soon became a preacher, and his father in the Gospel was not a little proud of him in that capacity.

* One, however, whose theology was not evangelical.

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His high opinion of him as an expositor of the truth in the pulpit, was frequently expressed in terms of characteristic warmth. The sanctified life and useful labors of this Christian philosopher were ever contemplated by his friend with an apostolic triumph. "These two" also are made eternally one in spirit, through Him who redeemed them, converted them, employed them in his service, and hath now glorified them together.

Of the Rev. John Pawson we have spoken before. Methodism in her traditions has placed him among her saints. Between him and Dr. Clarke there grew up a friendship which never died. The last act of Pawson was to write these words:

"Wakefield, Friday, March 28, 1806. O my Adam, my most affectionately beloved and esteemed friend and brother, for whom God knoweth I ever had a sincere regard, but now tenfold more than ever, what I have experienced of the power, goodness, unmerited mercy, and love of God, during this affliction, is not to be described. O the soul-transporting views of that heavenly felicity with which my soul hath been favored! Praise the name of the Lord with me, and for me; and tell all my beloved London friends, that John Pawson dies a witness of the saving power of those precious truths which have been taught, and believed, and experienced among us from the beginning."

A veteran of the same stamp was the Rev. James Creighton, one of the clergymen of the Establishment who adhered to Mr. Wesley, and took part in the Methodist ministry; a man of learning, and of useful life both in the pulpit and the press. His last testimony also occurs in a letter to Dr. Clarke: "I am endeavoring to weather out the last storms of life, hoping ere long to gain the port at last. I have had a pretty rough passage of it, all the way; but I am fully convinced that it was best so, and that the repose will be the sweeter when we get to the haven where we would be.

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'O, what is death? 'Tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more;
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And life is all retouch'd again.'

I bless God I have no fear, nor gloomy thought; yet it is not ecstasy or triumph; a calm internal peace, with a firm reliance on the promises of God, through the atoning blood."

Mr. Richard Mabyn, of Camelford, at whose house Mr. Clarke in his Cornish days found a pleasant home, had in him a loving and devoted friend. When each had become a much older man, Dr. Clarke, in one of his letters to Mr. Mabyn, writes thus: "I may say that but few hours together have elapsed since the year 1784, in which I have not thought of you and my most affectionate mother Mabyn; and I have never thought of you without a blessed mixture of gratitude to my benefactor, reverence to my teacher, warm affection to my parent, and delight to my friend."

Joseph Carne, Esq., F.R.S., of Penzance, as well as his venerable father, William Carne, Esq., had a high place in the esteem of Dr. Clarke, both for the great debt which the cause of Methodism owes to those gentlemen in the West of Cornwall, and for the scientific, religious, and social eminence of a family at whose house the doctor in his occasional visits always found a most congenial sojourn.*

Of the late Mr. Exley, of Bristol, the brother-in-law and friend of Dr. Clarke, I can scarcely trust myself to begin to write, lest the terms which the feelings of my heart dictate should wear the injurious look of exaggeration. He was a man admirable not only for acuteness of intellect, and profound mathematical and scientific research, but for simplicity of character, benevolence of feeling, and sanctity of life. He wrote several works in the higher branches of science,

* The late Mr. John Carne, the Eastern traveler, and author of "The Lives of eminent Christian Missionaries," and various other works was also an intimate friend of the Clarkes.

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and an exposition of the first chapter of Genesis, in which he seeks to harmonize the Mosaic history of the creation with the conclusions of modern geology. To the Methodists in Bristol, among whom he had been a member, leader, and local preacher for half a century, growing in grace, and turning many to righteousness, the death of Thomas Exley was like the going out of a lamp in the temple of God.

The name of another inestimable brother-in-law of Dr. Clarke, Mr. Butterworth, for many years member of Parliament for Coventry and for Dover, highly respected by men in the first ranks, has already appeared with frequency in the foregoing pages. In him the country lost a faithful servant, the Church a faithful member, and the poor a faithful friend. Take an instance: One day in each week he received at his own house the applications of such as needed pecuniary relief, or advice in their exigencies. His servant, on being once asked how many petitioners he had on that day admitted, answered, "Nearly a hundred." Into these cases Mr. Butterworth entered, in order to make his charities at once discriminating and efficient. The religious and social character of this good man is ably unfolded in a Funeral Sermon by the Rev. Richard Watson, preached at Great Queen-street Chapel, on the words of St. Paul, Galatians i, 24: "And they glorified God in me."

The Rev. Henry Moore must also be mentioned as one of Dr. Clarke's early companions, and as his counselor too; a fellow-laborer with him in the same ministry for fifty years, and also the sorrowing friend who committed at last his remains to the grave. I may state it as a noticeable fact, that Mr. Moore performed the funeral solemnities over five members of the family. He buried the doctor himself, in 1832; Mrs. Clarke, in 1836; one of their sons, and two of their grandchildren, in 1840, himself being then in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

That eminent Greek scholar, the late Hugh Stewart Boyd, Esq., stood related to Dr. Clarke, not only by consanguin-

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ity, but by a cordial sympathy of disposition, and, so far as learning is regarded, of employment and pursuit, as well. In classical and patristic erudition he was second to few of his contemporaries. He was remarkable for the strength of what may be called a verbal memory, which he well improved by enriching his mind with choice passages of the sacred and classic writers. I have now on my desk a memorandum dictated by himself, entitled "The Number of Lines which I can repeat," namely: "Greek prose: Septuagint, 30; Greek Testament, 120; Gregory Nazianzen, 1,860; Basil, 460; Chrysostom, 640; Gregory Nyssen, 15; Methodius, 35; Heliodorus, 30; a few passages of heathen writers, 90. Total of Greek prose, 3,280. Greek verse: Greg. Naz. Carmina, 1,310; Synessi Hymni, 156; Homer, 330; Æschylus, 1,800; Sophocles, 430; Euripides, 350; Pindar, 90; Meleager, 83; Bion, 91; Moschus, 120; Poem in Life of Plotinus, 10. Total of Greek verse, 4,770. I cannot repeat many hundred lines in one consecutive series. The longest passage of prose which I can repeat is 322 lines; the longest of verse, 270 lines.

"If I keep the passages from the Septuagint and New Testament for Sundays, and repeat the rest on week days, they will occupy four weeks, if I repeat about 327 lines a day. The lines from Æschylus are equal to more than one fifth of the whole of his Tragedies now extant."

Mr. Boyd published two volumes of translations, consisting of passages from the most eloquent of the Fathers, especially Chrysostom, Basil, and Nazianzen. He also wrote a dissertation on the Greek Article, especially viewed in its use in passages of the New Testament which have a bearing on the grand truth of the Godhead of Christ. The piece is inserted in Dr. Clarke's Commentary, at the end of the Epistle to the Ephesians; though we may just remark that the learned commentator himself had no great faith in what may be called the grammatico-theological doctrine of the Greek Article.

Mr. Boyd suffered in his latter years from loss of sight;

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but Divine mercy had so blessedly enlightened the eyes of his mind as to enable him to see and love Him who is invisible. He had those qualities of character which attracted friendships and kept them inviolate. His blindness is the theme of a sonnet by Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who studied Greek under Mr. Boyd's tuition; and with what effect, her spirited translation of the "Prometheus Bound" will testify. There is another sonnet in the same volume,* occasioned by the death of Mr. Boyd in 1848, in which she sings of the feelings excited by some tokens of friendship he bequeathed to her.

"Three gifts the Dying left me—Æschylus,
And Gregory Nazianzen, and a clock,
Chiming the gradual hours out like a flock
Of stars whose motion is melodious.
The books were those I used to read from, thus
Assisting my dear teacher's soul to unlock
The darkness of his eyes. Now mine they mock,
Blinded in turn by tears! Now murmurous
Sad echoes of my young voice years agone,
Entoning from these leaves the Grecian phrase,
Return, and choke my utterance. Books, lie down
In silence on the shelf within my gaze;
And thou, clock, striking the hour's pulses on,
Chime in the day which ends these parting days."

Mr. Boyd has left a large collection of papers, which should not be suffered to perish in oblivion. Many of his letters also to Dr. Clarke are richly worthy of publication.

Another literary friend of Dr. Clarke, Mr. Charles Fox, we have already had occasion to mention. With that accomplished person, when resident in Bristol, he passed many a profitable hour, in the cultivation of those Eastern studies with which they had both become enamored; and when each had removed from that locality, they still corresponded for mutual help. Nor was Mr. Clarke's communication with his friend without a most beneficial religious, as well as intellectual fruitage; as it tended to confirm his some-

* Poems. vol. i.

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what wavering mind in the truth of the Gospel, and to lead him to seek and find the salvation of God. Mr. Fox was the author of an extensive peom called "Leila and Mejnoon," written after the manner of the Persian poet Hafiz. This, together with several other manuscripts, came into Mr. Clarke's care after the death of the author.

With these and many others, whose names, if recorded here, would swell into a long and sad necrology, Dr. Clarke lived in those beneficial intercourses which gave a solace to their earthly life, and helped to fit them for a heavenly one.

Dr. Clarke's was a friendly heart, kind and considerate. He wished to avoid giving offense to any one, as much as in him lay, and was pained at the thought of having possibly done it inadvertently. Here is an instance: He had been to the Isle of Wight, and, during a short sojourn at West Cowes, the guest of Mr. Charles Pinhorn, a worthy gentleman who is now almost the only surviving relict of the first generation of Methodists in the island. Mr. Pinhorn, being in London shortly after, sought an interview with the Doctor, but was unable to see him except for a few minutes in the vestry of Lambeth Chapel before Dr. Clarke went into the pulpit. The following extract of a letter he received shortly after from the Doctor will illustrate our remark:

"My dear Sir,—I wish there may be no mistake in our meeting last Sabbath at Lambeth. When I came down into the vestry after preaching, I looked about to see you; but, not finding you, I asked some of the friends, 'Did they know whether Mr. Pinhorn, of the Isle of Wight, who was in the vestry when I first entered it this morning, had left the chapel?' They said they did not know. 'Will you look into the chapel and see.' One and other said they did not know him. I waited several minutes, but no appearance of Mr. Pinhorn. I was vexed, because I wished to speak to you; and I thought my apparently distant manner might have given you offense. The truth is, I hardly speak

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to any person before I enter the pulpit. I generally feel the work much on my mind, and avoid as much as possible speaking even to my most intimate friends, till I come down from the pulpit. If, therefore, there appeared in me any slight or neglect toward you, put it far away from your mind, for I assure you it had no existence, and this letter, written simply on the subject, is a proof that nothing of the kind was either in the intention or the feeling. I do not know that I have ever been in any strange place for these many years, in which I was so well pleased with the affectionate respect that was paid me as in West Cowes. . . . You have been once, I am informed, at my house, when I happened to be on a journey. If you ever come near the place again, and will spend a night with us, and look about you, I shall be glad to see you."

The frequent removals to which a Methodist minister is liable, broke in upon the continuity of personal converse, but never obliterated the image of a friend from his heart. When, journeying, he revisited an old circuit, he improved every hour in reviving the feelings of the "auld lang syne" at the homes and hearths which memory had rendered sacred; and some of his letters to Mrs. Clarke, written at those times, are crowded with the details of these rapid and numerous visits. His friendships had the seal of perpetuity; and with few men have there been so small a number of exceptions. When such did occur, they grieved his generous mind. But these cases were rare; the love which grew up between Adam Clarke and those who were worthy of his affection, proved itself stronger than the storms of life, or the tides of death; and those of the number who still survive him cherish the memory of the words and acts by which that love was expressed, among the most sacred treasures of the heart.

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CHAPTER V.

THE HUSBAND.

We have already narrated the circumstances in which this holy relation was entered upon by the subject of our memoir. The union then consecrated endured, with an ever-effectual benediction, through the long years of a diversified but happy life. In the case of Adam Clarke and Mary Cooke, the marriage solemnity was the outward and visible sign of an inward, spiritual, and imperishable oneness—the sacrament of an everlasting love.

In the partner of his life Dr. Clarke ever found that Providence had given him "a help meet." Mrs. Clarke possessed not merely the graces of a pleasing exterior, but those inward virtues of which St. Peter speaks as the true adorning of the holy woman, and which are in the sight of God of great price. She had a cultivated mind, a sound judgment, and a regenerated heart. She was the worthy companion, and often, to good results, the wise counselor and serviceable helper, of her hard-working and grateful husband. A mother in Israel, and a mother at home, she brought up a large family, and at the same time fulfilled what Mr. Wesley called, in reference to her gracious conduct, "the office of a deaconess," in discharging, in every circuit, the duties of a class-leader and a visitor of the sick and poor.

These good works were coeval with her religious life. At Trowbridge, where she was brought up, she no sooner became a subject of converting grace, than it displayed its effects in those incipient efforts at usefulness by which Miss Cooke was enabled to give important aid to the then feeble cause of Methodism in that town. So, onward from year

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to year, through the course of her extended life, with ever enlarging knowledge and deepening experience, she labored with unobtrusive but successful endeavor to lead persons of her own sex into and onward in the way to heaven.

At home her influence formed the character of a remarkable family, the members of which in death and life have called her blessed. As to her husband, in all the changing scenes of their checkered history, her abiding and sanctified love, revealing itself in ceaseless ministries for his and their comfort in mind, body, and estate, shed a ray of solace upon the darkest hours, and heightened and perfected the bliss of those which were most prosperous.

It is only to give a more true idea of this lovely character that I take the liberty to select a few sentences from one or two of her letters to Mr. Clarke. The following gives a specimen of those dispositions, sweet and blessed, which gave such a charm to his home. It was written so far back as the year 1791, at the time when they were just leaving Dublin for Liverpool, Mr. Clarke having already left for the Manchester Conference.* I may just observe, that her beautiful writing is in the old Italian hand, so unlike the insignificant and illegible scrawl in which some young ladies are now taught to afflict the eyes of those who have the task of reading their compositions.

"My spirit deeply feels how tedious are the moments of separation. Indeed, my best beloved, as thou art all the world to me, so now, in losing thee, I wofully experience that I have lost all things except my God. Blessed be his holy name, he supports me still; and, was it not for his peculiar aid at this time, my heart would sink into hopeless melancholy. My spirits are exceedingly low, and the friends' well meant and kind officiousness serves to increase the dejection they strive to remove. The Turk,† poor compassionate creature, says, 'You cry so much, no good, no good; consume you.' Yesterday I was very weak; in the evening could just stand alone. Through the night, while

* See page 152. † Page 151.

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the rain poured in torrents against the windows, gloomy were my thoughts of the worst that could befall you. All the horrors of shipwreck were in a lively manner present to my imagination. At length I found something like composure from the thought that perhaps at the coming of the rain the wind changed in your favor. . . . I have to-day gathered my little unpacked things into one place. This has helped to draw my mind from the thought of separation, and to bring the idea of reunion, seeing all my stuff and little matters drawn up in order for embarkation. To-day I feel better, because I hope by this time you are in Liverpool. If we follow, we have promises of company. William Higley is determined on the voyage; and the poor Turk, if spared, will be our companion. He says, 'Me no sick; me take care John and Adam. Madame Clarke sick, Phœbe sick.' John is recovered charmingly, and with returning health he is also getting his good tempers back again. Adam is but poorly, thin, and sickly. I cannot help thinking that he will by and by follow his precious sister. I see her in him more and more."

From another letter: "Bristol, 1789. Mary Clarke to the dearly beloved of her spirit wisheth all peace, with every present and future blessing his heart can desire, or the God of love and omnipotence bestow. I have been led this morning to pray that my dear husband may be assisted by the Spirit of wisdom and power to declare the counsel of the Holy One unto the people; and in consequence I feel a comfortable persuasion that his word shall not fail of some good effect. I have often a presentiment of the power of the coming word, by having, as it seems, an infused energetic cry after it in my soul. I know not when I have felt more of it than last Thursday week, in the evening, when, immediately after singing the verse preceding the sermon, every power of my spirit instinctively (if I may say so) ascended in one ardent ejaculation, 'Grant, O my God, the spirit of wisdom unto the speaker, and let thy power be manifested now among the people!' My soul then returned

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in confidence that a blessing should be given. Directly you gave out for a text, 'The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever.' If you look back, you will remember that I believed not in vain, but according to my faith so was it then; and so have I generally found it. . . .

"I am myself nearly as well as I can yet expect to be; but suffered much, very much, yesterday, by abstaining some hours too long from food. But from painful experience perhaps I shall learn a lesson of wisdom. As for little John, he is loving and saucy, and would give you a hundred kisses if you were here, though you sent him never a one. . . . Frances sends her love; and as for me, believe that with all possible affection I am thine most truly."

When, in subsequent years, the doctor was carrying on his extensive literary undertakings, the few hours he could spare for the pen were rendered more unbroken than otherwise they could possibly have been, by the intervention of Mrs. Clarke in receiving visitors and transacting minor affairs connected with the business of the Society and circuit, with which, by practice, she had become as conversant as any superintendent among us. She kept all the book accounts; in the doctor's absence, on his numerous journeys, opened all the letters which came for him, and, condensing the contents of them within the compass of one, for the saving of postage, transmitted it as a report to him. Thus, under date, "London, February, 1806," she states that one letter was from Mr. ——, asking the loan of a few pounds; another, from Mr. Wrigley, concerning money matters of Mr. S.; another, from Mr. Boyd, containing family affairs; another, from Mr. Entwisle, just arrived, "which I have not yet had time to read through, but chiefly relating to chapel-building, expenditure, and ways and means, all submitted to you, as chairman of the district;" another, from Mr. M'Q., "the largest size folio sheet, full, full on all sides and in every corner. It contains many good things, many learned things, many strange things, many un-

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accountable things, with the promise of many more things yet to come. A bundle of letters also, of three folio sheets, is come from Mr. Drew, addressed to Mr. Woolmer, and sent by him for Mr. Benson, to publish in the Magazine. It is a dialogue between himself and a Deist, on the top of a coach."

It will be evident that Dr. Clarke's confidence in his wife was perfect. He had no secrets to conceal from her, nor wished to have. Their minds were in sound and healthy unison. His own personal life, and his public life, with all its encouragements and discouragements, were perfectly known to her; and that, with a return of gentle and wise counsel, and holy comfort, which greatly smoothed his pathway.

By her pen, too, she helped her husband not a little. She would transcribe a manuscript for the press; and at times, I imagine, she lent some aid in original composition, getting forward such works as admitted of that kind of participation. I speak not on this point with certainty, except the degree of it which may be gathered from an expression here and there of the Doctor's. Thus, writing to her from Ireland: "Cannot you and John prepare a few sheets of the Concordance? The book is in the back study, and he knows the volume of Calmet from whence he is to correct the proper names. See YOU to the *definitions*, if there be any. A few sheets will do."

While engaged on the Commentary, "it was his frequent practice, at the close of the day at Millbrook, to read the notes he had written to Mrs. Clarke, and take her opinion of them. Sometimes, after he had done work, she would read aloud to him and the listening family some amusing and instructive book."*

Such was she of whom it is no small honor to say, that she was worthy of being the wife of Dr. Adam Clarke. And for a more ample account of this exemplary lady I refer the reader to a work published by her daughter in 1851, with

* Family memorandum.

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the title of "Mrs. Adam Clarke, her Character and Correspondence;" a volume which deserves a place by the side of the Memoirs of Mrs. Fletcher, Lady Maxwell, Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers, Mrs. Tatham, Mrs. Agnes Bulmer, and those other sanctified females whose "Holy Living" has adorned so beautifully the religious communion to which they belonged.

Dr. Clarke knew the value of the gift which heaven had conferred upon him in this companion of his days. With each passing year his love became more tender, and the honor in which he held her, more high and sacred. The anniversary of their wedding was always a time of grateful joy. On one of those days, being away, he writes to her: "This day I have kept with comfort for above forty years. You are more regardless of these kinds of observances than I naturally am: with me such things have much weight; and now, being absent, I wish to show you that I carry the remembrance of it, and my respect for it, two hundred miles beyond my own dwelling." On another, he presents her with a tender poem; and on another, with a gold watch, "the beautiful dial of which," he tells her, "is an emblem of thy face; the delicate pointers of thy hands; and the balance, of thy conduct in thy family." The only difference which the lapse of years made in his admiration of her was to strengthen it. Cowper's sweet lines seem as if they had been written to express the sentiments of this true-hearted spouse:

> "Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
> Are still more lovely in my sight
> Than golden beams of orient light,
> My Mary.
>
> "To be the same through good and ill,
> In wintry change to feel no chill,
> With me is to be lovely still,
> My Mary."

In truth, religion, with its ever indestructible and celestial band, had made their union everlasting. They were one in

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Christ, and were persuaded that neither death nor life, nor things present, nor things to come, could separate them. They knew that, when time with them would be no more, they should live together with the Lord; and in the years of this life they lived to him. For the God before whom they walked, and who had fed them all their days, and redeemed them, was their sun and shield, giving them grace, and about to give them glory, they walking uprightly. Their wish and vow, their purpose and their prayer, so to do, and so to be, might have been well told in the words which Lavater, in one of his household hymns, puts upon the lips of a Christian wife and husband:

"To bear, endure, and love, and give,
Be ours long as on earth we live;
In tranquil confidence of soul,
To consecrate to Thee our whole:
Made wiser with the flight of days,
In joy and sorrow, Thee to praise;
Till, in blest death, our souls depart,
Till we behold Thee as Thou art." *

* "*Dulden, tragen, lieben, geben,*
Einfaltvoll und frohlich ruhn;
Immer nach der Weisheit streben,
Was wir thun, nur Dir zu thun:
Dir nur danken alle Freuden,
Dir nur leiden wenn wir leiden,
Dir im Tode noch vertraun,
Wollen wir, bis wir Dich schaun!"

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CHAPTER VI.

THE FATHER.

Of the twelve children of Dr. and Mrs. Clarke, two died in infancy, four others in childhood; and of the six who rose to be men and women, three daughters only survive. The loss of the six, one after another, bent the parents in unutterable grief. "None," says the father, when the first of these afflictions occurred, "none can tell our woe. I feel I have lost part of my own being in the loss of my child. Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon us. Thou Eternal Power, we bow before thee, we submit to thee." In training aright those who lived, Dr. Clarke found the solace, as well as the solicitude, of his life. Though so extensive an itinerant, he was nevertheless greatly in love with the domestic state, and never so happy as when he had his children around him. Once when Mr. Ward of Durham called on him when in London, "on being ushered into the room, he found him seated with one child on his knee, encircled in an arm; another child in the cradle, which he was rocking to repose with his foot; a book in one hand, which he was attentively reading, and a potato in the other." A scene like this might have been often witnessed.

When the labors of the study were over he used to amuse himself with his little ones, who quickly assembled at his well-known call of "Come all about me!" Then was heard the joyous shout, along with the rush of the youngsters to claim the first kiss, or obtain the best seat upon his knee. Sometimes he would dispose of them on his person; one round his neck, one hanging on each shoulder, one clasping his waist, one seated on each foot; and with an infant in his arms, he would, thus furnished, be the happiest of the group.

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The sports of the evening finished, each alternately kneeled at their mother's knee for prayer; and when ready for repose, Mr. Clarke, when not out preaching, "invariably carried them himself up to bed, put or playfully threw them in, and tucked them up for the night. But, before retiring himself, he always visited each bed, to see if all was right. To his well-known voice, pretty early in the morning, they would start up, unpin each child its own bundle of clothes, (which almost from infancy it had been taught to fold up,) and dress with all possible expedition; for, from childhood, he would never permit waste of time by dilatory habits, any more than slovenly neglect through affected attempts at expedition." So writes one of the family.

In their secular education he not only afforded them the privilege of his own tuition, but, as his ministerial duties would render all systematic operation impossible, he was careful to secure them the best professional instruction within his resources. He was not content without giving his daughters a useful and elegant, and his sons a practical and learned education. But, above all, it was Mr. Clarke's supreme concern to give them a Christian one; to implant in their memory at the very outset of life, when dogmatic instruction becomes a necessity, those absolute truths which, under the influence of the blessed Spirit of God, will develop in the soul and the conduct the virtues of holiness and religion; to illustrate those truths in cheerful yet serious conversation; to try to exemplify them in his own spirit, temper, and behavior before their eyes, letting them see Christ in him, and thus drawing them by the cords of a man, and by the bands of love, to his Saviour and theirs. He knew that their renewal unto salvation must be the work of God; but he knew, also, that he, as their father, had duties to perform which might be instrumentally indispensable toward that blessed result. "Let those parents," he would say, "who continue to excuse themselves by observing, 'We cannot give grace to our children,' lay their hand on their heart, and say whether they ever knew an instance where

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God withheld his grace while they were, in humble subserviency to him, fulfilling their duty? The real state of the case is this: Parents cannot do God's work, and God will not do theirs; but if they use the means he will never withhold the blessing."

In the parental government of his children, Mr. Clarke blended an inflexible integrity of discipline with a cheerful open-hearted love. He considered that these should be united in a father's conduct toward his rising family. "It is not personal fondness," remarked he, "nor parental authority, taken separately, that can produce beneficial effect. A father may be as fond of his offspring as Eli, and his children be sons of Belial; he may be as authoritative as the Grand Turk, and his children despise and plot rebellion against him. But let parental authority be tempered with fatherly affection, and let the rein of discipline be steadily held by this powerful but affectionate hand, and there shall the pleasure of God prosper. Many fine families have been spoiled, and many ruined, by the separate exercise of these two principles. The first sort of parents will be loved, without being respected; the second will be dreaded, without either respect or esteem."

He was a frequent correspondent with his children when away from them. On his journeys he would describe to them remarkable localities, with their historical associations, rendering his letters both instructive and engaging. At other times he reiterated with his pen the solemn counsels which they had often heard from his lips. Thus, to one of his daughters at school: "Youth is the time in which learning can be obtained. I find that I can now remember very little but what I learned when I was young. I have, it is true, acquired many things since; but it has been with difficulty, and I cannot retain them as I did those which I gained in my youth."

And again, from another letter: "All, my dear child, that can be done for you by human means, is being done; but, to make you what you should be, you must look to God,

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that he may supply that teaching which is beyond the power of human influence and skill; and, that you may get it, you must be sensible that you need it, and must pray to God to give you that sensibility—that is, that he may show you how stupid, foolish, and ignorant you are in all matters which concern the salvation of your soul, and how much you stand in need of that pardon and holiness which were purchased by the agony and bloody sweat, the cross and passion, the death and burial, the glorious resurrection and ascension of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Pray for these blessings, and do not be contented without them; and then you will be not merely 'worthy of your father,' who is a poor worthless creature, but worthy of that glorious name of Christian which you bear; and, being a partaker of the Divine nature, God will count you worthy of an inheritance among the saints in light."

So when, as years passed on, the young people entered upon life for themselves, he still, by intercession with God, and by all kind offices within his own power, endeavored to promote their welfare. On the birth of a granddaughter we find him writing as follows: "To Joseph and Matilda Clarke: May the blessing, grace, and peace of the eternal, all-glorious, infinitely perfect, and ineffably benevolent Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, One incomprehensible and adorable Deity, the Creator, Preserver, and Redeemer of mankind, rest on, ever support, and eternally save our son Joseph B. B. Clarke, his wife Matilda, and their firstborn child, by whatsoever name* she may be called. May he, our son Joseph, in his sacred office ever preach Jesus the Christ, by the power of the Holy Ghost, to the conviction of sinners, the conversion of penitents, and the establishment of believers on their most holy faith! May Matilda his wife be ever blessed as a mother and a Christian, and live long distinguished by all the graces that adorn those characters! And may their firstborn child grow up in stature and favor with God and man! And may she and her parents

* Alice.

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live long, innocently, piously, and usefully; and, after having served their God in their generation, may they triumph over death in a glorious resurrection! May they be united to the Father of Eternity, through the Son of his love, by the Eternal Spirit, to contemplate the Divine perfections, to see them as they are, and thus to enjoy an unutterable happiness, where duration is eternal, and where time shall be no more. Amen! Amen!"

To and for another, his daughter Mary Ann, on her birthday: "Sovereign of the heavens and of the earth! behold this my daughter on the anniversary of her birth. I bring her before thee: Fill her with thy light, life, and power. As in thee she lives, moves, and has her being, so may she ever live to thee! Strengthen her, O thou Almighty; instruct and counsel her, O thou Omniscient! Be her Prop, her Stay, her Shield, and her Sword. Put all her enemies under her feet; deck her with glory and honor; make her an example to her family, a pattern of piety to her friends, a solace to the poor, and a teacher of wisdom to those who are ignorant and out of the way. By her may thy name be glorified, and in her may the most adorable Saviour ever see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied. Amen, amen. So be it; and let her heart hear and feel THY *Amen*, which is, So it shall be. Hallelujah."

Habitually happy as he was in the bosom of his family, there were occasions which had an especial and sacred joyousness in the domestic history. Such was that when parents and children alike received the holy sacrament together; thus acting, as the Doctor expressed it, "like a patriarchal family of old, *et cum Deo inire fœdus*, making a covenant with God, which should put them in an especial manner under his protection."

Such, also, was that when, the Commentary being finished, the sons and daughters "determined on presenting their father with a large silver vase, in memorial of the completion of a work which they had seen him so long, so laboriously, and so anxiously prosecuting. . . . Without acquaint-

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ing the Doctor with the purpose of the invitation, the two elder sons requested their parents and the family to dine with them in St. John Square. After dinner, the vase, covered from the sight, was introduced, and placed at the head of the table. Dr. Clarke's eldest son then rose, and in the name of each of the family uncovered and offered it, with an appropriate address, to their revered parent. For a few moments he sat incapable of utterance; then, regarding them all, he rose, spread his hands over this token of his children's love, and pronounced his blessing upon them individually and collectively.

"His eldest son then filled the vase with wine, which his father raised first to his own lips, then to those of his beloved wife, and afteward bore it to each of the family present; he then put it down, and in a strain of the most heartfelt eloquent tenderness addressed his children in the name of their revered mother and himself in terms they will never forget."

Of the three sons of Dr. Clarke who survived him, each has now followed his parents to the other world. The eldest, John Wesley Clarke, was a gentleman whose extensive antiquarian and heraldic studies both qualified him for the situation he held under government, and, combined with a genial sociality of disposition, rendered him a most agreeable companion. He had a great love for the science of botany, and delighted to spend whole weeks in the country in pursuing it, during which he would domesticate himself in cottage or farm-house, and live as one of the family. He was a loving son and brother. He died after a short illness in February, 1840, and was buried with his parents at City Road Chapel.

Theodoret Samuel Clarke, after an apprenticeship to Mr. Woodfall, the printer, carried on that business for some years; during which he continued and finished the printing of his father's Commentary, which had been begun by Woodfall. Theodoret's education and subsequent studies enabled him to superintend accurately the typography of

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that work, which abounds with quotations from the Biblical, classical, and Eastern languages. Thus the Commentary was, as we may say, the work of the family. The Doctor wrote it, the sons printed, and Mr. Butterworth, the brother-in-law, published it. Theodoret left business, and went abroad for a time; but after his return lived generally near his parents, spending his days in various works of usefulness. He died at Brighton in 1843, in the faith and hope of the Gospel.

The Rev. Joseph Butterworth Bulmer Clarke was, of all his sons, the one most after his father's own heart. Some time after the completion of a good school education, followed by the privilege of reading Greek with his relative, Mr. Boyd, he was entered of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated Bachelor and Master. In July, 1825, he was ordained by the Archbishop of York, I believe as curate to Archdeacon Wrangham. He afterward held two curacies in London, was appointed chaplain to the Duke of Sussex, became incumbent of St. Matthew's, Liverpool, and then removed to Henbury, near Bristol, where he married (Miss Brook) the lady who so largely shared with him some of the labors of his enlarged sphere of ecclesiastical duty, as curate of Frome, and then rector of West Bagborough, near Taunton, and inspector of schools for the diocese of Bath and Wells; an office which called forth powers with which he was admirably endowed for its faithful discharge. His printed reports show not only great official diligence, but a philosophical and Christian estimate of the principles of education, giving them a claim to permanent consideration. The bishop showed his appreciation of Mr. Clarke by giving him a prebendal stall in the cathedral of Wells. We have seen how he assisted his father in bringing out the second volume of the "Sacred Literature," a task for which he was soundly qualified by his classical and patristic learning. He published also a volume of sermons, and a Bibliography of Oriental manuscripts in his father's library. He had, especially in his last years, a strong personal resem-

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blance to the Doctor. This amiable clergyman died rather suddenly at Nice, in 1854, in the fifty eighth year of his age. He had gone abroad with his family, for the sake of their health and his own; and, leaving them at Nice, had come again to England to discharge some pressing duties. This done, he returned to his family, and on the way, turning aside to visit the tomb of a beloved son who had died two years before at Toulon, and been interred at Hieres, he was himself seïzed with sudden death from a malady of the heart, and was buried with his son, among the myrtles and palm-trees in the cemetry at Hieres.*

* A son of the prebendary, the Rev. Adam Clarke, has recently entered holy orders. We should not omit to mention, also, the Doctor's much esteemed nephew, Mr. John Edward Clarke, the son of his brother Tracy; a man of great erudition, as may be seen from the able dissertation inserted by his uncle in his commentary on the thirteenth chapter of the Revelation.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE SAINT, IN LIFE AND DEATH.

THERE needs no concluding *éloge* on the rêligious character of Dr. Adam Clarke, as his whole biography is one. Let the readers look back and form their own estimate. His personal and public life was one sustained manifestation of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost; and the record of it traced on these pages, is designed not to exalt idolatrously a fellow-creature, but to offer an humble tribute to the praise and glory of that sovereign grace which made itself apparent in his whole history. "The saints," as Luther said, "are not to be praised for themselves, but for their Saviour; they shine like dew-drops on the hair of the heavenly Bridegroom."* The sanctified glorify the Sanctifier. Such was the principle which governed Dr. Clarke's inward and outward life, that Christ in all things might be magnified.

The varied experiences of his inner and spiritual life are not sufficiently known to warrant an attempt, on our part, to give a professed account of them. The biographies of many good men are enriched with extracts from registries made by themselves of the dealings of Divine grace with their souls. But Dr. Clarke left no such documents. Indeed, he appears to have been averse from things of that kind. He began to keep a diary, but left it off as early as 1785. When sometimes asked whether he would not publish his journal, or leave it to be published, he used to say: "I do not intend any such thing; the experience of all religious people is nearly alike; in the main entirely so. When

* Tischreden.

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you have read the journal of one pious man of common sense, you have read a thousand. After the first, it is only a change of names, times, and places; all the rest is alike." The Rev. Joseph Clarke, knowing his father's mind, committed those early journals to the flames.*

Dr. Clarke's religious experience was the work of God's Holy Spirit in the soul; begun, continued, and perfected. It was begun in true regeneration. That adorable Being who alone "can bring a clean thing out of an unclean" renewed his heart in righteousness; and to the grace thus given in his youthful prime Adam Clarke was faithful. Day by day he watched unto prayer, and walked humbly with God. Working out his salvation with fear and trembling, while God wrought within him to will and to do of his own good pleasure, he became established in grace, and endured to the end.

He sought and found—what every man is obligated to seek, and every Christian believer privileged to find—the clear knowledge of pardon, and of adoption to be a child of God; and the witness of his acceptance in the Beloved was never removed from his soul. In his autobiography he gives an unequivocal statement to that effect. It appears

* In recording Dr. Clarke's sentiments on this point here raised, we are not to be understood as adopting them in full. An eminent living divine, the learned Dr. Fred. Augustus Tholuck, of Halle, inclines to a very different opinion. "O that we were richer, in our German language," he writes, "in biographical works which are adapted to illustrate and promote a truly elevated and practical Christianity, by laying open the sanctuary of the inner life! It may be said that more awakenings have proceeded from the written lives of those eminent for piety, than from books of devotion and printed sermons. We are able, at least, in the circle of our own knowledge, to address a great number of Christians—and among them names of the first rank in the religious world—who are indebted essentially to works of biography for the confirmation and stability of their spiritual life. The writer can assert this in regard to himself. He can make such an acknowledgment respecting a book to which he knows that not a few in Europe, America, and Asia, will bear a similar testimony. *The biography of the missionary Martyn opened in my own life a new era of religious progress.*" (Preface to vol. i, of a series of Biographies, in German, for Sabbath reading.)

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also in a letter written to Mr. Wesley, when Mr. Clarke was in the Norwich Circuit in 1784, that, while at Trowbridge, he had received powerful convictions of a need of the entire sanctification of his heart; that he had become acquainted with a good man, a local preacher, "who," says he, "was a partaker of this precious privilege; and from him I received some encouragement and direction to set out in quest of it, endeavoring, with all my strength, to believe in the ability and willingness of my God to accomplish the great work. Soon after this, while earnestly wrestling with the Lord in prayer, and endeavoring, self-desperately, to believe, I found a change wrought in my soul, which I endeavored through grace to maintain amid grievous temptations. My indulgent Saviour continued to support me, and enabled be with all my power to preach the glad tidings to others." These sanctifying graces were evidently strengthened during the latter part of his residence in the Norman Isles, on the bed of sickness in Dublin, and in the days of labor at Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol, and London, diffusing their effectual influence on all his life.

On the witness of the Holy Spirit to our adoption I heard him preach a sermon only a few months before he ceased to be among us; in which, after reminding us that there can be no true happiness for man but in the enjoyment of the favor of God, he went on to prove that such felicity must be impossible without a testimony from God to the conscience that he adopts the pardoned sinner to be his child; and that this evidence is not to be inferred merely from texts of Scripture, however rightly applied, but ascertained from an interior oracle of the Holy Ghost, creating peace in believing and inspiring the dispositions by which we say in life and word, "Abba, Father!" "This," said he, "is what I wish you not to rest without. Do not face death without it; do not! How awful to go to appear before the living God, if you have not the testimony in your own souls that you are born of him! John Bunyan well describes a poor, wretched, self-deceived pilgrim, who had

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trusted to a vague and general belief, without actual conversion, coming to the gate of the celestial city, but refused an entrance, because 'he had no certificate to be taken in.' 'He fumbled,' says he 'in his bosom for it, but he found none. Then I saw the shining ones commanded to bind him head and heels, and throw him into the hole at the side of the hill.' Beware, lest thou art as he."

This calm assurance was maintained in Dr. Clarke by the habit and life of faith. "What have I to boast or trust in?" writes he: "I exult in nothing but the eternal, impartial, and indescribable kindness of the ever blessed God; and I trust in nothing but in the infinite merit of the sacrifice of Christ, a ruined world's Saviour, and the Almighty's fellow. Then what have I to dread? Nothing. What have I to expect? All possible good; as much as Christ has purchased, as much as heaven can dispense. 'The Lord is my Shepherd, and I shall not want.'"

He was often exceedingly blessed in his own soul, in the pulpit, while made a blessing to hundreds. Thus on one occasion, as already mentioned, he exclaimed, "I would not have missed coming to this place to-day for five hundred pounds. I got my own soul blessed, and God has blessed the people."

This good teacher was himself teachable. We have remarked with what docility he would sit at the feet of the humblest Christian who could teach him a lesson in the things of God. "I meet regularly once a week. I find it a great privilege to forget that I am a preacher, and come with simple heart to receive instruction from my leader."

And in making his own election sure he felt the necessity of constant self-government. Self-denial was his habitual rule; and sometimes, in things perfectly allowable, he was induced to forego a lawful gratification for the good of others. In one city where he was stationed, he found the use of wine carried to too great an extent in some of the circles he visited, and made a resolution to abstain, for the sake of giving a practical testimony against it; taking but two glasses of wine during the whole year, though in a

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wasted state of health, which would have rendered the moderate use of wine of great service to him.

The fear of God developed in his disposition an habitual reverence for things sacred. Thus, in passing an abbey or a ruined chapel, he has been observed to take off his hat, as a token of veneration. And this feeling was strongly unfolded in regard to the Holy Scriptures. He would often study them on his knees. The very sight of a Bible seemed to do him good. Once when a servant, wanting something to set against the door of the parlor to keep it open, seized the Bible and placed it on the ground, "Poor Margaret," quoth the Doctor, "has no religion, or she would have paid more respect to the book of God than to put it to that use." He then took occasion to intimate that he could not endure the material of which the sacred book is composed to be desecrated in any way, and that even the page of a printed book which had upon it the Divine name was sacred in his eyes.

He had an overflowing sense of the goodness of God. Gratitude to the parent of good had become a glowing affection of his soul, which, like the altar's trembling flame, was never suffered to expire. "I have enjoyed the spring of life; I have endured the toils of its summer; I have culled the fruits of its autumn; I am now passing through the rigors of its winter; and I am neither forsaken of God, nor abandoned by man. I see at no great distance the dawn of a new day; the first of a spring that shall be eternal. It is advancing to meet me! I run to embrace it. Welcome, eternal spring! Hallelujah!" This was written about two years before his death.

These gracious dispositions tuned his mind to benevolence toward all men, and especially those who were of the household of faith. Dr. Clarke was a genuine catholic. He could say, with Jerome: "I am a Christian and the son of a Christian, bearing on my forehead the token of the cross;"* and he reverenced and loved sincere piety where-

* "*Christianus sum, et Christiani filius, portans in fronte mea vexillum Crucis.*"—Ad Paulinum.

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ever he found it, and under whatever conventional title. Names with him were next to nothing. Still, there was one branch of the Church with which he was more intimately united, and through which he held communion with the others. He was a Methodist; and if he had been disposed to glory in any name, it would have been in that one. The Methodist people were his people, and their God his God. Among them he had been called, and among them he lived, and labored, and died. One month before his death he wrote the following testimonial. It has been printed before, but I insert it here without scruple, as it is evident, from the words of the preamble, he wished it to be permanent.

"IN PERPETUAM REI MEMORIAM:

"I have lived more than threescore years and ten; I have traveled a good deal by sea and land; I have conversed with and seen many people, in and from many different countries; I have studied all the principal religious systems in the world; I have read much, thought much, and reasoned much. And the result is, I am persuaded of the simple unadulterated truth of no book but the BIBLE; and of the excellence of no system of religion but that contained in the Holy Scriptures, and especially CHRISTIANITY, which is referred to in the Old Testament, and fully revealed in the New. And while I think well of, and wish well to, all religious sects and parties, and especially to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, yet, from a long and thorough knowledge of the subject, I am led most conscientiously to conclude that Christianity itself as existing among those called Wesleyan Methodists is the purest, the safest, and that which is most to the glory of God and the benefit of men; and that both as to the creed there professed, the form of discipline there established, and the consequent moral practice there vindicated. And I believe that among them is to be found the best form and body of divinity that has ever existed in the Church of Christ from the promulgation of Christianity to the present day. To him who would ask, 'Dr. Clarke, are

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you not a bigot? without hesitation I would answer, 'No, I am not; for, by the grace of God, I am a Methodist.' Amen. ADAM CLARKE."

On another occasion: "For nearly fifty years I have lived only for the support and credit of Methodism: myself and my interests, the Searcher of hearts knows, were never objects of my attention. I came into the Connection with an upright heart and one dominant principle; and, by the help of God, I will retain it to the end."

He did so. Such were his feelings to the last. Speaking to some of the ministers not long before his departure, he said: "My heart is with you; and when my spirit has passed away, if God permit, it shall return and be a stirring spirit among you again!"

The last characteristic of Adam Clarke's practical religion we can here commemorate is its perseverance. It was "by patient continuance in well-doing" that he sought for glory and immortality. He occupied till the Master came, and died wearing the harness. "The broad shadows and the setting sun" might have warranted his retirement from the field of toil; but he wrought on, the more solemnly in earnest for that the work was still pressing and the moments were few. Here is a memorandum noted down (April 9th) in the last year of his life: "The Missionary Secretaries are in want of help for their coming anniversary, and have come in the most earnest and affectionate manner begging me to help them. I have at once submitted, though it is likely to throw work upon me which I shall scarcely be able to bear. I had been previously engaged to Birmingham and Sheffield. I must be in Birmingham on the 22d and 23d, return to London for Queen-street on the 27th, and Southwark on the 29th, then set off for Sheffield, where I must be May 5th and 6th, and get, if I can, to Belfast or Donaghadee on the 12th. I am in an indifferent state of health; and there is too much reason to believe that all this traveling and preaching, coming so close together, will overset me."

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In some of these services he came out in almost unparalleled grandeur. "Who," said the poet Montgomery, referring to those at Sheffield, "who among us does not remember, nay, which of us can forget, his two discourses—the simple energy with which they were poured forth, the unction of the Holy One which accompanied them, and the devout feeling so interfused as to overpower the sense of admiration which the learning, the love, the transcendent ability displayed in the composition were calculated to excite?"

On the Doctor's arrival home from Ireland his family were shocked by the alteration in his appearance. He confessed that his strength was prostrated, but seemed most concerned lest he should be disabled from further work. One of his daughters having come over to Haydon Hall to see her father upon his return, he said, "See, Mary, how the strong man has bowed himself; for strong he was. But it is God who has brought down, and he can raise up. He still owns the word I preach; he still continues my influence among the people; and hence it is plain he has yet other work for me to do."

In July, at the Liverpool Conference, his name was inserted as supernumerary under the heading of the Windsor Circuit, being that in which Haydon Hall is situated;* but along with this notification was added the following N.B.: "Though Dr. Clarke is set down supernumerary for Windsor, he is not bound to that circuit, but is most respectfully and affectionately requested to visit all parts of our Connection, and labor according to his strength and convenience."

With this "roving commision," as he called it, he prepared himself to concur; engagements as usual beginning to crowd upon him with the new Methodistic year. But He whom he had so faithfully served, and longed still to serve, was about to say, "It is enough."

The year 1832 was one of the seasons of the Asiatic

* This was not the first occasion when the Doctor was minuted as "supernumerary." I find the term in connection with his name when engaged in the Record Commission in London.

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cholera in England. That inscrutable pestilence had swept away a multitude of people; and among the places which Dr. Clarke had been called to visit while the malady was at its height, Liverpool was one. The subsequent event proved that he returned to his home smitten with its influence. Yet, under these circumstances, he went forth to acquit himself of what he considered to be the obligation of duty, though with the seal of death upon his brow.

His first effort was at Frome, where he visited his worthy son, then curate of that parish; who had solicited the Doctor's presence at a meeting to promote an excellent institution which he had organized for the bodily and spiritual relief of the poor. Writing to Mrs. Clarke on his arrival at Frome, he says: "The constant traveling and labor, confinement in the Conference, etc., greatly fatigued me; and almost every day I am expecting to be knocked up. Never was my mind more vigorous, and never my body so near sinking." The plans of his son "for the amelioration of the condition of the poor" had excited great attention in Frome; and at the meetings some persons of great eminence in the neighborhood took a part on the platform, among whom were the bishop of the diocese, the Earl of Cork, and the Marquis of Bath. The speech delivered by the Doctor made a great impression. The founder of the Strangers' Friend Society, and the preacher of mercy for fifty years, was at home on the theme of the day; and all felt that a man of no ordinary presence was among them. One expression only we can note, as showing the instinct of eternity which was growing stronger in him daily. Referring to the pleasing circumstance that the present charity combined all ranks of society in the neighborhood as its supporters, and to the presence of the bishop, the peers, the members of Parliament, clergy, and gentry, as "a grateful sight," he added: "Thus also it is even with the economy of heaven; since concerning it we hear of thrones, and dominions, and principalities, and powers; for orderly government seems to be well pleasing to God. What other degrees may be required

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to constitute the harmony of the celestial hierarchy, I know not; but—I shall soon be there, and then I shall know the whole!"

From Frome, after a little sojourn at Weston-super-Mare, he went to Bristol, and preached on the 19th at Westbury, near that city. From Bath and Pinner, we find him corresponding by letter with two ladies, Mrs. Tomkins and Miss Birch, on some calamities which had befallen the Zetlanders, for whom they had shown much generosity, and whom he again commends to their compassion. He left Bath for London on the 20th of August; and the next day, after visiting and giving his blessing to his daughters in town, he reached his home at seven in the evening. And here it will be better to recite what followed, not in my own, but in the words of his daughter; for they have a sacredness which should not be intermeddled with. She tells us, that after her father's return home, "in the morning and evening family worship, it was remarked that he invariably prayed in reference to the cholera, by name, 'that each and all might be saved from its influence, or be prepared for sudden death;' and, as regarded the nation at large, 'that it would please Almighty God to turn the hearts of the people to himself, and cut short his judgment in mercy.'

"On Saturday, August 25th, he summoned the family as usual, and it was observed he commenced his prayer with these words: 'We thank thee, O Heavenly Father, that we have a blessed hope through Christ of entering into thy glory.' On rising from his knees, he remarked to Mrs. Clarke, 'I think, my dear, it will not be my duty to kneel down much longer, as it is with pain and difficulty I can rise up from my knees.'

"Being engaged to preach at Bayswater on the Sabbath morning, a friend had promised to come for him in his chaise, which he accordingly did. Previously to their setting off he called a servant, and gave her a piece of silver, saying, 'Take that to poor Mrs. Fox, with my love and blessing. Perhaps it is the last I shall ever give her.' He

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took a little refreshment, and, ascending the chaise, drove out of the gate—forever.

"On the way to Bayswater his conversation was cheerful; but on arriving he appeared fatigued; and, as the evening advanced, he was unusually languid. Several friends called upon him; and on the Rev. Thomas Stanley requesting him to fix a time for preaching a charity sermon, Dr. Clarke replied, 'I am not well: I cannot fix a time; I must first see what God is about to do with me.'

"At supper he was languid and silent; and, in the hope of gaining upon his appetite, his kind and considerate friend Mrs. Hobbs had got for him some fish, to which he was always partial; but he could not eat of it, and took a little boiled rice instead.

"Ever since Dr. Clarke's return from Bristol he had been affected with some degree of diarrhœa; but now, contrary to custom, it was not attended with the slightest pain. On being pressed to take something for it, he took ginger and rhubarb, but refused every other recommendation. . . .

"The diarrhœa increased all night. On the Sabbath morning he was heard to be up very early, but this was no unusual thing. At six o'clock, however, he requested the servant to call Mr. Hobbs, who obeyed the summons with all speed, and on coming down saw Dr. Clarke standing with his great-coat on, his traveling bag in his hand, his hat lying on the table, just ready for a journey. Addressing Mr. Hobbs, he said, 'My dear fellow, you must get me home directly; without a miracle I could not preach. Get me home—I want to be home.' Mr. Hobbs, seeing him look exceedingly ill, replied, 'Doctor, you are too ill to go home; you had better stay here. At any rate, the gig is not fit for you: I will go and inquire for a post-chaise, if you are determined to return.'

"Shortly after Mrs. Hobbs came down, with Miss Hobbs and Miss Everingham, the servant having informed these ladies of Dr. Clarke's indisposition.

"By this time he had sunk into a chair; and, finding him

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very cold, they had got a fire, and the three ladies were rubbing his forehead and hands, while Mr. Hobbs sent with the gig for a medical gentleman—Mr. Greenly, a friend of the family, who chanced to have come to town on the preceding evening from Chatham, where he had professionally attended the cholera hospital. In the mean time Mr. Hobbs had called in a medical man in the neighborhood, and sent off to inform his sons of their father's illness. Mr. Theodoret arrived shortly, and Mr. John not long after, accompanied by the doctor's nephew, Mr. Thrasycles Clarke, who had been for many years a surgeon in the Royal Navy, and had frequently seen cases of cholera in the East.

"As soon as the medical gentlemen saw Dr. Clarke, they pronounced the disease to be cholera. The family wished him to be taken up stairs; but he was by this time so weak, that it was found he could not get up. A small bed being in the adjoining room, he was conveyed there, and laid down upon it. Mr. Hobbs then said, 'My dear doctor, you must put your soul into the hands of your God, and your trust in the merits of your Saviour.' To which Dr. Clarke could only faintly reply, 'I do—I DO.'

"Dr. Wilson Philip arrived about nine o'clock. All the means that skill, experience, and attention could devise and employ were used to arrest the disease.

"Service time having arrived, the chapel, as usual on such occasions, was filled. An aged minister, after reading prayers, ascended the pulpit, and announced that Dr. Clarke was laboring under an attack of cholera. The impression may be better imagined than described.

"A friend of Dr. Clarke's, Mr. Thurston, on hearing this, immediately left the chapel, and hastened to the house of Mr. Hobbs, to learn if indeed it could be true, and if, in the dismay and hurry of the family, Mrs. Clarke had been sent for. He immediately drove off to Haydon Hall to bring Mrs. Clarke, who arrived a little before four in the afternoon. On her entering the room, Dr. Clarke feebly extended his hand toward her. One of the doctor's daughters,

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Mrs. Hook, on hearing that her father was indisposed, though she knew not the extent of the calamity, had set off for Bayswater; and her father opened his eyes feebly, and strove to clasp his fingers upon her hand. But he had not attempted to speak but twice; once in the morning, when he asked his son Theodoret, 'Am I blue?' and again at noon, on seeing him move from his bedside, he asked, with apparent anxiety, 'Are you going?'

"Dr. W. Philip again visited him in the afternoon; but Mr. Thrasycles Clarke and Mr. Greenly never left his room, nor relaxed in their efforts to save a life they saw to be fast hastening away. The female members in this kind family forgot all personal risk in attending upon the affliction of one who had to them been so often the minister of peace. His two sons chafed his cold hands and feet frequently in the day, and often stepped behind his head to lift him higher on the pillow. Hope did not abandon them; nor could Mrs. Clarke be brought to believe that death had made a sure lodgment, and that life was fast sinking under his power.

"From the first, Dr. Clarke appeared to suffer but little pain. The sickness did not last long, and a slight degree of spasm which succeeded it had all passed away before eleven o'clock in the forenoon. But there was a total prostration of strength, and difficulty of breathing, which, as night advanced, increased so much, and proved so distressing to Mrs. Clarke, that she was obliged to be removed into the adjoining room.

"A few minutes after eleven Mr. Hobbs came into the room where she was sitting, and in deep distress said, 'I am sure, Mrs. Clarke, the doctor is dying.' She passed with him once more into the sick chamber, and said, 'Surely, Mr. Hobbs, you are mistaken; Dr. Clarke breathes easier than he did just now;' to which Mr. Hobbs in strong emotion replied, 'Yes; but shorter.'

"At this moment Dr. Clarke heaved a short sob, and his spirit went forth from earth to heaven."

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Deep and solemn was the feeling which the announcement of the death of Dr. Adam Clarke produced in London, and throughout the land. The Methodist communion felt that they had suffered few such losses since the day when their founder himself was removed to his eternal rest. And not only the body to which he more intimately belonged, but good men of every name deplored his departure with a sincere and religious lamentation, as if bereaved of a personal counselor, companion, and friend. The tribute which was written by Fresenius when the illustrious John Albert Bengel died, might with the greatest propriety have been employed to express the sentiments of multitudes in every Church when the grave received this venerable divine to its dark repose:

"A pillar falls; a light expires; a star, which shone so brightly in the visible heaven of the Church, stops its course, withdraws, and mingles with the supernal glory of the spirits made perfect.

"An angel of peace, who was as pious as he was laborious, as childlike as he was learned, as rich in spirit as he was acute in mind, as humble as he was great, as modest as he was circumspect in his walk and business of life.

"A friend of God expires, whom the Eternal Wisdom led into her chambers; to whom were opened the outgoings of that light which enlightens human minds, the powers of that word which quickens souls, the treasures of that grace which allures, leads, and saves us.

"A great spirit leaves the earth, who, whether he measured the heights, or sounded the depths, showed himself equally able. The most sacred of all books was his invaluable treasure. He numbered and proved even words and points. He ventured into the obscure depths of theology; and posterity will be able to judge to what extent he found footing. What to others seemed dry, to him was verdure; what appeared despised by the many, was to him the source of light and power, spirit and life.

"He was eyes to the blind, a leader to the weak, a pat-

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tern to the strong, a luminary to the learned, an ornament to the Church.

"A treasury is closed, in which the Lord of all the treasures of grace had laid up wondrous wealth of knowledge and wisdom. A teacher, mighty in the Scriptures, is no more. Sigh, children; your fathers fall asleep."

Return, O Lord, and let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children!

May we who are still alive, and remain unto this day, seek the footsteps of our blessed predecessors, and be followers of them who now inherit the promises!

And let the rising youth of the Church set before them the great example of these men of God. Let them study their writings, enter into their views, aspire to the attainment of the end for which they lived, from motives noble as their own, and pray to be baptized with a double portion of their spirit. The work the world needs is not yet done; it demands a host of men strong, resolute, and faithful as Adam Clarke. We are verging upon times which will task the loftiest energies of martyrs, and heroes, and apostles. Both Providence and prophecy are alike sounding their trumpet call to the candidates for this great career of toil and triumph. Immeasurable rewards open to the view of the faithful, and the crown of glory shines in the hand of the Judge; but the victory can only be won by the brave, and the race run by the swift.

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SUPPLEMENT

OF ILLUSTRATIVE PASSAGES FROM DR. CLARKE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

THE passages, seven in number, marked with the asterisk, have been already printed; the rest, I believe, are now for the first time given to the light.

DATE OF DR. CLARKE'S BIRTH. FAMILY DESCENT.

Dublin, 1825.—I am at Mr. Adam Boyd's. . . . His brother John was my godfather. I have got from Adam the following information: "My brother John was sent from Dublin to Castle-Dawson to do some important work. He returned the next year, 1761. In the interim he stood godfather for you. You were, therefore, born in 1760 or 1761." This is certainly bringing the question into a narrow compass. Tell John that he proves positively that his aunt, my grandmother Clarke, was an immediate descendant of the earls of Kilmaronock, whose family name was Boyd. His own grandfather was always called Kilmaronock, as standing close to the earldom.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

Letter to Mr. Wesley, from Norwich, 1784.—Since I was justified I have expected and prayed for the inestimable blessing of a heart in all things devoted to God; which, soon after I received pardon, I found to be indispensably necessary. But, meeting with little encouragement, I obtained it not, and so spent that time in offering a maimed sacrifice. I continued in this state, or at most advancing slowly, till I

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came to this kingdom, when you ordered me into the Bradford circuit. Here the good Lord was pleased to give me a sight of the unspeakable depravity of my heart, and in such a measure that the distress I felt was as painful in sustaining as it would be difficult in describing. I suppose, at that time, had there not been a sea between me and my native country, and a want of money to carry me thither, it is probable I should have made a speedy departure from the work in which I was engaged. I regarded nothing, not even life itself, in comparison with having my heart cleansed from all sin; and began to seek it with full purpose of soul. Thus I continued till December, 1782, when I opened my mind to a local preacher, who, I have heard, was a partaker of this precious privilege. From him I received some encouragement and direction; and I set out afresh, endeavoring to believe in the willingness of my God to accomplish this great work. Soon after, while wrestling in prayer, and endeavoring, self-desperately, to believe, I found a change wrought in my soul which I endeavored through grace to maintain, amid grievous temptations and accusations of the subtle foe, who seemed now determined either to spoil me of my confidence, or to render me as miserable, through reiterated temptations, as I was before when mourning the inbeing of his infernal offspring. But my indulgent Saviour continued to support and encourage me, and enabled me with all my power to preach the glad tidings to others; so that I soon saw more of the effects of the travail of my Redeemer's soul than I had seen before. . . . But to this day I am in doubt respecting the work in my own soul, not being able with propriety either to affirm that it is (fully) done, or to deny it as undone. I am in a strait betwixt two; a fear of denying, lest thereby I should forfeit what I have received, or grieve the blessed Spirit; and again, a fear of affirming that it is done, lest I should deceive myself. When you consider this, dear sir, you can easily perceive how much I stand in need of your advice and direction.

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THE ORDINATION AND SACRAMENT QUESTION, ETC.

At ten o'clock the London and Bristol trustees were admitted. Mr. Pine was spokesman. He read an address and resolutions. They were: 1. That there be no ordination, no ecclesiastical titles among the preachers; that Baptism and the Lord's Supper never be administered by any who are not episcopally ordained; and that there be no preaching in church hours in any place, except where the people without a dissenting voice are for it. 2. That the spiritual and temporal concerns of the Societies be so separated that the preachers shall manage the former, the trustees and stewards the latter."

Here I cannot help remarking their wonderful consistency. They agree that the spiritual concerns of the Societies be left to the preachers; yet they pretend to interfere with the Lord's ordinances, times of preaching, etc. Are not these the spiritual concerns of the Society? And does not their first proposition contradict this latter? Lastly, they make a proposal "that all the preachers who are of their mind do unite with them, (unless the Conference grant their request,) and pledge themselves to give them all countenance and support." Here you see they fully intend to divide us, that they may rule the roast. But know all men by these presents, that Adam Clarke will *never* be a trustee preacher. They would abolish ordinations and titles, merely that, being kept in a lower character, they might with the more propriety lord it over us. If ordination and the sacraments be given up, some preachers will undoubtedly withdraw, among whom Adam Clarke will be found.—*Letter from the Bristol Conference*, 1794.

The Conference has opened with reading the Minutes of the several Districts. The London folks recommend traveling bishops.—*Letter from the Manchester Conference*, 1799.

The regular Conference business is not yet entered into. Not one character yet examined. Yet we have been doing important business; you will see all by and by. I told

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you J. Dutton was here. He is exactly the same thing he was. There are, it seems, objections against his preaching; and Mr. P., who has had them all detailed from Mr. E., says he thinks he will not be received into full connection. He told me the objections. They appear to me to be supremely ridiculous. Judge from a specimen: J. Dutton has a text for every day in the week, which he takes from the calendar; J. Dutton made an electrifying machine at Howden; J. Dutton uses hard words in his preaching, which the people cannot understand; such as *exhibit*, *exaggerate*, *manifest*, etc. Ha! ha! ha! *—*Ibid.*

The characters were next gone into. Not one charge of moral evil against a soul. Three or four have left us, whom we would have expelled had they remained among us. What a mercy it is that God has permitted me to travel seventeen years, and there never was the smallest objection brought against me at any Conference, directly or indirectly! May he continue to preserve me.—*Ibid*, 1799.

THE ESSAY ON TOBACCO.

I can tell you a piece of strange news. The Methodists of Congleton were remarkable for their immoderate attachment to tobacco, etc. When my pamphlet got to the place it was read by several. Mr. and Mrs. Shadford, who had used this pernicious weed for forty years, gave it up at a stroke; the rest of the Society followed the example. They then began to mourn and pray for forgiveness. God poured out his Spirit upon them, and such a revival has taken place as hath seldom been heard of. The Society is more than doubled; and Mr. Reece, who is the assistant, and Mr. Shadford, both declared in Conference to-day that the whole of the revival was, under God, owing to the pamphlet. Mr. Shadford added, that both himself and his wife had great reason to magnify God for it, as they were now better in their health, in their souls, and in their circumstances. Mr.

* Mr. Dutton was received.

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Reece said, the pamphlet has got into all the neighboring Societies, and is doing immense good.

THE USEFUL SERMON.

1794.—I preached yesterday at ten o'clock at Salford, to a very great congregation. Several thought it the most excellent sermon I ever preached. With me it is a maxim, "The sermon that does good is a good sermon." You remember Mr. Berwick mentioning a Mr. and Mrs. Broadhurst; he found peace at his class last Friday, and she found a clear sense of pardon under the sermon yesterday. This is worth my visit to Manchester. I dined at Mr. A——'s, where I met Miss and Mary Marsden. I then met the select band, and great was our rejoicing together. In the evening I preached at Oldham-street to a very large congregation; but, as usual in that chapel, I made very poor work. I met the Society, which was at least two-thirds of the congregation, for most would stay; and found it a time of enlargement and power.

BUDLEIGH-SALTERTON CHAPEL.

Bristol, 1809.—I have not seen Mr. Wood's family. He went down to Taunton yesterday to open Mr. Lackington's chapel, who, it appears, is willing to give it up to the Methodists on certain conditions; one of which is, that the preachers who officiate in it shall wear gowns. If he had said that each shall be supplied with a new coat, it would have been better.

STUDIES.

To his son John.—We have agreed that you shall stay at least a year at your uncle Johnson's, which I hope you will spend to the very best advantage. Enter radically into everything you attempt to learn; and never, never be contented with superficial knowledge in anything. Go through the Persian Pentateuch with as much speed as you can, and afterward read the *Baktyor Nameh.* Get every rule and example of Jones's Grammar by heart, and then you will

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be able to go through anything you may meet with. I suppose your uncle has the grammar. I have spoken to him to put you immediately to geometry, and after to learn Euclid's Elements. This, I hope, you will apply yourself to diligently. It will be of the greatest advantage to you through life. Do not read to hurt your eyes. Be sure you never read with bad light, or late at night; if you do, you will infallibly ruin your eyes. Pray much; and take care that you give no way to evil tempers. God alone can save you from them.

THE CAUSE OF CHRIST HAS THE FIRST CLAIM.

To Mr. Boyd, 1815.—Your piece on St. Paul is too valuable not to be brought in somewhere [in the Commentary.] I wish I had had it when I wrote the character of that apostle at the end of the Acts. However, I will watch for a proper place to introduce it. I am going off this day to a missionary meeting at Birmingham, from which I shall not be able to return till the middle of next week. This will make a great breach in my time; but I believe the work to be of God, and therefore feel it my duty to perform it in the best manner I can.

METHODISM FEARS NO FOE.

To Mr. Boyd, 1817.—I am much surprised to find that any of our preachers should "labor hard to dissuade you" from publishing your pamphlet against Methodism; for, although I have a very high respect for your learning and abilities, I am sure that Methodism has nothing to fear from anything that you or any other person can write on the subject in question. The most subtle casuists in the land have long ago done what they could, and Methodism continues now, as it was then, as inexpugnable as the pillars of the eternal hills. It has confuted all the arguments and calumnies ever brought against it; and if you can bring anything new worthy consideration, it will in all probability confute that too. You should bring forward no argument that has

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been answered; because that would expose you to the censure of writing on a subject which you did not understand. For we do not fully understand a subject, if we are ignorant of what has been said or written *pro* or *con*. . . . Have you counted the cost, and answered to your own satisfaction the *Cui bono?* But I must not proceed, lest you should think that I too was joining in the strong dissuasions of Messrs. M. and K., to prevent you from publishing. As your friend, I would; but, as fearing for my system, I would not. You would have smiled had you heard the conversation on your letter when it came last night. . . . Mary Ann, who has studied both sides of the question, and, as you know, has made some progress even in metaphysics, pleasantly said: "Well, if Mr. Boyd be so weak as to go to press with anything of this nature, I know not but I may be weak enough to answer him; and shall take for my motto 2 Kings xix, 21: 'This is the word that the Lord hath spoken concerning him; the virgin the daughter of Zion hath despised thee, and laughed thee to scorn; the daughter of Jerusalem hath shaken her head at thee!'" Now, if you cannot laugh at the quaintness of this conceit, you will laugh at poor Mary's presumption. Well, they all wish you were here, and they would give you some better work than polemic divinity.

THE TENANT OF THE CAVERN.

To Mr. Boyd, 1817.—In passing along Red Bay, on my journey from Belfast coastwise to Ballycastle, I observed several caves opening to the sea. Our driver stopped, and I went into one where I saw a smith's forge, but no person. I went into a second, and saw a woman about sixty years of age, who had made it her residence. She keeps a goat, which browses about the fields, and furnishes her with milk. She gave us some, for which we gave her ample pay. Observing the roof and floor of this wretched habitation to be damp, I asked her how she could live in it, especially in winter. She said she did very well, except when the wind

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blew from the sea; and she was then very cold. Her bed is never otherwise than damp throughout winter or summer. She is a good Catholic, and swears hard when a little provoked. She gave me to understand that she "sold a drop of whisky." I was astonished at the power of accommodation which belongs to human nature; by habit and resolution a man may make all circumstances his own, and live anywhere but in the fire or under water.

THE THREE WITNESSES.

To Mr. Boyd, 1817.—I have settled the point on the three heavenly Witnesses. After I had written my note on 1 John v, 7, and my dissertation at the end of that Epistle, I looked over Porson;* but I found nothing essential to add to what had been said. I have, however, quoted him, and have examined authorities which he never saw.

A BIRTH FROM ABOVE.

To the same.—Well, we are getting on to Christmas. May we all be born of incorruptible seed! A birth from above beggars all earthly nobility. To them who believe in His name, the Lord Jesus gives power, ἐξουσίαν, the privilege and authority, to become the sons of God. This, my dear Boyd, I wish you and myself; that, belonging to the heavenly family, we may be kings and priests unto God,

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

To his son John, 1817.—Mr. Fisher wishes much to have some memoirs of the princess; can any authentic be procured? If I had a few well attested facts relative to her education, manner of thinking, political intentions, sayings, actions, etc., I think I could draw up a good thing; something that would set the nation right, and vindicate the conduct of the regent; for I cannot help thinking that he has been unjustly blamed. Besides, I do think that the nation

* Letters to Travis on the Genuineness of 1 John v, 7.

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has made too much of this death. We have acted as if the throne were vacant, or as if we had no legitimate stock, or the present ruler were acting a most unconstitutional part, and there were hope for the empire only in the life of the princess. Now, the reverse of all this is true; and I should like to have some excuse for a pamphlet which might set all to rights. Green would glean up all that the newspapers have; and you and he, and some others, might get me all I want.—N. B. Naples and Spain could only inherit in the Stuart line; but they are cut off by the Act of Settlement in the posterity of Sophia, being Protestants.

MODERN SCIENCE.

To Mr. Boyd, 1818.—I consider the whole system of philosophy unsettled, and chemistry and medicine to be retrograde. Even in my short life I have seen many changes; systems, which seemed to have been demonstrated, overturned from their very bases. Two years ago I talked with my old preceptor, Dr. Perceval, under whom I studied chemistry at Trinity College. I mentioned the doubts he proposed in his concluding lecture relative to that system which then seemed to have obtained universal credit, and that he had lived to see all these doubts realized. He observed that he had equal doubts concerning the present system of chemistry, and had reason to believe that all our boasted modern discoveries would in process of time be entirely nullified. As to the geologists, they are as deeply in the mud as the chemists are in the mire. There is no end to their world-making; and, in my mind, they are worthy of little regard. The foundation of God alone standeth sure, and to this they will all turn back when the pure light shines upon them; or rather, when they permit it to shine *into* them. Have a little patience, and all will come about. The bombast of the present system will soon make its last explosion.

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THE LAND'S END.*

Oct. 11, 1819.—I write this on the last projecting point of rock of the Land's End; upward of two hundred feet perpendicular above the sea, which is raging and roaring tre mendously, threatening destruction to myself and the narrow point of rock on which I am sitting. On my right hand is the Bristol Channel, and before me the vast Atlantic Ocean. There is not one inch of land from the place on which my feet rest, to the American continent. This is the place where Charles Wesley composed those fine lines:

"Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand," etc.

The point of rock is about three feet broad at its termination; and the fearless adventurer will here place his foot, to be able to say that he has been on the uttermost inch of land in the British empire westward. On this spot the foot of your husband now rests, while he writes the words of the same hymn:

"O God! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

ST. AUSTELL CHAPEL.*

Oct. 22.—I am just come in after preaching here. The crowd was immense. They had just enlarged the chapel, building a new end and gallery to it. When I was about to take my text, the gallery gave way; the timbers fairly came out of the walls, yet it did not fall down but the confusion was awful. I was close to the gallery, and distinctly saw the peril; and, had it come down, I knew I must have been the first victim; but at least two hundred others would also have been killed. I stood in my place; for, had I moved, universal terror would have taken place, and many must have fallen victims to an impetuous rush. The chapel

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was soon nearly emptied, and no one was hurt. Many came back again, and I preached; but I knew not till the end of the service all the miracle it required to save us. Then it was found, that owing to the pressure in the gallery, the timbers being too short, they had started out from the walls two feet,* and the gallery actually shook, having nothing but its pillars to support it. Our son John being beneath could see this plainer than I could at the time; and he saw also, that, if it fell, he must be killed if he kept his place, which was immediately before the pulpit; but, as he knew that his father must be the first victim, he resolutely kept his situation, expecting eternity every moment. But enough of this. It makes one's blood run chill. This is the last crowd I ever wish to see.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

To his son John, 1819.—Some time ago you requested me to set about writing my life. This is a task which I have contemplated, but long feared to attempt; but I have felt more on the subject since you wrote to me, and have lately been obliged to think deeply, as I received credible information that my Life is cut and dry, ready for the eye of the public as soon as my heart is cold. I came in here (Liverpool) last Wednesday evening. In a private conversation with Mr. Drew, he most solemnly begged and charged me to begin the work; for some hackneyed, hunger-bitten scriveners were ready to praise me to death in prose, and murder me in verse. I believe all my conversations, and anecdotes which I have related concerning myself and my family, for several years past, have been carefully taken down and preserved. Mr. Comer took up the same subject, and most instantly begged me to defer it no longer; because I suppose, they all see I am going; and I am led to think myself that I may be soon gone. Well, what should I do? This Comment is still hanging heavy on my hands; but, it is true, I am free from the Records. This gives a measure

* *Some* of the timbers, of course.

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of leisure, and saves from much anxiety. Laying everything together with the *Semel calcanda via*, I sat down on Friday in Mr. Comer's little study, and made a trial. All seemed light, all recollection; circumstances and incidents, in their regular chronologic order, crowded upon me. I began with the origin of the distinction of families; accounted for our name; gave as far as I could, a history of our family; gave a short sketch of my grandfather; then the history of my father, his studies, projected voyage to America employment, character, and death; of my mother; my brother, his education, professional pursuits, voyages, death, and of the children left by him, John, Adam, Thrasycles and Edward; then my own birth; singularities of my childhood, development of genius, commencement of studies, the labors of my brother and self in our little farm, etc., etc.; and in twenty-three closely-written pages I have brought myself on in my journey through life to the ninth year. Unless death stop me, I shall not stop now till this be finished. I am delighted with it; it is all incident. I have written it in the third person. This form can be altered, if necessary; the collection of the facts is the grand thing. I have always had it in purpose to write my own life as Cæsar wrote his Commentaries. This [way] prevents egotism. When Mr. Thoresby wrote his own life, the pronoun "I" occurred so often in it, that the printer was obliged to borrow *I's* from his brother-printers, as his own had run out. Your father has never been in the habit of speaking much of himself; and it would ill become him, when about to pass the great deep, to occupy his time or that of his readers with these ceremonious and generally unwelcome pronouns.

THE FEAST OF REASON.

May, 1822.—The company [at Kensington Palace] consisted of His Royal Highness, [the Duke of Sussex,] Dr. Parr, Judge Johnstone, Sir Anthony Carlisle, the Rev. T. Maurice, the Hon. —— Gower, Solomon Da Costa, Hon.

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Colonel Wildman, Sir Alexander Johnstone, Mr. Pettigrew, Lord Blessington, and A. C. . . . To give you a sketch of the conversation is impossible; but I can give you some outlines: The manners of the great were freely canvassed; the bench of bishops was dissected; the degradation of the Royal Society was deplored; the character and conduct of the late Sir Joseph Banks criticized; the talents of the ministry estimated; the Marquis of Londonderry characterized; several texts of Scripture, proposed by the Duke of Sussex, discussed; Bonaparte eulogized, as one who had never broken a treaty, and who, in the flush of victory ever offered peace to his subdued enemies; the probability of a Russian war conjectured; the writings of Aristotle praised; the different species of Greek literature discriminated; with many other matters which I cannot now detail.

MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARY.

London, May 6, 1823.—Yesterday we had our public meeting. It was a very good one, and well attended. The chief speakers were Mr. Hughes, (who is very ill, and I think dying,) Sir George Rose, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Stephen, (Master in Chancery,) Mr. Bacon, the statuary, Mr. Williams, M. P., and others; almost all were churchmen, and seemed to rally around us. These eminent churchmen bore the finest and the most decided testimony to the excellence and glory of Methodism. The collection I believe was large. I made some mistake in the account I sent you of my work. Mr. Jay had got at Queen-street between £80 and £90, and two gold rings. My friends were determined that none should go beyond me; and my gleanings on Sunday morning, after Mr. Jay's harvest, were £92, 10s. My collection on Thursday night was £72; and the before-mentioned at Queen-street was the largest collection made this year in the city. So, you see, your old weather-beaten father is still at the head of the poll.

During my speech yesterday I mentioned the Shetlands; and what was the consequence? I had one ten pound note

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put in my hand, another ten pound, and a five pound. Mr. Bunting, being afraid that I should get all the *monish*, warned the congregation to give for the *foreign* missions; and so I got no more. However, I was content with what I did get.

PLEASANT VOYAGE TO IRELAND.

The sea was very smooth, and we were crowded with passengers; several of them persons of distinction. We had three clergyman, two of them D.D.'s; three generals, Welsh, Greaves, and Bingham; several majors and colonels; one Indian judge;. some members of Parliament; and some ladies of rank. We had no less than five carriages on board, with horses, servants, etc. We were crowded; but such an agreeable set I never met with in any place. All conversed with me freely and frequently; the generals, and the other military men. On Sunday morning the ladies sent me a message desiring me to preach; the officers joined; but, as there were three clergymen, I thought it much better that they should be asked, as they were very respectable and indeed pious men. They consented. An awning was placed over the quarter-deck. One read prayers; another, the lessons; and the third preached. It was really a good sermon of its kind, and read well by its author, Dr. Woodward, son of the bishop of Cloyne. . . . In the evening we got into knots. I had invitations on all hands to visit different country-seats near Limerick and Cork, but was obliged to decline them all, as my stay was to be so short. They tried me on all subjects, religious, civil, philosophical, and literary. Blessed be God, who has given me some brains, and enabled me to cultivate them, I was not at a loss in any one instance, but spoke largely on all. . . . After long sailing we got into the Channel. The prospects on both sides the river were most lovely. Our French horn blew different airs—"*Adeste fideles*," "God save the king," and some psalm-tunes; and the returning echoes were the finest I ever witnessed.

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OPENING OF EASTBROOK CHAPEL, BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.

Sept. 4, 1825.—I have now finished my work at this place. It is evening, and, while the rest are gone to hear Mr. Lessey, I sit down to write to you. I preached this morning at the Old Chapel. It was not a congregation, nor an assembly, nor a concourse, nor a crowd, but a tremendous torrent of human beings, produced by a conflux from the thirty-two points of the compass, of this town and its vicinity. I thought preaching would have been impossible; and it would have been so, had not W. Dawson got out into the burying-ground, and carried off one thousand of the people with him. I began at about half after nine, the chapel being then thronged. To deceive me, one slyly stopped the clock at a quarter before ten. I had in a few minutes perfect stillness; preached till twelve, not knowing how time went on. My voice was as loud as a trumpet, and I spoke till body and soul were nearly bidding each other a final farewell. The spirit of glory and of God rested upon all; and I felt a hope that not a soul there would ever turn again to folly. Though there had been already three collections, at the first of which on Friday I got them £100, yet this morning I got upward of £100 more, besides what Mr. Dawson got in the yard. I came to my lodgings in a piteous state; a strong pain between my shoulders, indicating inflammation of the diaphragm. . . . Leeds comes next. I almost dread the human billows, the mountain-swells of thousands who will be there.

THE FAR NORTH.

Northwick, Lat. 61 *N., July* 6, 1828.—I have this day had the highest honor of my life, having preached Christ crucified to the inhabitants (on this line) of the very ends of the earth; beyond which the sound of the Gospel never was heard, and indeed beyond which, in this direction, there is no human inhabitant. The huge hills of serpentine rock on either hand, with scarcely any vegetable covering, and

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of the islands and mainland on either hand, answering nearly to the description of Ovid:

> "*Est locus extremis Scythia glacialis in oris,*
> *Triste solum, sterilis, sine fruge, sine arbore, tellus;*
> *Frigus iners illic habitant, Pallorque, Tremorque,*
> *Et jejuna Fames.*"—*Met. viii, ver.* 788–91.*

COUNSELS TO THE ZETLAND MISSIONARIES.

God seems to have opened your way wonderfully to a people who seem to be prepared for himself. I hope you will be enabled to enter at every opened door; and by all means form societies in every place where you preach, if possible. You remember what our Large Minutes say on the subject; that "where we preach often without doing this, our seed has been sown by the wayside." If you can get but a dozen to meet in a place, on our rules, form them into a class; and show everywhere the great advantages of this: and this is what we mean in that article of the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in the communion of saints." It does not mean [only] receiving the Lord's Supper together. . . . Show that God's people acted in this way in all ages; and that, without such advantages, even the best disposed make little advance in the divine life.

Preach the whole truth, but not in a controversial way; and dwell especially on Christ's love to all sinners, salvation by faith, the witness of the Spirit, and redemption from all sin. I have often successfuly combated the Presbyterians with those words of their own Catechism: "*Quest.* 36. What are the benefits which in this life do either accompany or flow from justification, adoption, and sanctification? *Ans.* They are, assurance of God's love, peace of conscience, joy

> * "Where frozen Scythia's utmost bound is placed,
> A desert lies, a melancholy waste,
> In yellow crops their nature never smiled,
> No fruitful tree to shade the barren wild;
> There sluggish cold its icy station makes,
> There paleness frights, and anguish trembling shakes;
> Of pining famine this the fated seat,
> To whom my orders, in these words, repeat."

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in the Holy Ghost, increase of grace, and perseverence therein unto the end. Rom. v, 1, 2, 5; Prov. iv, 18; 1 John v, 13; 1 Peter i, 5." From these you may show the people what the doctrine of their forefathers was, and press them to look for the same blessings.

Brother Dunn tells me that he is forbidden to preach in the churches: so much the better. I do not wish you to preach in any of their churches. You are Methodists. Build on your own foundation. You cannot form classes, if you preach in other men's churches and chapels; and if you do not form classes, you do not the work of Methodist preachers. Go on believingly. Read much, pray much, believe much. Visit the people from house to house. Take notice of the children; treat them lovingly. This will do the children good, and the parents will like it. . . . All my family send their love to you. You have our constant, earnest prayers.—*Letter to the Rev. J. Raby.*

TO OBTAIN RELIEF IN DEPRESSION.

Bristol, April, 1828.—I get ground but very slowly. The easterly cold winds and wet weather are much against me; and, if some genial temperature do not soon prevail, I cannot divine when I shall be able to remove. News came to-day that Mr. Myles is dead. He preached on Good Friday, Luke xxiii, 48; and gave the sacrament on Easter Sunday, and died a few days after. To-day I have been able with much pain to get on my coat. I have nothing new to add. That my mind is low, very low, I need not say. May God help me to look above, and, when I look, to see always the brightness of his glory in the face of Jesus Christ!

READING OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.*

And now, my dear Cecilia, I hope you are endeavoring to live in time, so that you may live forever. I hope you read your Bible. What think you? After having more than half a century read it so much, I formed the resolution on Jan. 1, to read the Bible through once more. I read the

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New Testament in Greek, and the Old Testament in English, collating it occasionally with the Hebrew: I bind myself to one chapter in each daily; but I have often read more, and have read over the five books of Moses and the four Gospels. This I find very profitable. Now I commend this to you: and read so that your mind shall feel the reading, and then the reading will profit you.—*To Miss Smith, February*, 1830.

OTHER RESOLUTIONS.

With the new year I felt a purpose to mend, particularly in two things: First, to read my Bible more *regularly;* and to get through it once more before I die. Second, to bear the evils and calamities of life with less pain of spirit: if I suffer wrong, to leave it to God to right me; to murmur against no dispensation of his providence; to bear ingratitude and unkindness as things totally beyond my control, and consequently things on account of which I should not distress myself; and, though friends and confidants should fail, to depend more on my everlasting Friend.—*To Mrs. Rowley*, 1830.

PARENTAL CONFIDENCE.*

Il y a quelque temps depuis que je vous ai écrit en vous proposant cette question: S'il me faudrait vous confier le plus grand secret de mon âme, le garderiez-vous à vous, sans le commettre à qui que ce soit? C'est à dire, pourriez-vous le garder inviolablement jusqu'à la mort? Vous m'avez répondu, Ah que oui! Eh bien, je vous dirai que vous êtes la seule personne au monde à qui je puis me fier. Vous m'aiderez de vos conseils, et de votre adresse, et vous ne me tromperez pas. C'est assez de termes généraux: quand j'aurai une affaire particulière, je vous le confierai.—*To the same.*

IRISH EDUCATION.

1831.—The letter I wrote to the Chief Secretary for Ireland, on the Education of the Irish poor, makes nearly nine

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folio pages. It takes a view of the uneducated state of the people, the ardent desires which the Irish feel for knowledge, and their remarkable aptness to receive instruction; an account of the six schools which, in the course of April and May of this year, I established in very neglected places in the north; the places of instruction; the difference between education and cultivation; the great necessity for girls' schools, and prudent, humane female teachers; and the easiness of educating the whole of the people. I have asked no help from him, but have offered to aid others by my experience.

OLD FRIENDS PRECEDE HIM TO THE GRAVE.

January 10, 1832.—You may have heard that I was sent for, at his earnest request, to see Mr. Baynes on his death-bed. I went with all speed, and saw him on Thursday morning; stayed all night, and saw him on Friday. He was in a truly glorious state. Took the coach that evening to return. It was dark and foggy, and the fellow had no lamps. I was apprehensive of danger. She was full outside; and five, instead of four, within. A little short of the Swan he swamped over the coach, and projected all the outsides and the luggage into the ditch, broke the pole in two, smashed the windows, and stove in the side of the coach. I suppose I lay (for it fell on my side) fifteen minutes, with three persons on the top of me, before they could get us out. I was only a little bruised on my right shoulder, but sadly trampled on; and then had to stand more than an hour, in the rain from above and the slush below, before I could get relief.

The next day I received a letter from Mr. Scott, (of Pensford,) and one from his wife, begging me to come to see him, as his life hung in doubt, and he wished to see me before he died. I sent to town to take my place. After my late shaking, this is a serious experiment. Pray for your poor father, who, through God's mercy, has been ever ready to obey such calls.

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Pensford, January 16.—I got into Bristol Wednesday night very late, and set off the next morning for this place. I found Mr. Scott ill; but he would walk from room to room, talk about the things of God, and appeared as if he would yet weather a few storms. But he has continued to sink, and is now as low as well can be. But he is quite sensible, and is very happy in God. He seems to dwell in God, and God in him. I have not found a greater evidence of complete salvation. His mouth is ever filled with the high praises of God for what he has wrought in and for him. He is full of admiration of the perfections of the Divine Nature, and his wonderful condescension toward the fallen race of man. "God is love," is a frequent ejaculation; and he seems to feed upon it, as the very food of his spirit. He takes no food, but a little drink to wet his lips from time to time. This morning he performed the last act of his life; namely, signing a cheque for £50 for Zetland. He *would* do it, it being his last instalment; and, though he had only to sign his name, Mrs. Scott having filled up the cheque, yet he was at least a whole hour before he could do this. His right hand had lost its cunning, and its strength also. He will no more grasp a pen. Having loved Zetland, he loved it to the end.

From another letter.—When he found he had succeeded [in signing the paper], he spoke, as well as he could, these remarkable words: "There, for the work of God in Zetland, I send my last cheque to heaven for acceptance; and the inhabitants will see that the writer will soon be there himself." I turned the chair a little about; he leaned himself back, and sighed out, "Glory, glory be to God, for his astonishing love to such a worthless worm! O, God is Love!" He is sinking very fast, and will, to every human appearance, keep his next Sabbath in heaven. Talking of resignation, he said to the doctor, "My soul is perfectly resigned to the Divine will. I have a full assurance of God's love; and it is no odds to me whether I be found in this world, or in the world of spirits an hour hence."

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From another.—I seem to have been brought here to learn to die; and the lesson before me is both solemn and instructive. Certainly Mr. Scott is dying a very noble death. May God make my last end like his!

Mr. Thomas Roberts, whom you must have known, one of our preachers, now lies dead in Bristol. I hoped to see him, but he was gone before I reached the city. I should have been glad to see him: forty-seven years ago I sent him out to preach his first sermon. He was an amiable, sensible, and pious man.

THE ROYAL FRIEND.

January, 1832.—This morning I have written a congratulatory letter to the Duke of Sussex, on his birthday, the 27th.

March 13.—From every appearance I find, by laying another load on an already overburdened horse, I may be able to preach for the schools at Stoke-Newington on April 8th. This is as far as I can go. I hope Mr. Smith will take care that there be no reporters of sermons suffered at City Road, on Sunday, 25th. I must, if possible, be at Kensington Palace on the evening of the 24th, though I should stay but half an hour; as I have received the special invitation of the royal duke to be there. [We make this extract to show that the good feeling between the prince and the doctor continued to the close of life.]

SUCCESSFUL EFFORTS.

May, 1832.—Wherever I went, the congregations were vast, and the collections for the missions great beyond example. At Birmingham, £12 last year; it was £50 this. At Sheffield, last year, £120; this year, £240. I went to Thorncliffe, where, instead of thirty or forty shillings, I had £11. . . . . I got to Bruerton, and on Sunday preached at Stafford, where we had good times. Miss B. gave me £2 for your orphan-school, and £50 for my Irish schools.

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WHEN LAST IN IRELAND.

Coleraine, June 1832.—I am here cooped up, a burden to myself, and I fear to others, Since I got to this place, I have not been able to go where I could do the work for which I came till yesterday, when I was taken by Mr. M'Alwine to visit the Portrush school, with the intention of returning by Port-Stewart. But I was so exhausted, when at Portrush, as not to be able to stand alone; and therefore, having looked around, I resumed my seat and got back to Coleraine, to all my feelings worse for the journey.

For want of manufactures the streets and the country are full of boys and girls more than half naked, having nothing to do, and desiring to do nothing. Manufactories are a blessing, independently of the means of living which they insure; as discipline and order, which they produce, are unnoticed restraints on immorality and vice; and "order is Heaven's first law." The want of it is ruinous. I think how much I owe to it. Had it not been for this, I should have read little and written less. Time would have hung heavy on my hand, and yet I should not have had enough of it for any purpose of life. As everything should have its place, so every place should have its proper occupant; and habit and caution will do the rest.

THE LAST CONFERENCE.

July 22, 1832.—I got to Liverpool last evening; obliged to travel all night and all yesterday. My friends were looking out for me. I have been to hear Mr. Entwisle in Brunswick Chapel, on "All the promises of God are yea and amen." I am got here almost in the very jaws of the cholera. The man-servant of this family took it, and his wife took it also. They have escaped with the skin of their teeth. The mistress of our charity-school in this chapel, where we hold our Conference, was taken last Saturday, and died in a few hours. Her sister, who came to minister to her, returned to her own house, was seized on the road, and was dead before twelve o'clock. Am I then, in the very same house

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and chapel, out of danger, and likely to escape? Yes; if God say, "The cholera shall not kill thee." I am waiting the Divine determination. We expect a crowd of preachers. I think when they are come, and see and hear as I do, they will put their helm a-lee and seek safety on some other tack. Liverpool is full of this ruinous disease. Now, my dear Mrs. Tomkins, I commend you and yours to God, and the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and give you all an inheritance among the saints in light.

From another, to Mrs. Smith.—Hear of our state, and pity us. We have had the cholera, with its concomitants; but, thank God, it is abating. My niece Burnett and her child have been snatched out of the fangs of the poisonous viper; and now a burning atmosphere is absorbing all our moisture. I keep as close as I can to the Conference, and go limping on my staff. I am constantly in fever; and Mr. Hensman comes frequently to the chapel to examine my state. Several of the preachers have been indisposed, less or more; but I trust we shall return with our ranks unbroken. To-day I am finally set down supernumerary for Windsor, with a roving commission.

To Mrs. Clarke.—They are determined to commission me to be a general visitant of the Churches, attend public meetings, and make collections. Mr. Watson said privately to me, that "they were resolved to make me an archbishop." . . . Yesterday I delivered up the Zetland missions to the Conference; also the £3,000 of my trusteeship, which I held for them under Mr. Scott's will, and the £400 which I have from Miss Sophia Ward. I have offered also the Irish schools, which I believe will be received.

Frome, August 9, 1832. *To Mrs. Clarke.*—I believe I told you I was obliged to preach at Stanhope-street, (Liverpool,) before the Conference, on Sabbath morning; and a glorious time it was. The preachers were greatly affected, and poor Gaulter cried like a child. I returned over the water, went to Mr. Forshaw's for dinner and sleep, and the next morning set off, and got to Worcester in twelve hours,

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The Rowleys were well, and the cholera within a few doors of them. I got some sleep, rose in time, and set off for Bath, which I reached at seven in the evening. Yesterday morning got a coach, and arrived at Frome before twelve; Found Matilda and children well, and Joseph full of anxiety, preparing for to-day's meeting.

Memorandum by the Rev. J. B. B. Clarke.—For some time I have been engaged in organizing a "Society for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Poor" in the extensive parish of Frome; and, wishing to obtain all the help in my power, I wrote to my father, who had gone down to the Conference at Liverpool, urging him to attend our public meeting, and to preach the first sermon for the Society in the Methodist chapel of the town. To this request he assented, and wrote to say he hoped to be in Frome on the morning of the 9th, which was the time appointed for the meeting.

Much earlier in the morning than there was reason to expect my father, I was passing through the hall, when I saw the well known blue traveling-bag resting against the wall; and, filled with unexpected joy, I went to the dining-room, which he had entered just before me. "The old man, you see, Joseph, is come," said he, with his usual tone of kindness, as he placed his hand upon my head and kissed me; "though battered and tossed about, he has yet strength to come at the call of his son." He sat down for a few minutes while I took off his gaiters; and then, as was his frequent custom, he began to walk slowly, diagonally across the room, asking various questions about myself and family, and talking of the occurrences and company he had met with on the road from Cheshire. It was then that I observed a very marked difference in his appearance; his cheeks had fallen in, and he was considerably thinner than when I had last seen him. His step was slow and heavy, with small remains of that elastic firmness for which his walking was always remarkable; and the muscles of his legs had evidently much shrunk—a sign of old age which

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his straight and well-proportioned limbs had never before shown. His neck also was apparently shorter. Besides these symptoms of decay, when walking out with me, there was more dependence on my arm, and on his staff, than had ever been usual with him.

The conversation was chiefly occupied with family affairs, and the plan of the intended Society. He entered into its object, and appeared gratified at the extensive and influential support which it had obtained. It was impossible not to notice the depth of interest which he felt; all showed that what he said and did were the results of feeling and consideration. This observation applies to his whole stay with me. . . . Constantly cheerful and pleasant, and even playful; but mingled with such blandness and holiness as at once won you to love the man who thus felt, and looked, and spoke. A touch of heaven seemed to have passed upon all his feelings, and he appeared as one who was not preparing to be, but had already been, beatified; his joy was so pure, his kindness so heartfelt, his piety so intense, his manners and voice so expressive of inward peace. Many times, while we stayed together, was I compelled to give way to the emotions of my heart, in the mental exclamation: "Thou God of Love! I bless Thee for my father."

THE FATHER'S REJOICING IN THE WORTHY SON.*

To Mrs. Smith, August 14, 1832.—I have given you some information relative to our operations at Frome on the 9th; and you had some from Matilda. Give me leave to make a reflection. What is your brother? Nothing further than the curate of a vicar? When you consider his amazing plan to visit the thirteen thousand persons that form the population of Frome, and relieve and instruct all those who should be found to need instruction and relief, you may call it Quixotish. When you consider his having penetrated into every lane, and alley, and court, and divided [the place] into fifty-three districts, and gone into every house of all sects and parties, and prevailed upon a

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sufficient number to occupy those fifty-three districts as visitors, you may judge this to be a task Herculean; and when you further consider that this young man, without patronage, but by his own moral weight, has projected and established such a work, and has been capable of bringing forward to the assistance of the institution all the constituted authorities of the place, the Marquis of Bath, the Earl of Cork, the Lord bishop of the diocese, the county representatives, the clergy, etc., you may well be astonished. Such an effect he could not have produced, had not God been with him.

ONE OF THE LAST LETTERS.*

Bath, August 20, 1832. *To Mrs. Tomkins.*—I have nearly finished my work in these parts, and must get home as fast as I can. I have to preach the anniversary sermon at Bayswater next Lord's day. I have had some hard work hereabouts, but it has been owned of the Almighty. Though far from being well, I have had either incessant work and traveling, or confinement and suffering, for nearly four months; and now I should have rest; but that, I doubt, is yet far from me. My wife has sent me a letter received from the Zetlands, giving an account of a most calamitous event. A horrible storm at sea has fallen upon the poor fishing-boats; upward of thirty, each containing five or six men, are supposed to have perished. Many Methodists were in them, and not a few leaders; and the misery that has fallen to our lot is, at least, forty widows, and more than two hundred orphans. I thought I could have a little rest, but now, to meet this calamity, I must collect my little strength and set out afresh, to strive to meet and relieve this loud and dismal cry. My dear Mrs. Tomkins, you must endeavor to feel with me for them, and try what you can do.

About seven weeks before his death, Dr. Clarke, in closing a short journal of his last visit to Ireland, does it with

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the following words: "Thus terminates a journey remarkable for affliction, disappointment, and suffering. I went over to Ireland to work; I could do nothing, being called to suffer. My soul, hast thou learned any good lesson? Yes.

"What is it? It is this: that I have now such evidences of old age as I never had before. Yet I believe my understanding is as clear, and my judgment as sound, as ever. But, during my late detention and sufferings, have I repined against God or his Providence—felt that my lot was hard, and that I was not permitted by him to do that work which was for his glory? No; I was only disappointed; and I endured the mortification without a murmur. I was enabled to bow my neck to his yoke, or lie at his footstool. I felt that he was doing all things well, that I was safe if in his hands; and therefore I could say, and did often repeat that commendatory petition frequent among our pious forefathers—*In manus Tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.*

"The cholera was before me, behind me, round about me; but I was preserved from all dread. I trusted in the sacrificial death of Jesus: no trust is higher; and none lower can answer the end. I have redemption through his blood; and I am waiting for the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Jesus.

"I FEEL A SIMPLE HEART: THE PRAYERS OF MY CHILDHOOD ARE YET PRECIOUS TO ME; AND THE SIMPLE HYMNS WHICH I SANG WHEN A CHILD, I SING NOW WITH UNCTION AND DELIGHT. *Ἐμοὶ γὰρ τὸ ζῆν, Χριστὸς· καὶ τὸ ἀποθανεῖν, κέρδος.* (Phil. i, 21.) *Γηράσκω ἀεὶ, πολλὰ ριδασκόμενος.* MAY I LIVE TO THEE, DIE IN THEE, AND BE WITH THEE TO ALL ETERNITY. AMEN.—ADAM CLARKE.

THE END.

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